

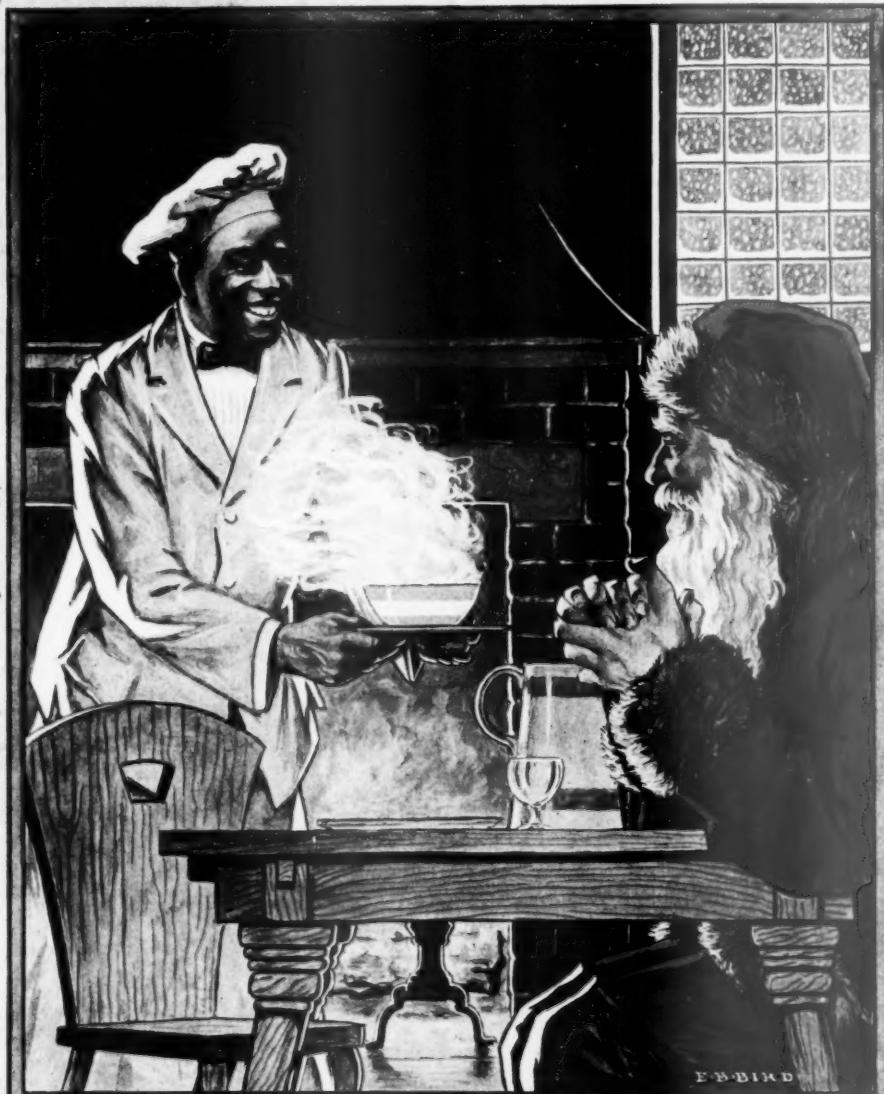
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December 1920

THE
RED BOOK
MAGAZINE



Haskell Coffin



Old Santa knows
what's good to eat
He always chooses

Cream of Wheat

Victrola

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Will there be a Victrola in your home this Christmas?

If any one thing more than another can add to the joys of Christmas, it is music—and the Victrola can bring into your home, any music you may wish to hear.

The Victrola is the one instrument to which the greatest artists have entrusted their art—an unanswerable acknowledgment of its artistic achievements. Moreover, the Victrola is the only instrument specially made to play the records which these great artists have made.

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The Shortest, Easiest and Surest Road to Prosperity and Supremacy.

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This subtle and basic principle of success requires no will power, no exercise, no strength, no energy, no study, no writing, no dieting, no concentration and no conscious deep breathing. There is nothing to practice, nothing to study and nothing to sell.

This subtle and basic principle of success does not require that you practice economy or keep records, or memorize or read, or learn, or force yourself into any action or invest in any stocks, bonds, books or merchandise.

This subtle principle must not be confused with Metaphysics, Psychology, New Thought, Christian Science, arbitrary optimism, inspiration or faith.

No one has yet succeeded in gaining success without it.

No one has ever succeeded, in failing with it.

It is absolutely the master key to success, prosperity and supremacy.

My True and Actual Experience

When I was eighteen years of age, it looked to me as though I had absolutely no chance to succeed. Fifteen months altogether in common public school was the extent of my education. I had no money. When my father died, he left me twenty dollars and fifty cents, and I was earning hardly enough to keep myself alive. I had no friends for I was a negative and of no advantage to anyone. I had no plan of life to help me solve any problem. In fact, I did not know enough to know that life is and was a real problem, even though I had an "acute problem of life" on my hands. I was blue and despondent and thoughts of eternal misery arose in my mind constantly. I was a living and walking worry machine.

I was tired, nervous, restless. I could not sleep. I could not digest without distress. I had no power of application. Nothing appealed to me. Nothing appeared worth doing from the fear that I could not do anything because of my poor equipment of mind and body. I felt that I was shut out of the world of success and I lived in a world of failure.

I was such a pauper in spirit that I blindly depended on drugs and doctors for my health, as my father before me. I was a "floater" and dependent on luck for success. The result of this attitude on my part was greater weakness, sickness, failure and misery as is always the case under similar conditions.

Gradually my condition became worse. I reached a degree of misery that seemed intolerable. I reached a crisis in my realization of my failure and adverse condition.

Out of this misery and failure and pauperism of spirit—out of this distress—arose within me a desperate reaction—"a final effort to live"—and through this reaction arose within me the discovery of the laws and principles of life, evolution, personality, mind, health, success and supremacy. Also out of this misery arose within me the discovery of the inevitable laws and principles of failure and sickness and inferiority.

When I discovered that I had unconsciously been employing the principles of failure and sickness, I immediately began to use the principles of success and supremacy. My life underwent an almost immediate change. I overcame illness through health, weakness through power, inferior evolution by superior evolution, failure by success, and converted pauperism into supremacy.

I discovered a principle which I observed that all successful personalities employ, either consciously or unconsciously. I also discovered a principle of evolution and believed that if I used it, that my conditions would change, for, I had but one disease—failure, and therefore there was but one cure—success and I began to use this principle and out of its use arose my ambition, my power, my education, my health, my success and my supremacy, etc., etc.

You also may use this principle of success deliberately, purposefully, consciously and profitably.

Just as there is a principle of darkness, there is also a principle of failure, ill health, weakness and negativity. If you use the principle of failure consciously or unconsciously, you are sure always to be a failure. Why seek success and supremacy through blindly seeking to find your path through the maze of difficulties? Why not open your "mental eyes" through the use of this subtle success principle, and thus deliberately and purposefully and consciously and successfully advance in the direction of supremacy and away from failure and adversity?

I discovered this subtle principle—the key to success—through misery and necessity. You need never be miserable to have the benefit of this subtle principle. You may use this success principle just as successful individuals of all time, of all countries, of all races, and of all religions have used it either consciously or unconsciously, and as I am using it consciously and purposefully. It requires no education, no preparation, no preliminary knowledge. Anyone can use it. Anyone can harness, employ and capitalize it, and thus put it to work for success and supremacy. Regardless of what kind of success you desire, this subtle principle is the key that opens the avenue to what you want.

Succeed like others through this subtle principle of success. It was used by

Moore, Wazanaker, Phil Armour, Andrew Carnegie, Galt, Andrew Carnegie, Roosevelt, Elbert Hubbard, Herbert Spencer, Hirant Johnson, Emerson, Richard Mansfield, Darwin, Shakespeare, Emerson, Richard Wagner, J. P. Morgan, Liszt, Harrison, Mendelssohn, Wm. Wilson, Beethoven, Charles Schwab, Verdi, Lloyd-George, Ciceronius, Clemenceau, Confucius, Abraham Lincoln, Muhammad, George Washington, Cicero, Marshall Field, Demosthenes, Galt-Curtis, Aristotle, Lincoln, Plutarch, Christopher Columbus, Harden, Vanderbilt, Meine, Mae West, Alexander the Great, Vanderbilt, Edison, Marcus Aurelius, Edison, Pyrrhus, Newton, Benjamin Franklin.

and thousands and thousands of others—the names of successful men and women of all times and of all countries and of all religions, and of all colors, make a record of the action of this Subtle Principle of Success. None of these individuals could have succeeded without it—no one can succeed without it—no one can fall with it.

We Owe Each Other

Every one realizes that human beings owe a duty to each other. Only the very lowest type of human being is selfish to the degree of wishing to profit without

helping someone else. This world does not contain very great numbers of the lowest and most selfish type of human beings. Almost everyone, in discovering something of value, also wants his fellow man to profit through his discovery. This is precisely my attitude. I feel that I should be neglecting my most important duty towards my fellow human beings, if I did not make every effort—every decent and honest effort—to induce everyone to also benefit to a maximum extent through the automatic use of this subtle principle.

I fully realize that it is human nature for men and women to have less confidence in this principle because I am putting it in the hands of thousands of individuals for a few pennies, but I cannot help the negative impression I thus possibly create, I must fulfill my duty just the same.

I do not urge anyone to procure it because I offer it for a few pennies, but because the results are great—very great.

This subtle principle is so absolutely powerful and overwhelming in its influence for the profit, prosperity and success that it would be worth \$100,000 to myself and used it only for my personal benefit.

So sure am I of the truth of my statement—so absolutely positive am I of the correctness of my assumption and so absolutely certain am I that this principle in your hands will work wonders for you that I am willing to place this principle in your hands for twenty-four hours at my risk and expense. You will recognize the value of this principle within twenty-four hours—in fact, almost immediately as you become conscious of it, you will realize its practicability, its potency, its reality, and its power and usability for your personal profit, pleasure, advancement, enterprise and success.

Thousands of individuals claim that the information disclosing and elucidating the secret principle of success is worth thousand dollars of anyone's money. Some have written that they would not take a million dollars for it.

You will wonder that I do not charge a thousand dollars for this information—disclosing this principle, after you get it into your possession and realize its tremendous power and influence.

I have derived such tremendous results—amazing results from its power, that I want every man, woman and matured child to have this key to success, prosperity and wealth. This is why I am willing to send it to anyone—to any address—on approval without a single penny in advance.

You would never forgive me, nor could the creative forces of the Universe forgive us, if I failed to bring you to the point of using this subtle principle of success. You would never forgive me if I failed to do for you that which you would do for me, if our positions were reversed.

Write your address on the request below and mail it to me, and you will receive by return mail, the SUBTLE PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS—the master principle—the key to your success and supremacy—the equal of which you have never seen.

If this subtle principle of success does not solve your every problem, it will cost you absolutely nothing.

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You may send me, at your risk, "THE SUBTLE PRINCIPLE OF SUCCESS." I promise to either re-mail it to you, within twenty-four hours of its receipt by me, or to send you Two Dollars.

It is understood that I am to be under no other obligation, neither now nor later.

Name (Write Plainly)

Address State

City

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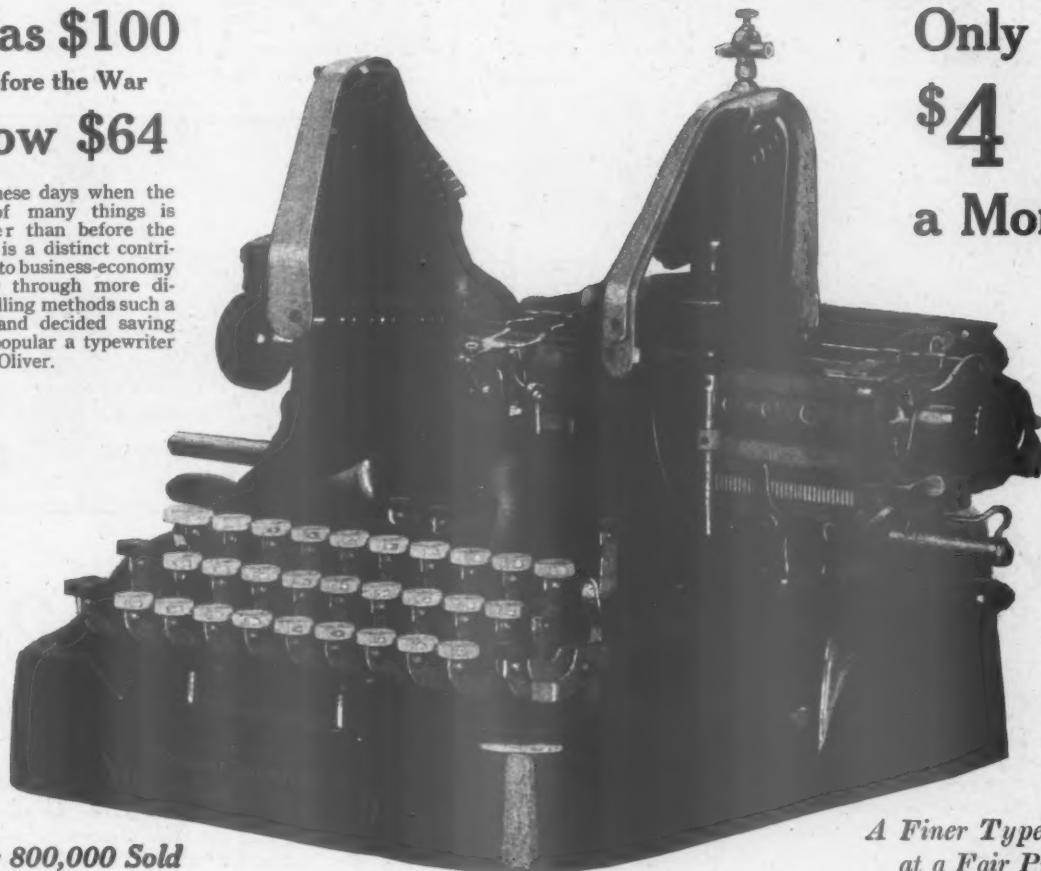


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5 days free trial you do not wish to keep the typewriter for any reason whatsoever, simply send it back to us and you won't be out one cent for the free trial. If, on the other hand, you decide that it is the finest typewriter, and you wish to keep it, then pay us at the easy rate of only \$4 a month. This is the open, free trial offer we make to you on the Oliver to let you see for yourself that if any typewriter is worth \$100 it is this splendid, speedy Oliver No. 9, our latest model and the finest we ever built.

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Name.....

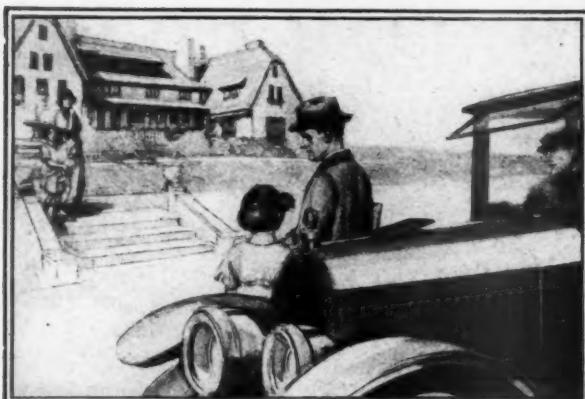
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The trouble was with the training of the man. He was an expert salesman but he knew absolutely nothing of the other phases of business.

The failures the Institute could prevent

HE could sell goods, but he was wholly ignorant of factory and office organization and control. Costs and accounting were a foreign language to him; transportation, advertising, corporation finance—he made mistakes in every one of them, and each mistake cost him money.

He belonged to the 38.2% of business failures whom Bradstreet groups under the tragic head: "Incompetence."

It is these failures—and those due from "inexperience" and "lack of capital" (which is merely another word for bad judgment)—that the Alexander Hamilton Institute can prevent.

For its Modern Business Course and Service is designed to round out a

Here are the Reasons Why Men Fail

As reported by Bradstreet

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*Lack of capital	30.3
*Unwise credits	1.3
*Fraud	7.0
Failures of others	1.7
Extravagance	1.1
Neglect	1.7
Competition	1.1
Specific conditions	11.3
Speculation	.7
Total	100.0%

*These are the needless failures that a well rounded business training would prevent.

Lack of training in the fundamentals which underlie all business makes men incompetent; leaves them ignorant of the experience of others; rates them as poor risks for capital; blinds them to the ordinary safeguards of credit extension; and exposes them to all the frauds which prey on business ignorance.

man; not to make him a better specialist in the single department he already knows, but to give him a working knowledge of all other departments.

That is why so large a proportion of the thousands of Institute men have stepped from mere positions into businesses of their own, and have achieved unusual success.

Will you work all your life in a routine job?

YOU may never have thought of it in this way, but you are paying for the training of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, whether you accept it or not.

If you do accept it, the cost is a little investment in money and time. But

who can figure what the cost of indecision and delay may be?

Suppose tomorrow an opportunity comes in your present organization for a trained and self-confident man to step up into the class of executives? Or suppose some day you, with your savings and experience, start a business of your own.

Most men look forward to such a day—the day they will be made executives or go into business for themselves. It is the beginning of real independence. Will you be equipped when that day comes?

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THE Institute has helped thousands of men to shorten their path to independence. It makes no special argument; it asks only for an opportunity to lay the full facts before thoughtful men for their consideration and decision. The facts are gathered into a book of 116 pages entitled "Forging Ahead In Business."

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.....

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azine

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY
Vol. XXXVI, No. 2

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

DECEMBER
1920

Cover Design, painted by Haskell Coffin. Art Section, Beautiful Women

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Stammering Bill Woods

How he overcame his handicap and became the best talker in our town and the star salesman of his firm

THE "Limited" was held up by a freight wreck ahead. I was marooned in a small but prosperous manufacturing town with but little prospect of getting out before midnight. Tired, after a hard day's work, I had just about decided to take in a movie, when the town band sailed by at the head of a torchlight procession.

Upon inquiring I learned that a meeting was to be held to decide on a fitting reception for the town's returned World War heroes. Forgetting the movies, I followed the crowd to the town hall and experienced one of the biggest and happiest surprises of my life.

The lion of the evening was my old schoolmate, Bill Woods. Bill held the audience spellbound for three-quarters of an hour with one of the best speeches I have ever heard.

I knew it was Bill and yet all through his school days and up to a year previous when I last saw him, he had been the worst stammerer I had ever heard. I asked the man standing next me who the speaker was. He said, "Oh! that's 'Silver Tongued Bill.' He's the new manager up at the White Works and the life of the town."

When the meeting broke up, I lost no time in pushing my way through a group of ardent admirers to Bill's side and later, as he walked to the railroad station with me, my curiosity got the best of me.

"BILL," I said, "the last time I talked with you it took you almost five minutes to answer yes or no, yet tonight you made a most remarkable address. How in the world did you do it?"

Bill laughed. "It's a long story—old man—but, I think, a mighty interesting one."

"Up until about a year ago I was a stammerer of the worst kind. Do you remember in school how the fellows made fun of me? I guess that was one of the reasons why I got poor marks. I knew my lessons but was always afraid to get up on my feet and recite. The only tests I could ever pass were written ones."

"When I got out of school I came up here and went to work for the White Company. I don't know how I ever got the job or held it, because every time I was asked a question, I got nervous and before I could make a reply my questioner would turn to someone else for the information he desired. I always knew what I wanted to say but somehow I couldn't get it out."

"Well, other fellows, who did not know the business half as well as I did—began to pass me in both salary and position. While they moved up, I stood still at the same old job and earning the same small beginner's salary."

"I couldn't afford to make a stand for myself before the boss. If I had I would have been fired. The White Company had no important places for men who couldn't talk. I had big ambitions, was vitally interested in the business and was sure I could make good on the sales force if only I could learn to speak distinctly. In my day-dreams, I pictured myself out on the road putting across big sales, earning big money and holding down a real job. Then I would awake and be more miserable than ever."

"Didn't you ever try to be cured?" I interrupted.

"Time and time again—I never missed even the slightest chance," he replied. "But it seemed of no use, and finally I concluded I could never be cured."

"THEN one day, one of the fellows in the office showed me a letter from a friend of his. This friend, a short time before, had 'stuttered' and 'stammered' just as I did then. The letter told how he had been entirely cured by a new scientific method at a regular school for stammerers and stammerers."

By H. L. HODGSON

Illustration by

JOHN A. MAY

"At first I did not pay much attention to it. What was the use? I had tried one so-called cure after another without result. Over and over again my hopes had been aroused, but each time I had failed and as a result had become more despondent than ever."

"But this fellow insisted that the Bogue Institute was entirely different. He told me his friend had also tried all kinds of cures without results but that he had been absolutely cured in a few weeks by attending classes under Mr. Bogue."



"I lost no time in pushing my way to Bill's side"

"Well, a few days later I saw one of the Institute advertisements in a magazine. After reading it I sent for full information with the understanding that I was not obligating myself in any way."

"In a few days I received all their descriptive literature and a catalog. I learned that Bogue Institute at Indianapolis was a resident school with dormitories, class rooms and a regular schedule of work just the same as any other boarding school or college."

"Another thing that interested me was the fact that the founder of the Institute, Benjamin N. Bogue, had stuttered and stammered for twenty years and had first worked out this scientific cure for himself. Once cured of the trouble that had made his own life so miserable, he was too big-hearted to stop. So he decided to help others. Soon he had a large class and spurred on by wonderful results, he started the Bogue Institute and made the scientific cure of stammerers and stutters his life work."

"The catalog showed pictures of the school and there were numerous letters written by graduates who had been cured. After carefully looking over the literature I became convinced that at least this was a more reasonable idea than any I had ever tried before."

"With the books and literature, I also found a diagnosis blank. This was a regular diagnosis form, but very easy to fill out. On it I wrote all my symptoms and a general history of my particular case and sent it in."

"A few days later I received a personal letter from Mr. Bogue in which he completely and correctly diagnosed my case from the questions I had answered. He seemed to thoroughly understand my condition and once again I entertained hopes of being cured."

"SO I wrote and had my name placed on his registry list. I found the school to be always crowded. But then the courses were short and with the cure and graduation of students new vacancies were occurring constantly."

"In about two weeks after I had sent in my application I received a letter to report at the Institute on a certain day."

"Then for once I mustered up nerve enough to go to the boss and ask for some time off. When I finally managed to make my request plain he was more than anxious to let me go. 'Good luck to you,' he said, 'I hope you will be completely cured.'

"Well, to make a long story short, six weeks after I enrolled under Mr. Bogue, I left his Institute absolutely cured of the affliction that had made so many years miserable for me. Not only was I able to talk without stammering or stammering but

I had learned how to speak correctly. I had mastered the art of becoming a convincing speaker! Talking became a pleasure instead of misery for me."

"Best of all my six weeks at Bogue Institute were really enjoyable. The Institute is founded on the soundest of principles and Mr. Bogue is a big-hearted man who is deeply interested in his work and gives every student his individual attention. You would be surprised to notice the wonderful and marked daily improvement of pupils under his care. In his classes are men and women, girls and boys, of all ages. Behind him he has a capable organization and is accomplishing a wonderful work."

"After I returned to work, advancement came rapidly. At last I was able to cash in on the things I had learned about our business. I asked for a chance to go on the road. Luckily there happened to be a vacancy at that time. I was given the opportunity I had dreamed of so long and I have made good. My salary was raised twice in nine months, and three months ago I was made sales manager with headquarters at the new plant here."

If you stutter or stammer, do what Bill Woods did. Benjamin N. Bogue, who cured himself and hundreds of other men and women, boys and girls, can cure you!

The Bogue Institute was established nineteen years ago. It is an old institution, founded on good sound principles and being run on honest, business-like methods. Results are guaranteed. If you are not cured you need pay no money.

The average student remains at Bogue from three to eight weeks. It is a resident school—not a mail order organization.

If you stammer or stutter, find out for yourself what the Bogue Institute can do for you.

Without obligating yourself in any way fill out the coupon below. By return mail you will receive full information regarding this sure, scientific cure for stammerers and stutters.

If you do not stutter, but know of someone who does, either see that this story of Bill Woods is called to his attention or send the Bogue Institute his name and address. Your name will not be mentioned in any way. And the Bogue Institute may be the means of opening up a whole new world for him.

BENJAMIN N. BOGUE
4073 Bogue Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Without obligation on my part, please send me full information regarding the Bogue Institute and the new scientific cure for stammerers and stutters.

Name

Address


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Good-paying positions in the best studios in the country await men and women who prepare themselves now. For 26 years we have successfully taught

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Our graduates earn \$35 to \$100 a week. We assist them to secure these positions. Now is the time to fit yourself for an advanced position at better pay. Terms easy; living inexpensive. Largest and best school of its kind. Write for catalog today.

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from a successful progressive photographer operating studios in the best cities.

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Big opportunities now. Quality for this fascinating profession. Three months' course covers all branches.

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Cameras and Materials furnished free
Practical instruction; modern equipment. Day or evening classes; easy terms. The School of Recognized Superiority.

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Training for a business or profession is important. If you will write to THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE Educational Bureau, 33 W. 42nd St., New York City, stating what kind of training you wish, your age and the locality in which you prefer the school, you will receive valuable advice.

"The Magazine That Women Take Seriously"

**There's Nothing She
Cannot Do**

THE many new and *profitable* activities of women these days are remarkably interesting to everyone—and especially to other women seeking guidance and information. THE GREEN BOOK MAGAZINE offers each month a fascinating group of biographies—fact stories about worth-knowing women and what they are doing in this changing world. For instance, in the current December issue you will find, among others, the stories of:

Photograph by International



A woman who holds the highest Federal office thus far achieved by her sex—that of Assistant Attorney General.



Photograph copyrighted by Bachrach

The woman who has devoted her life to the one successful League of Nations—the great International Institute of Agriculture founded by David Luhin.



Photograph by Sweet

A woman who earns a large income in a new profession—she memorizes the new Broadway plays and reproduces them, carrying all the rôles herself, in smaller communities.



Photograph by H. A. Atwell

A woman whose profession is that of directing campaigns for the raising of money for charitable purposes.

A woman who in time of need successfully turned the simple domestic accomplishment of cake-making to commercial uses.

ARTICLES

"BETTER BUSINESS WOMEN" By Elisabeth Sears

"UNREST FOR THE WEARY" By Dorothy Parker

"PAYING ELECTION DEBTS" By Emily Newell Blair

"HUSBANDS ON THE HOOF" By Burns Mantle

"THE COURTS OF KUBLA KHAN" By Marjorie B. Greenbie

and many others

NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES

By E. Phillips Oppenheim, Helen Ferris, Berta Ruck, Clay Perry, George F. Worts, DuVernet Rabell, Frances Chapman, and others.

**THE GREEN BOOK MAGAZINE**

Now on Sale

The Story-Press Corporation, Publishers,
36 So. State Street, Chicago

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you!" Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed. I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say, it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowed me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easy as I do. Any one with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them."

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find

it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His course did: I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour, how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonyngue,

light on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anything in our office say, "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forgot that right now" or "I forgot that right now" or "I can't remember," or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph Smith"? Real name H. Q. Smith, of John E. Price & Co., Seattle, Wash. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory 100% in a week and 1000% in 6 months.

My advice to you is, don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased power will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

While Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for this account of his experience, and that of others using the Roth Memory Course, he has used only facts that are known personally to the President of the Independent Corporation, who hereby verifies the accuracy of Mr. Jones' story in all its particulars:

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examinations.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter, and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied, send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

Independent Corporation

Dept. R-3612, 319 Sixth Avenue, New York

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

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You may send me the Course or Courses checked below. Within five days after receipt I will either remail them or send you \$5 for each in full payment, except as noted.

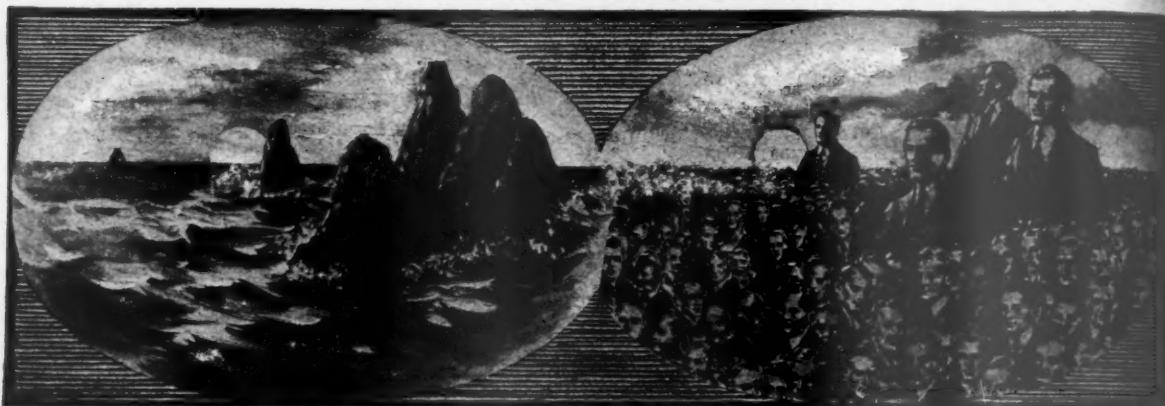
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at Sight (\$5) By Arthur Newcomb
By Dr. E. H. Blackford Practical Office Personal Efficiency (\$5)
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 By Frederick H. Law System (\$3.50)
Drawing, Art, Cartooning Course (\$5) By Wesley W. Ferrin
By Charles Lederer Paragon Shorthand (\$5)
By Alexander Lichtenberg

Name

Address



"Of Course I Place You!" Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle."



Low Tide Is Coming!

then where will you be?

Do you know why it's easier today for you to make more money than you have ever earned before?

Simply because the demand for men exceeds the supply.

Men everywhere, of all kinds and descriptions, have been on the high tide of prosperity and earnings.

But, just as surely as the tide rises, it falls—low tide is coming. And when there are more men available than there are positions to fill, down go earnings—competition for mere day wages begins.

The ocean of humanity rises on the tide of good times and falls on the depression of demand for man power.

But, among the sea of helpless ones, a few men stand like rocks in the ocean—unaffected by changing tides or times.

These men are made invincible by one thing—*training*.

For—good times or bad—the trained man's services are always in demand at salary figures way above the average.

That's the foundation upon which the work of LaSalle Extension University is built. Thru this institution, men turn their spare hours into permanent increases in earning power. They can become accountants—traffic managers—office managers—business executives—attorneys—acquire the training necessary to lift them from the ranks to the highly paid specialist class.

LaSalle training comes thru the mails and turns spare hours—ordinarily waste time—into increased earning power. And thru the LaSalle problem method of instruction, which gives concrete application to real business problems right along with bed rock fundamentals, the LaSalle trained man is a practical man from start to finish.

For three months we kept track of letters received from LaSalle men as to definite benefits derived. Two thousand and ninety-seven communications were received.

La Salle Extension University

The Largest Business Training
Institution in the World



Employers:
Look for this Button

The man who wears a LaSalle button is well worth watching. He is preparing for higher responsibility—he has already proved that he is alert, aggressive, decisive—a man to meet situations squarely, to see their possibilities, to act upon them.

From 50 to 2,000 or more students and graduates can be found with many of the largest corporations such as Standard Oil Co., Pennsylvania R. R., Ford Motor Co., International Harvester Co., U. S. Steel, Swift & Co., etc.

The Right Man for the Job

Large business corporations and industries throughout the United States are availing themselves of the free service of the LaSalle Placement Bureau to reach high-grade men of experience plus training. We may be able to put you in touch with the right man for the job if you'll write us.

More than 225,000 men have become bigger, broader-gauged men thru LaSalle training. Every year this institution equips 50,000 men with the specialized knowledge that makes executives. Reports come daily of their progress—of salary increases, in some cases as high as 400%, earned thru the training which these men themselves trace directly to LaSalle.

This opportunity is yours—as it was theirs. You can use your leisure time, as they have done, to fit yourself for more responsible, better paid work. You can

MERELY MARK AND MAIL THE COUPON—GET THE FACTS—THEN DECIDE

Don't be satisfied to remain subject to the tragedy of unemployment. Low tide holds no penalty for the trained man. The successful man never hesitates once he sees his opportunity. To decide with him is to ACT. Right now—with the coupon before

hold your present position while preparing for one far ahead of your present experience and ability.

We offer also to men already holding executive positions the exact character of training best suited to their particular needs, whether that need be of a highly specialized character or a broader training in fundamental business principles and practices. Thousands of executives have rounded out their qualifications and have forged ahead quickly to bigger success thru LaSalle service.

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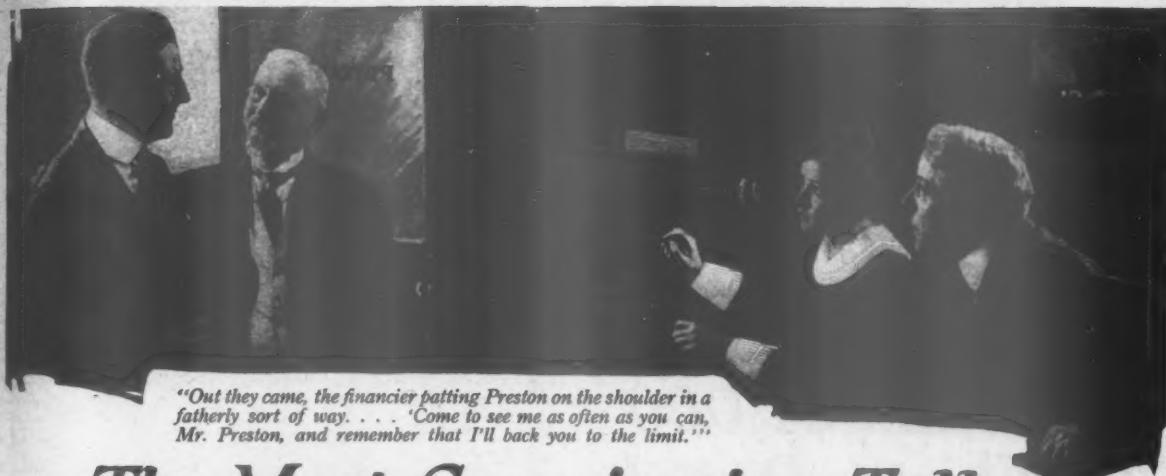
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Name Present Position Address



"Out they came, the financier patting Preston on the shoulder in a fatherly sort of way. . . . Come to see me as often as you can, Mr. Preston, and remember that I'll back you to the limit."

The Most Convincing Talker I Ever Met

Everywhere this man goes, people shower him with favors and seek his friendship. Things which other people ask for and are refused, he gets instantly. How he does it is told in this amazing story.

LET me ask you this: There is a big business deal to be put through. It involves millions of dollars. Putting it through depends wholly on one thing—getting the backing of a great financier.

But this man is bitterly opposed to your idea and to your associates. Seven of the most able men and women in all America had tried to win from this financier. They failed dismally and completely.

Now, could you, a total stranger to this man, walk in on him unannounced, talk for less than an hour, and then have him take your arm as a token of friendship, and give you a signed letter agreeing to back you to the limit?

Could you?

ASTOUNDING? Yes! But it *WAS* done. And I'll tell you how. Here is the way it all came about. For a long time the directors of our company had felt the handicap of limited capital. We had business in sight running into a million dollars a month. But we couldn't finance this volume of sales. We simply had to get big backing, and that was all there was to it.

Because of trade affiliations, one man—a great financier in New York—controlled the situation. Win him over and the rest was easy. But how to win him?—that was the question. No less than five men and two women—all people of influence and reputation—had tried. They were all repulsed—turned down cold and flat.

You know how a thing of this sort grows on you and how bitter utter defeat is. Well, we were talking it over at a board meeting, when one of our directors announced that he knew of only one man who could possibly put through the deal—a man by the name of Preston.

So it was agreed that Preston was to be sounded out at luncheon the following day. He proved to be a fine type of American. At 34 years of age he had become president and majority stockholder of a thriving manufacturing business rated at three-quarters of a million dollars.

Preston was deeply interested, as anyone would be over the prospect of closing such a big deal. The director in question said casually, "Why don't you run down to New York and take a shot at it, Preston?" Preston looked out of the window for a moment, and then quietly answered, "You're on."

I WENT along with Preston simply as a matter of form to represent our interests. Aboard the 10:15 train out of Chicago we headed for the smoker and got to talking with the crowd there.

Then I noticed something. Preston had dominated them all. Everyone was eagerly hanging on his words, and looking at him with open admiration. No sooner would he stop talking than one of the men would start him up again. And as the men dropped off at stations along the way they gave Preston their cards, with pressing invitations to look them up. No doubt about it, Preston was *THE* man aboard that car.

The colored porter, too, came under his sway. For that night, when the berths were being made up, the porter came unasked to Preston, told him that his berth was right over the car trucks, and insisted upon changing it to a more comfortable one.

And so it went all the way to New York. Everyone who met Preston took a great liking to him the instant he spoke. They seemed to be,

eager for his companionship—wanted to be with him every minute, openly admired him, and loaded him with favors.

Even the usual haughty room clerk at the hotel showed a great interest in Preston's welfare. He showered us with attention while a long line of people waited to register.

The next morning we called on the great financier—the man who was so bitterly against us and had flatly turned down seven of our shrewdly represented representatives.

I waited in the reception room—nervous, restless, with pins and needles running up and down my spine. Surely Preston would meet the same humiliating fate?

But no! In less than an hour out they came, arm in arm, the financier patting Preston on the shoulder in a fatherly sort of way. And then I heard the surprising words, "Come to see me as often as you can, Mr. Preston, and remember that I'll back you to the limit!"

AT the hotel that night sleep wouldn't come. I couldn't get the amazing Preston out of my thoughts. What an irresistible power over men's minds he had. Didn't even have to ask for what he wanted! People actually competed for his attention, anticipated his wishes and eagerly met them. What a man! What power! . . . Then the tremendous possibilities of it all—think what could be done with such power!

What was the secret? For secret there must be. So the first thing next morning I hurried to Preston's room, told him my thoughts, and asked him the secret of his power.

Preston laughed good-naturedly. "Nothing to it—I—well—that—is—" he stalled. "I don't like to talk about myself, but I've simply mastered the knack of talking convincingly, that's all."

"But how did you get the knack?" I persisted.

Preston smiled, and said, "Well, there's an organization in New York that tells you exactly how to do it. It's amazing! There's really nothing to study. It's mostly a knack which they tell you. You can learn this knack in a few hours. And in less than a week it will produce definite results in your daily work.

"Write to this organization—The Independent Corporation—and get their method. They send it on free trial. I'll wager that in a few weeks from now you'll have a power over men which you never thought possible . . . but write and see for yourself." And that was all I could get out of the amazing Preston.

WHEN I returned home I sent for the method Preston told me about. It opened my eyes and astounded me. Just how he had won over the financier was now as clear as day to me. I began to apply the method to my daily work, and soon I was able to wield the same remarkable power over men and women that Preston had. I don't like to talk about my personal achievements any more than Preston does, but I'll say this:

When you have acquired the knack of talking convincingly, it's easy to get people to do anything you want them to do. That's how Preston impressed those people on the train—the how he got special attention from the hotel clerk—how he won over the financier—simply by talking convincingly.

This knack of talking convincingly will do wonders for any man or woman. Most people are afraid to express their thoughts; they know the

humiliation of talking to people and of being ignored with a casual nod or a "yes" or "no." But when you can talk convincingly, it's different. *When you talk people listen and listen eagerly.* You can get people to do almost anything you want them to do. And the beauty of it all is that they think they are doing it of their own free will.

In committee meetings, or in a crowd of any sort you can rivet the attention of all when you talk. You force them to accept your ideas. It helps wonderfully in writing business letters—enables you to write sales letters that amaze everyone by the big orders they pull in.

Then again, it helps in social life. Interesting and convincing talk is the basis of social success. At social affairs you'll always find that the convincing talker is the centre of attraction, and that people go out of their way to make up to him.

Talk convincingly and you'll征服 no matter who he is—will ever treat you with cold, unresponsive indifference. Instead, you'll instantly get under his skin, make his heart glow and set fire to his enthusiasm. Talk convincingly and any man—even a stranger—will treat you like an old pal and will literally take the shirt off his back to please you.

You can do anything you want if you know how to talk convincingly. You've noticed that in business, ability alone won't get you much. Many a man of real ability, who cannot express himself well, is often outdistanced by a man of mediocre ability who knows how to talk convincingly. There's no getting away from it, to get ahead—merely to hold your own—to get what your ability entitles you to, you've got to know how to talk convincingly!

THE method Preston told me about is Dr. Law's "Mastery of Speech," published by the Independent Corporation. Such confidence have the publishers in the ability of Dr. Law's method to make you a convincing talker that they will gladly send it to you wholly on approval.

You needn't send any money—not a cent. Merely mail the coupon, or write a letter, and the complete Course "Mastery of Speech" will be sent you by return mail, all charges prepaid. If you are not entirely satisfied with it, send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

But if it pleases you, as it has pleased thousands of others, then send only five dollars in full payment. You take no risk. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. So mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn. Independent Corporation, Dept. L-3612, 319 Sixth Ave., New York.

Independent Corporation

Dept. L-3612, 319 Sixth Ave., New York

You may send me the Course or Courses checked below. Within five days after receipt I will either remail them or send you \$5 for each in full payment, except as noted.

- Mastery of Speech (\$5). By Frederick H. Law.
- Roth Memory Course (\$5). By David M. Roth.
- Drawing, Art, Cartooning Course (\$5). By Charles Lederer.
- How to Read Character at Sight (\$5). By Dr. K. M. Blackford.
- Super-Salesmanship (\$5). By Arthur Newcomb.
- Practical Course in Personal Education (\$5). By Edward E. Purinton.
- Money-Making Accounts (\$5). By Edward W. Forrin.
- Paragon Shorthand (\$5). By Alex. Lichtenstag.

Name.....

Address.....

The Secret of Earning Big Money

How It Brought This Man \$1,000 In Thirty Days!

MY earnings during the past thirty days were more than \$1,000" writes Warren Hartle, of 4425 N. Robey Street, Chicago, whose picture you see on this page.

Yet previous to this he had worked ten years in the railway mail service at salaries ranging from \$900 to \$1,600 a year. What was the secret of his sudden rise from small pay to such magnificent earnings?

It was the same secret that has brought hundreds of others success, independence and money beyond their fondest dreams.

The stories of these men's amazing jumps to the big pay class read like fiction; but they are matters of record and can be verified by any one on request. Here are just a few examples, as told in the words of the men themselves:

"I had never earned more than \$60 a month. Last week I cleared \$308 and this week \$218. You have done wonders for me." Geo. W. Kearns, 107 W. Park Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My earnings for the past thirty days are \$1,562 and I won Second Prize in March although I only worked two weeks during that month." C. W. Campbell, Greensburg, Pa.

"My earnings for March were over \$1,000 and over \$1,800 for the last six weeks, while last week my earnings were \$356." L. P. Overstreet, Dallas, Texas.

And there are more—hundreds more. So quickly did these transformations from small pay to big money take place that they appear incredible. Almost over night these men left behind them the drudgery of low pay, routine jobs for fascinating work, independence and rich financial rewards. It seems as if nothing short of the magic of an Aladdin's lamp could bring such sudden good fortune.

Perhaps you will say that these men represent those rare exceptions who seem destined to success—those favorites of fortune who every so often come to startle the average run of men with their whirlwind rise to the top.

But now comes the most amazing part of it all! What these men have done, hundreds of others have done, hundreds are doing today, and hundreds will do tomorrow. You may be one of them, for now the same opportunity that put these men into the big money class is open to you! You are going to read here and now, just as they read at one time, the secret of earning big money. Then *in the next five minutes* you can take the same first step that brought to them such extraordinary success.

The Secret Disclosed

WHAT is the secret of this amazing quick success? What is the mysterious force that can lift men out of the rut and place them in the ranks of the big money-makers?

There is really no mystery about it. It is

simply a matter of cold business fact. The "secret" is that the big money is in the Selling end of business. And any man of normal intelligence and ambition can quickly become a Star Salesman.

You may think, as many do, that the highly-paid Stars in Salesmanship are "born" to their calling—that the ability to sell is a natural gift. Then you will be surprised to learn that the men whose earnings have been quoted had no special qualifications for Salesmanship. In fact, hundreds of cases could be cited of men who had never had a day's experience in Selling: they came from all walks of life, from all fields of work—they had been clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics, farm-hands, etc., and today they are Star Salesmen, earning greater incomes than they had ever hoped to attain.

What Makes a \$10,000 a Year Star Salesman?

If you had told these men that such brilliant success awaited them in the field of Selling, they would have laughed at you—they would have told you that it was absurd to think of their becoming Salesmen, for they had never sold a dime's worth of goods in their lives.

Then what was it that suddenly transformed them into Star Salesmen? Ask them, and they will answer "the N. S. T. A." It was the N. S. T. A. that made them Master Salesmen and placed them in good selling positions through its Free Employment Service.

The National Salesmen's Training Association is an organization of top-notch Salesmen and Sales Managers that has fitted hundreds of men for big Selling positions—has taken them from obscure places in the world and made Star Salesmen of them—has made it amazingly easy for them to earn bigger money than they had ever dreamed possible. How?

Listen you men who Sell and you men who never had a day's Selling experience: There are Secrets of Selling that only Star Salesmen know; there are certain fundamental rules and principles of Selling that every Star Salesman uses. There is a way of doing everything that makes success easy and certain. There is a Science of Salesmanship.

Once you know these fundamental rules and principles you are qualified to take your place in the ranks of the Star Salesmen. And you can learn the Secrets of Selling in your spare time at home—in the odd moments that you now pass fruitlessly. If you are earning less than \$10,000 a year, then read the following carefully.

The Turning Point in Their Lives

THE success of the men quoted above—and the success of hundreds of others like them—dates from the day they mailed a coupon—a coupon just like the one shown at the bottom of this page. This coupon brought them just as it will bring to



WARREN HARTLE

you, an amazing story of the way to quick success in Salesmanship. It brought them complete and irrefutable proof that they, too, no matter what they were doing or what their past experience had been could quickly become Star Salesmen. It brought them full particulars of the wonderful system of Salesmanship Training and Free Employment Service of the National Salesmen's Training Assn.

Surely you owe it to yourself to at least examine the evidence. All that is required is to mail the coupon without delay. It will bring you, entirely free of cost, a fascinating Book on Salesmanship, and the remarkable stories of the quick success of others, told in their own words. It will bring you convincing PROOF that you can become a Star Salesman, in your spare time at home, regardless of your past experience or what you are doing now. And you will see just how the Free Employment Service of the N. S. T. A. has helped others to splendid Selling positions and how it will do the same for you just as soon as you are qualified and ready.

In short, the simple act of mailing the coupon or writing may mean the turning point in your life as it has been in the lives of so many others. It is the first step toward the amazingly quick success that awaits you as a Star Salesman. Take it NOW. Address

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 22-W Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 22-W, Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation on my part send me your Free Salesmanship Book and Free Proof that you can make me a Star Salesman. Also tell me how the N. S. T. A. Free Employment Service will help me to a selling position and send list of business lines with openings for Salesmen.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

How We Stopped the Leaks That Kept Us Poor



How Howard Lindsay and His Wife Discovered an Easy Way to Save One-Third of Their Income. A Secret That Applies to Any Income

By HARRISON OTIS

WHO should walk into the room but Howard Lindsay! Of all men perhaps he was the last I had expected to find as the president of this great new company. They had told me that Mr. Lindsay, of the Consolidated, was looking for a fine country home and was interested in buying the Dollard Place in Englewood; so as executor of the Dollard estate I had come to discuss the terms with him.

But Lindsay! Surely some miracle had happened. For it was the very man who had come to me "dead broke" about four years back and had asked me to help him get a new job.

"You are surprised, Mr. Otis, I can see that without your telling me. Let that real estate matter rest for a moment while I tell you how the change happened. It won't take five minutes. It all seems simple as A B C, as I look back on it now.

How It All Began

"Our new life began when we discovered how to save money. That happened soon after I started in the new job you helped me secure. And it all came about right in my own home. Our sole source of supply was my salary of \$3,000. That first year we didn't save one cent. Besides that, we woke up on New Year's day to find a big bunch of unpaid bills to be taken care of somehow or other out of future salary checks.

"When I asked myself the reason for all this I found that I did not know the reason, and no more did my wife, because we hadn't the faintest idea what our money had been spent for.

"Then we looked around among our friends and learned a great lesson.

"The Weeds, I knew, were getting more than \$5,000 a year. They lived in a modest apartment, did not wear fine clothes, seldom went to the theatre, did little entertaining, yet we knew they barely had enough money to pay current bills.

"In the case of the Wells, I found a very different story, and one that set me thinking hard. Their income was \$2,000 a year, yet, to my amazement, they confided to us that they had saved \$600 a year ever since they were married. They didn't have any grand opera in their program except on their little Victrolas—but they did go to the theatre regularly, they wore good clothes, entertained their friends at their home and were about the happiest and most contented couple of all our married friends.

"The difference between these two families was that in one case the expenditures were made without any plan—while in the other the income was regulated on a weekly budget system.

"We sat down that evening and made up a budget of all our expenses for the next fifty-two weeks. We discovered leaks galore. We found a hundred ways where little amounts could be saved.

"In one short month we had a 'strangle hold' on our expenses and knew just where we were

going. In one year my wife proudly produced a bank book showing a tidy savings account of \$800.

My New Grip on Business

"In the meantime an extraordinary change had come over me in business.

"I didn't fully realize this until the president called me in one day and said, 'Lindsay, you have been doing exceptionally well. I have been studying your work for the last year and you have saved the company a lot of money. We have decided to give you an interest in the business.'

"So there you are. It is wonderful, isn't it? I often wish I might tell my story to the thousands of young married couples who are having the hardest time of their lives just when they ought to be having the best time."

"So now I have the opportunity and you are lucky, if only you will act on the wonderful message this story contains.

HARRISON OTIS.

The Magic Budget Plan

The Ferrin Money-Making Account System is built on the experience of Howard Lindsay. The system, which is simplicity itself, comprises:

The Ferrin Money-Making Account Book

The Ferrin Kitchen Calendar

The Ferrin Pocket Account Book

The Ferrin Investment and Insurance Register

The Ferrin Household Inventory and Fire Insurance Record

There is no red tape or complicated bookkeeping in this system—it is so simple that anyone can keep it—so convenient that you will not notice the few moments of your time required.

The Pocket Account Book contains printed slips, so that you have only to jot down the amounts of your daily expenditures. The Kitchen Calendar keeps track of household expenses. At the end of each week or month these amounts are transferred to the Money-Making Account Book, which contains 12 pages, size, 8 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches, and costs only \$1.00 for a year.

The book has been prepared by an expert to fit any salary from the smallest to the largest. Incorporated in it is a recapitulation for every month of the year, which shows at a glance the Budget and the amounts paid out during the month for the various classified items of expense. It is the only book to our knowledge which has a Budget column for every month.

One Money-Making Feature

A war tax is now levied on almost every kind of article you buy. Few people know that the amounts so paid on daily purchases may properly be deducted from their income tax report. By keeping track of these taxes on the pages for daily expenditures and transferring the weekly or monthly totals to the Money-Making Account Book you will effect a saving on your income tax that will surprise you and that will pay the small price of the System many times over.

The Ferrin Investment Insurance Register is designed to keep an accurate record of your investments, insurance policies, etc. Contains 32 pages, size 5 x 8 inches.

The Ferrin Inventory and Fire Insurance Record will enable you to make and keep a complete inventory of every room in the house; also provides for record of your fire insurance policy. It is an absolute necessity in case of a fire. It may save you many thousand times the cost.

Two Minutes a Day

The Ferrin Money-Making Account System takes only two minutes a day. Any bright grammar school boy or girl can keep the accounts. This method is not a hard task.

Now, you need not worry about the money you spend for clothes, food, rent or the theatre. You will spend it wisely because you will know how much you can afford to spend.

The Ferrin Money-Making System is a most practical gift to any newly married couple. Many people use them for Christmas gifts.

Send No Money

See how magically the Ferrin Money-Making Account System works no matter how much or how little your income. We know what you will think of it when you see it. So we are willing to send you the complete system without your sending us any money in advance. Just fill in the coupon, and back by return mail, the system will come to you.

If you feel that you can afford not to have it, simply send it back and you will owe nothing.

But when you have seen what big returns the Ferrin System will pay you, you will surely want to keep this wonderful aid to money-making, especially as we are now offering a special, short-time offer of only \$3.50 for the complete system.

You will appreciate what a remarkable offer this is when you consider that other expense account books are sold at \$3.00 and above a period of only two years.

The Ferrin Money-Making Account Book covers four years, and therefore has twice the value, \$6. And in addition, you get the Ferrin Kitchen Calendar, the Ferrin Pocket Account Book, the Ferrin Investment and Insurance Register, the Ferrin Household Inventory and Fire Insurance Record, each worth 50¢ or \$2.00.

You have the opportunity, therefore, of securing \$8 value for only \$3.50.

But you can make this special combination offer only for a limited time. We expect to place this System in one hundred thousand homes this year. We want your home to be one of them. You are therefore urged to mail the coupon now—to do so costs nothing and does not obligate you in any way, but it may be a revelation to you of how much more you can get out of your income.

INDEPENDENT CORPORATION

Dept. F-3612 319 Sixth Ave. New York

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Independent Corporation

Dept. F-3612 319 Sixth Ave. New York

You may send me the Course or Courses checked below. Within five days after receipt I will either remail or send you the price indicated after each in full payment, except as noted.

- Money-Making Account System (\$3.50)
By Wesley W. Ferrin
- Roth Memory Course (\$5)
By David M. Roth
- Drawing, Art, Cartooning Course (\$5)
By Charles Lederer
- How to Read Character at Sight (\$5)
By Dr. K. M. H. Blackford
- Mastery of Speech (\$5)
By Frederick Houk Law
- Super-Salesmanship (\$5)
By Arthur Newcomb
- Practical Course in Personal Efficiency (\$5)
By Edward E. Purinton
- Paragon Shorthand (\$5)
By Alexander Lichtenegger

Name _____

Address _____

Red Book 12-20

READ!

Letter from Head of Financial Department of Lorraine Corporation of Its Kind in the United States.

Independent Corporation.

Gentlemen:

I consider your account book a remarkable contribution to the people of this country at this time.

In our company we have 5000 employees and it was a revelation to me in giving them advice in regard to the making out of their income tax returns to find how few had and intelligent ideas of their income and their living expenses.

The simplicity of your plan which by comparison with previous methods of account keeping would seem to be a high automatic, appeals to me strongly.

They say you can't teach an old dog new tricks, but I will say to you that the Ferrin Book for my own family expenses would seem to be a high automatic, appeals to me strongly.

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Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison, of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is it astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can't most anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. Today he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality today.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts, and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer? Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet, if, by some lucky chance they did first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows.

Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know-how." A little study, a little patience, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people I imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they really learn to write from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, something all around you, every day, every

hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" Who says you can't?

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Has This Ever Happened to You?

If you were a guest at dinner and you overturned a cup of coffee, what would you do? What would you say? Would you turn to the hostess and say "I beg pardon?" Would you offer your apologies to the entire company? Would you ignore the incident completely? Which is the correct thing to do?

To be able to do and say the right thing at the right time is the badge of culture, and the man or woman who has that power is indeed an individual of polish and poise.

What Do You Know About Introductions?

To establish an immediate and friendly understanding between two people who have never met before, to make the conversation flow more smoothly and pleasantly, to create an agreeable, harmonious atmosphere—that is the purpose of the introduction. A correct, courteous conversation—making an introduction is an art itself, and reflects refinement and cultivation on the person who is the medium.

How do YOU introduce two people? Do your introductions create a pleasant, easy atmosphere, or one that is uncomfortably strained?

Try this simple test and see what you really know about the art of introduction:

Mrs. Brown and Miss Smith have met at your home for the first time. Would you say, "Mrs. Brown, meet Miss Smith, or Miss Smith, meet Mrs. Brown?" Would you say, "Miss Smith, let me make you acquainted with Mrs. Brown?"

If Mr. Blank happened to drop in for a little chat, how would you present him to the ladies; to both at once, or to each one individually? And how would you present Bobby, who comes running in from school: "Bobby, this is Mr. Blank, or Mr. Blank, this is Bobby, or would you use the *I want you to meet* method? Do you ever say *I take pleasure in introducing*? Is it right or wrong?

How do you introduce a sweetheart to your relatives for the first time? How do you introduce her, or him, to your friends?

On the other hand, if you are being introduced, how do you acknowledge it. Do you use any of these expressions: "Pleased to know you," "Delighted," "How do you do?" Does a gentleman rise upon being introduced to a lady? Does the lady rise? Is it correct for the lady and gentleman to shake hands?

The difference between the right and wrong thing in introducing, is the difference between culture and coarseness.

The man who would be polished, impressive, and the woman who covets the wonderful gift of charm must cultivate the art of introduction.

Etiquette at the Dance

The ball-room should always be a center of culture and grace. To commit a breach of etiquette at the dance is to condemn yourself as a hopeless vulgarian. But alas! how many blunders are made by people who really believe that they are following the conventions of society to the highest letter of its law! What blunders do you take in the ball-room? These questions may also help you discover them.



Does etiquette allow a woman to ask for a dance? May she refuse to dance without a reason? What is the proper thing for a young girl to do if she is not asked to dance? What is a polite and courteous way of refusing a dance? How many times may a girl dance with the same partner without breaking the rules of etiquette? Is it correct to wander away from the ballroom with a fiance?

According to etiquette's laws is it necessary for a gentleman to dispose of his escort to another partner before he asks another lady for a dance? How shall he ask a lady to dance? Which are the correct forms and which the incorrect? How shall he dispose of the lady after the dance, if he must return to his escort? What is the right dancing position for the gentleman? For the lady? What style of dress is correct to wear at a dance?

There is perhaps no better place to display the culture and finesse of your breeding than the ball-room, resplendent with the gay gowns of women and enchanting with the ease and gracefulness of dancing couples. Here the gallantry of true gentlemen and the grace of delicacy of cultured women asserts itself. Here you can distinguish yourself either as a person of culture or a person of boorishness.

When Wedding Bells Ring

etiquette again comes to the fore. What is the right dress for the bride to wear? How shall the invitation be worded? When shall the groom give his farewell bachelor dinner? How shall congratulations be extended? And after the wedding there are cards of thanks and cards of invitation to be sent. The wedding breakfast must be arranged and perhaps a honeymoon trip must be planned. Suffice to say that the bride and bridegroom will find invaluable aid in Everyman's Encyclopedia of Etiquette.

Everyman's Encyclopedia of Etiquette

In Two Comprehensive Volumes

In the most minute details of daily life, in the hours of prosperity and adversity alike, at all times, there is the omnipresent need of holding one's self in hand, of impressing by one's culture and breeding, of *doing the right thing*. Culture is, after all, one of the fine arts. To excel in music or painting, the price is vigilance, study and incessant effort; to be cultured, polished, the price is conscientious effort and study.

"Clothes may make the man," but whether you are clothed in rags or silks your culture can not be hidden. For he who is polite, refined and well-bred wears a gorgeous robe endowed with the fine embroidery of honor and respect. Not even rags can cover it.

The world is a harsh judge, but it is just. It will not tolerate the man who makes blunders at the dinner table. It will not tolerate the woman who breaks the conventions of society at the dance. It will not tolerate the illiterate in the Art of Etiquette.

"Everyman's Encyclopedia of Etiquette" is excellent in quality, comprehensive in proportions, rich in illustrations. It comes to you as a guide, a revelation toward better etiquette. It dispels lingering doubts, corrects blunders, teaches you the *right thing to do*. It is a book that will last. You will preserve it, to refer again and again to its invaluable aid toward culture and refinement.

New Chapters on Foreign Countries

Two new and interesting chapters have been added to the original edition of "Everyman's Encyclopedia of Etiquette." They are "The Etiquette of Travel" and "The Etiquette in Foreign Countries." The woman who is traveling alone must be extremely circumspect in her conduct. The conventions of etiquette must be strictly observed. The man who is escorting a woman abroad must not subject her to embarrassment by blunders in etiquette. Tips, dress, calling cards, corre-

spondence, addressing royalty and addressing clergy abroad are discussed and the dinner etiquette in France, England and Germany is discussed. The two chapters are brimful of hints and pointers for the man or woman who travels.

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Red Book 12-20



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Let abundance reign in the dining room—with a fine, tender baked Premium Ham on the sideboard—decked out in holly and surrounded by all the

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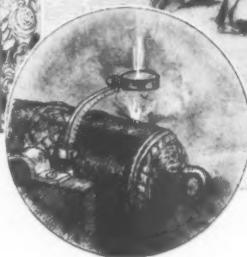
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The Noonday Gun:

Even the Pirate, civilization's outlaw, bowed to the mysterious power of Time.

These buccaneer Bolsheviks had one ceremonial in common—the automatic firing of the Noonday Gun. Focused through a burning glass, the sun's rays discharged the cannon which recalled the sea rovers at midday.

A picturesque device—much like the ancient Sun Cannon in the Palais Royal. Doubtless more than one swarthy rascal, gloating over jeweled plunder, set his stolen watch by the Noonday Gun in those wild freebooting days.

Inventions run in cycles. Alfred's Time-Candle recalled the cave man's burning rope: the Pirate's Noonday Gun harks back to the Sun-Dial of Babylon. Gradually, as Father Time fled down through the ages, emerged that realization of the value of Time which inspired those timekeeping marvels of our world today—

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in Vaudeville

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FLORENCE CRANE
in "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic"
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Beautiful Women



FLORENZE TEMPEST

in Vaudeville

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"for your soft cuffs, Tom"



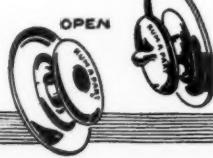
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The Magazine of a Remade World

Have You The Foolish Idea That Some Day You'll Retire?

A common-sense editorial by BRUCE BARTON

RECENTLY I had the interesting experience of seeing a man brought back to life who had been as good as dead.

He was a successful corporation official ten years ago; and when he reached the age of fifty, he sold his interests, put the money into good safe bonds and retired.

He traveled about the world for a few months, but soon made the sad discovery that one city is just about like another. Then he came home, and decided to take things easy.

All day long he would sit on his porch or potter about the place; and except for his daily visits to his doctor, he had no definite engagements at all. His health and temper grew daily worse; he was useless to himself and the community, and in a few months, or years, would have passed away.

One day his banker sent for him and said: "We've got a lot of money in a little concern that ought to do well, but doesn't. Why don't you take hold of it for us and see if you can't straighten it out?"

He did take hold of the little business. Instead of getting up at ten o'clock he began to get up at seven. He neglected his appointments with the doctor, at first, because he had no time, and after a while because he had never felt so well in his life. Men who watched him said that he became ten years younger in the next six months. Idleness and pills were fast hurrying him into the grave; he was resurrected and given a new, long lease of life by the wonderful magic of work.

The world is full of men who have the foolish idea that they will some day retire and "spend their last years in comfort and ease." As a matter of fact, they will probably spend part of those last years in querulous discomfort and the rest of them in the grave.

"Why don't you retire?" a man once asked the late J. P. Morgan.

"When did your father retire?" the old man demanded in reply.

"In 1904."

"When did he die?"

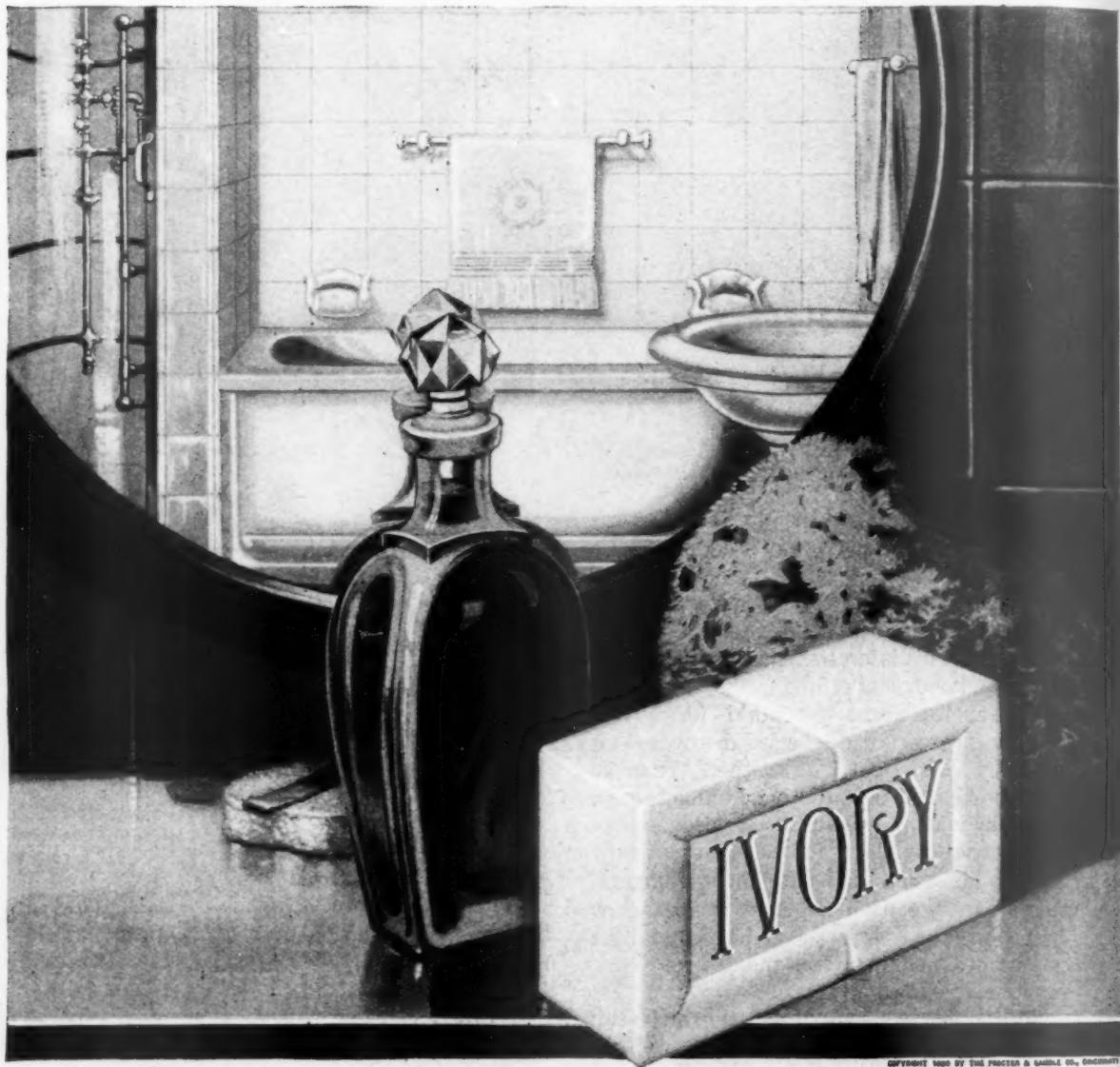
"In 1906."

"There you have it," said the wise old banker. "If he had kept at work, he would be alive and happy yet."

A man told me the other day about talking with President Eliot, still alive and active at eighty-four, still full of plans for the work that he means to do. Franklin did his best work at an age when most men are dead; so did Voltaire and Goethe and Gladstone and Commodore Vanderbilt. By keeping busy right up to the end they finished the course happy—and young.

There is no other secret for eternal youth. And personally I cannot see very much difference between the man who refuses to work because he has five dollars in his pocket, and the man who refuses to work because he has a million. Both are a nuisance in a busy world and ought to be treated as such.

Another of Bruce Barton's Common-sense Editorials will appear on this page in the next issue of the Red Book Magazine.



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azine

DECEMBER, 1920
Vol. XXXVI, Number 2

THE
RED Book
MAGAZINE

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN
Editor



BY HER first novel "The Branding Iron," Mrs. Burt leaped into the front ranks of American novelists of today. All her readers will rejoice again in her present work.

SNOW-BLIND

By
KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

Illustrated by
CLARK FAY

CHAPTER I

UNDER a noon sun the vast, flat country, buried deep in snow, lay like a paper hoop rimmed by the dark primeval forest; its surface shone with an unbearable brightness as of sun-struck glass, every crystal gleaming and quivering with intense cold light. To the north a single blunt, low mountainhead broke the evenness of the horizon line.

Hugh Garth seemed to leap through paper like a tiny active clown as he dropped down into the small space shoveled clear in front of his hidden cabin door. The roof was weighted with drift, so that a curling mass like the edge of a wind-pressed wave about to break hung low over the eaves. Long icicles as thick as a man's arm stretched from roof to ground in a row of twisted columns. Under this overhanging cornice of snow near the door there was a sudden icy purple darkness.

As Hugh plunged down into it, his face lost a certain rapt brightness and shadowed deeply. He let slip the load of fresh pelts from his back, drew his feet from the skis which he stuck up on their ends in the snow, and removed the fur cap from his head and the huge dark spectacles from his eyes. Then, crouching, he went in at the low ill-hung door. It stuck to its sill, and he cursed it; all his movements expressed the anger of frustration. He slammed the door behind him.

Buried in drifts, the cabin was hidden even at this bright hour of noon. The stove glowed in a corner with a subdued redness, its bulging cheeks and round mouth dully scarlet. The low room was pleasant to look at, for its beauty was that of brown bark and the salmon tints of old rough boards, and its furniture, wrought painstakingly by an unskillful hand, had the charm of all handwork even when unskilled. Some of the chairs were rudely

carved, one great throne especially, awkward, pretentious and carefully ornate.

There was, too, a solid table in the center of the floor; and on it a woman was setting heavy earthenware plates nicked and discolored. She was heavy and discolored herself, but like the stove, she too seemed to have a dull glow. Though no longer young she might still have encouraged her youthfulness to linger pleasantly; she was not in the least degree beautiful, but she might have fostered a charm that lurked somewhere about her small, compact body and in her square, dark face. Her hair of a sandy brown was stretched back brutally so that her bright, devoted eyes—gray and honest eyes, very deep-set beneath their brows—lacked the usual softness and mystery of women's eyes. Her lips were tight set; her chin held out with an air of dogged effort which seemed to possess no relation to her mechanical occupation, yet to have a strong habitual relation to her state of mind. She seemed, in fact, under a stiff shell of self-control, to conceal an inner light, like a dimly burning dark-lantern. Her expression was dumb. She moved about like a deaf-mute. Indeed, her stillness and stony self-repression were extraordinary.

A YOUTH rose from a chair near the stove and greeted Hugh as he entered.

"Hullo," he said. "How many did you get?"

It was the eager questioning of a modest, affectionate boy who curbs his natural effervescence of greeting like a well-trained dog. The tone was astonishingly young, a quiet, husky boy-voice.

"Damn you, Pete!" was snarled at him for answer. "Haven't you got my boot mended yet?"

The boot, still lacking its heel, lay on the floor near the stove, and Hugh now picked it up and hurled it half across the room.

"I have to get out into this ice chest of a wilderness and this flaming glare that cuts my eyeballs open, and work till the sweat freezes on my face, and then come home to find you loafing by the fire as if you were a house cat—purring and rubbing against my legs when I come in," he snarled. "Thanking me for a quiet nap and a saucer of milk, eh? You loafer! What do I keep you for? You gorge the bread and meat I earn by sweating and freezing, and you keep your sluggish mountain of bones covered. A year or two ago I'd have urged you along with a stick. I used to get some work out of you then. But you think you're too big for that, now, don't you? You fancy I'm afraid of your bigness, eh? Well, do you want me to try it out? What about it?"

During the first part of his brother's speech, Pete had faced him, but in the middle he had turned his back and stood in front of one of the clumsy windows. He looked out now at a white wall of snow, above which shone the dazzle of the midday. He whistled very softly to himself and sank his hands deep into the pockets of his corduroys. He did not answer the snarling question, but his wide, quiet mouth, exquisitely shaped, ran into a smile and a dimple, deep and narrow, cut into his thin and ruddy cheek.

Between the woman who went on with her work as though no one had come into the room, and the silent, smiling youth, Hugh Garth prowled the floor like a shadow thrown by a moving light.

He was a man of forty-five, gray-haired, misshapen, heavy above the waist and light to meanness below; a man lame in one leg and with an ill-proportioned face, malicious, lined, lead-colored; a man who limped and leaped about the room with a fierce energy, the while his tongue, gifted with a rich and resonant voice, poured vitriol upon the silence.

Suddenly the woman spoke. She turned back on the threshold of the kitchen door through which her work had been taking her to and fro during Garth's outbreak. Her voice was monotonous and smothered; it had its share in her unnatural self-repression.

"Why don't you tell him to be quiet, Pete? You've been chopping wood since daybreak to make up for what he didn't do last week, and you only came in about ten minutes before he did. Why don't you speak out? You're getting to be pretty close to a man now, and it isn't suitable for you to let yourself be talked to that way. You always stand like a fool and take it from him."

Pete turned. "Oh, well," he answered good-humoredly, "I guess maybe he's tired. Let up, Hugh, will you? I'll finish your boot after dinner."

"The hell you will! You'll do it now!" Venting on his brother his anger at the woman's intervention, Garth swung his misshapen body around the end of the table and thrust an elbow violently against Pete's chest. The attack was so unexpected that Pete staggered, lost his balance, and stepping down into the shallow depression of a pebbled hearth, fell, twisting his ankle. The agony was sharp. After a dumb minute he lifted a white face and pulled himself up, one hand clutching the board mantel. "Now you've done it!" he said between his teeth. "How will you get your pelts to the station now? I won't be able to take them."

There ensued a dismayed silence. The woman had come back from the kitchen and stood with a steaming dish in her hands. After the brief pause of consternation she set down the dish and went over to Pete. "Here," she said, "sit down and let me take off your moccasin and bathe your ankle before it begins to swell."

Hugh Garth had seated himself in the thronelike chair at the head of the table. His expression was still defiant, indifferent and lordly. "Come and eat your dinner, both of you," he commanded. "You've had your lesson, Pete. After this, I guess you'll do what I tell you to—not choose the work that happens to suit your humor. Don't, for God's sake, baby him, Bella. Don't start being a grandmother before you've ever been a sweetheart. You're too young for the one even if you're getting a bit too old for the other!"

Bella flushed deep and hot. She went to her place, and Pete hobbled to his, opposite his brother. Between them the woman sat, dyed deep in her sudden unaccustomed wave of scarlet. Pete's whiteness too was stained in sympathy. But Hugh only chuckled. "As for the pelts," he said, royally, "I'll take them down myself."

Bella looked slowly up.



Against the violet sky, darkening above the blue wall of snow.

"You think I don't mean it, I suppose?" Hugh demanded. They did not answer, but the eyes of the boy and woman met. This silence and this dumb exchange of understanding infuriated Garth. He clinched his hands on the carved arms of his chair and leaned a little forward.

"I'll take the pelts myself," he repeated boisterously. "I'm not afraid to be seen at the station. I'm sick of skulking. Buried here—with my talents—in this damn country, spending my days trapping and skinning beasts to keep the breath in our three useless bodies. Wouldn't death be better for a man like me? Easier to bear? Fifteen years of it! Fifteen years! My best years!" He stared over Pete's head. "In all that time no beauty to feed my starved senses, no work for my starved brain, no hope for my starved heart." The woman and the youth watched him still in silence. "That fox I killed this morning had a better life to lose than I."

"It wouldn't be safe for you to go, Hugh," said Pete gently.

"Why not—watchdog?"

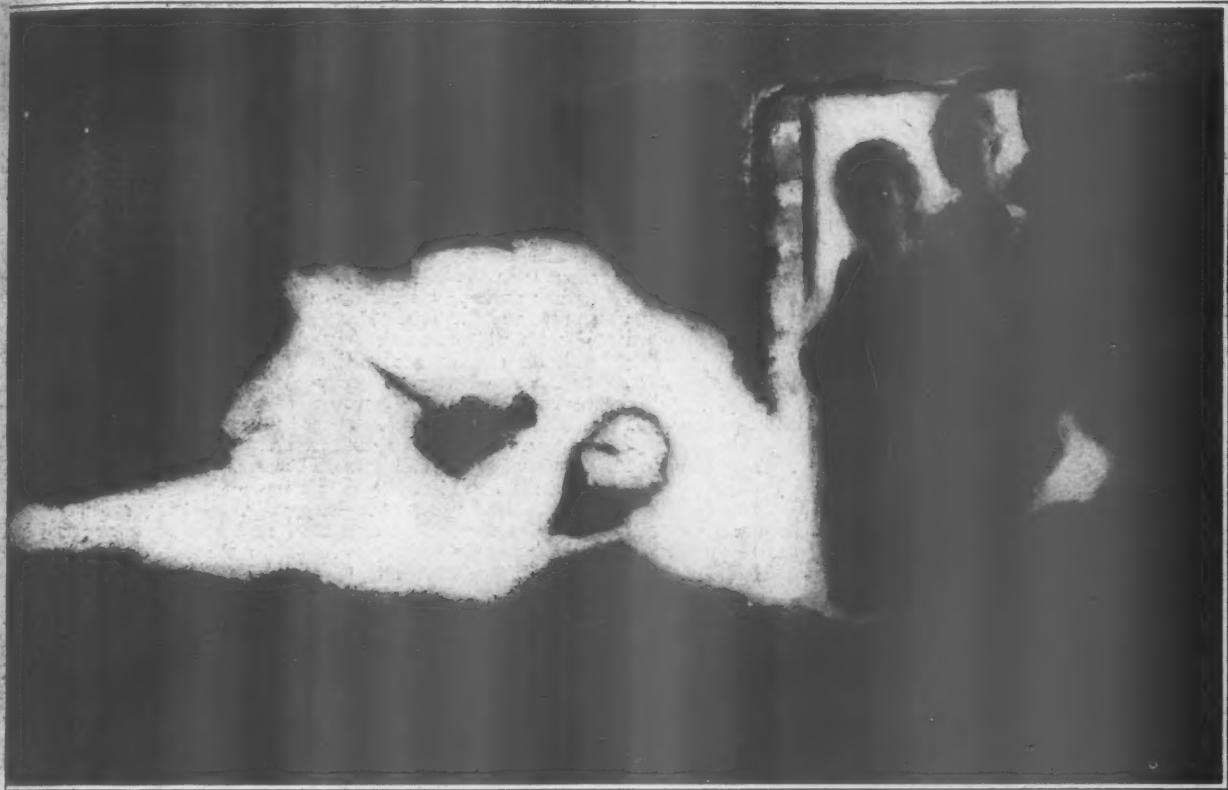
The sneer deepened the flush on Pete's face, but he answered with the same gentleness, fixing his blue eyes on his brother's. "Because not two months ago there was a picture of you tacked up in the post office."

Bella's face whitened, and Hugh's cheeks grew a shade more leaden. "T-two months ago!" he stammered painfully, "but that's not p-possible. They—they've given me up. They've f-forgotten me. They th-think I'm dead. After fifteen years? My God, Pete! Why didn't you tell me?" He pleaded the last with a shaken sort of sharpness, in pitiful contrast to the bombast of the preceding speech.

"I didn't see the good of telling you. I was waiting until this trip to see if the picture was still there, and maybe to ask some questions."

"What does it mean?" whispered Bella.

"It means they've some fresh reason to hunt me—some fresh impulse—God knows what or why. How can we tell out here, buried in the snows of fifteen winters. Well!" He struck his hands down on the table edge and stood up. He drew his mouth into a crooked smile and looked at the other two as a naughty child looks at its doting but disapproving elders. The smile transfigured his ugliness. "I've a fancy to see that picture."



a bulky figure rose, blotting out the light. It half slid, half tumbled down upon them.

Want to be reminded of what I looked like fifteen years ago. I was a handsome fellow then. I'm going to take the pelts."

Pete looked dumbly up at him, his lips parted. Bella twisted her apron about her hands. Both seemed to know the hopelessness of protest. In the same anxious dumbness they watched Garth make ready for his trip. As he pulled his cap down close about his ears, Pete at last found his voice.

"Hugh," he began doubtfully, "I wish you wouldn't risk it. We can get on without supplies until next trading day, when I'll surely be all right."

"Hold your tongue! I'm going," was the answer. "I tell you, the spirit of adventure has me. Who knows what I may meet with out there?" He flung back the door and pointing with a long arm, stood silhouetted against the dazzle.

"Beauty? Opportunity? Danger? Hope? Death? I sha'n't shirk it this time. I'll meet whatever comes. But—" He came back a step into the room. His harsh face melted to a shame-faced gentleness; his voice softened. "If they get me down there, if I don't come back, you two try to think kindly of me, will you? I know what you think of me now. I know you won't see me as I am—no one but God will ever do me that kindness; but you two—be easy with me in your memories."

Bella, her arms now twisted to their red elbows in her apron, took a few stiff steps across the floor. Her face was expressionless, her eyes lowered. Garth smiled at them both and went out, shutting the door. They heard him singing as he put on his skis:

A hundred men were riding,
A-hunting for Pierre.
They rode and rode, but nothing could they find.
They rode around by moonlight;
They rode around by day;
They rode and rode, but nothing could they find.

Then came the sharp scraping of his runners across the surface of the snow on a level with the buried roof. It lessened from a hissing speech to a hissing whisper. It sighed away. Bella sat down abruptly on a chair, pulled in her chin like an unhappy child; her bosom lifted as though a sob would force its way out. "If he doesn't come back!" she murmured. "If he doesn't come back?" She was speaking to God.

CHAPTER II

PETE blinked, swallowed hard and began to talk fast and hopefully.

"He'll come back. I don't believe he'll get halfway there, Bella," he reassured the woman. "He'll come to his senses. You know how moody he is. Come over here and doctor up my ankle, please. 'Make a fuss over me, Bell.' Isn't that what I used to say?"

He coaxed until at last she came and knelt before him and removed his moccasin and heavy woolen sock. The strong white foot was like marble, but the ankle was swollen and discolored. Bella clicked her tongue. "He is a brute, you know!" She laughed shortly. Since Garth's departure she had become almost a human being. The deaf-mute look had melted from her, and a sardonic humor emerged; her eyes cleared; she could even smile. "Why do we care so much for him, Pete—the two of us?"

Pete winced under her touch and puckered his brows. "Because he's such a kid, I guess. He's always fretting after the moon."

"Don't you ever get angry with him, Pete? He does treat you shameful sometimes."

"N-no. Not often. He's always sorry and ashamed afterward. He'd like to be as kind as God. I believe if he could only fool us into thinking he was God, he could act like Him—ouch, Bella! Go easy."

"You're an awful smart boy, Pete. It's a sin you've never had any schooling."

"Schooling! Gosh! I've had all the schooling I could digest. Hugh beat it into me. He's taught me all he had in his head and a whole lot he never ought to have had there, I guess. But you've taught me most, Bella—that's the truth of it."

"Me! I never knew anything. They saw to that. They never did anything for me at home but abuse me. Hugh Garth was the only relation I ever had in the world that spoke kind to me. Remember how I used to run over from my folks to tuck you into bed in your little room above the shop, Pete? No, you were too little."

"Of course I remember," the boy replied. "The ankle's fine now, Bella. Let up. I can't stand that rubbing. Let me stick the foot up on another chair. There—that's great. It doesn't

hurt near so bad now. I remember Hugh's bookshop; yes, I do—honest! I remember sitting on the ladder and listening to him talk to the students when they came in. He always was a gorgeous talker, Bella. They used to stand around and listen to his yarns like kids to a fairy story. Just the same as you and I do now—when we can get him into a good humor. But, you know, he used to like strangers best—to talk to, I mean."

Bella assented, bitterly. She had begun to clear the table of its almost untouched meal. "Because he could put it over better with a stranger. It isn't the truth Hugh likes—about himself, or others."

PETE had begun to whittle a piece of wood. He was a charming figure, slouching down in his chair, slim and graceful, his shapely golden head ruffled, his chin pressed against his chest. His expression was indescribably sweet and boyish, the shadow of anxiety and pain accentuating a wistful if determined cheerfulness. He was deliberately entertaining Bella, diverting her mind from its agony of apprehension. She saw through him, but like a sick child she took the entertainment languidly.

"Now, you're too dead bent on the truth, Bella. You know you are. You're a regular bear for the truth."

"I can't see anything else," she said gloomily. "Things are just so to me—no blinking them."

He perked his head a little to one side and contemplated her. "What do you see when you look into the water-bucket, Bella?"

"The water-bucket?" She flushed. "Just because you caught me drinking that once!"

"Well, if you had a mirror, what would you see in it, then?"

"An ugly old woman, Pete."

"There! Your mind's just the wrong-side-out of Hugh's. He won't see himself ugly, and you won't see yourself pretty. I'm the only sane fellow in this house."

"And you never in your life saw a pretty woman to remember her. Besides, you're too young." She said it with a tart sweetness and vanished into the kitchen.

With her departure Pete's whittling ceased, his hands fell slack and he began to stare out through the snow-walled window. His anxiety for Hugh slipped imperceptibly into a vague pondering over his own youthfulness. That's what those two were always telling him, sometimes savagely, sometimes tenderly: "You're too young." What did it mean to him, anyhow, that he was "too young?" A desolation from which at times he suffered in secret overcame him.

He was twenty-one or two—or his memory lied. They had never celebrated his birthdays, but he was five or six years old when Hugh had been so suddenly, so unexplainably taken from the house, back there in the little Eastern college town where they had lived. It was a few months later that Bella—Cousin Bella, who worked at "the farm"—came for him, a furtive, desperate Bella with a bruised face—a Bella tight-strung for flight, for a breaking of the galling accustomed ties of her life, for a terrible plunge into unknown adventure. She had muttered to him, as she dressed him and bundled together a few of his belongings, that they "were going to Hugh"—only it was another name she used, a name since blotted from their lives.

Hugh had sent for them. She was the only person in the world that Hugh could trust. But no one must know where they were going. They must be away by the time the man who took charge of the shop came back in the morning.

Pete remembered the journey. He remembered the small frontier station where they left the train at last. He remembered that strange far-flung horizon, streaked with dawn, and his first taste of the tangy, heady air. There had been a long, long drive and a parting with the friendly driver where Bella turned onto the trail through the woods. It had been dim and dark and terrible among the endless regiments of trees—mazy and green and altogether bewildering. And after vague hop-o'-my-thumb wanderings, he had a disconnected memory of Hugh—a wild, rugged, ragged, bearded Hugh who caught him up fiercely as though he had an ogreish hunger for the feel of little boys. It was night when they came to Hugh's hiding-place. For miles Pete had been carried in his brother's arms. Bella had limped behind them. There had been a ford, he remembered; the splashing water had roused Pete, and he stayed awake afterward until he found himself before a dancing fire of logs in a queer, dark, resinous-smelling house, very low, with windows. He remembered, too, that Bella had burst out crying then. That was the queerest memory of them all—that crying of Bella's—then. Even now he could not understand exactly why she had cried so then.

The frightened, furtive life they had all led since—the life of

scared wild things—had left its mark on Pete. His fear for Hugh now threw him back into the half-forgotten state of apprehension which had been the atmosphere of all his little boyhood. He had not known then why strange men were creatures to be feared and shunned. In fact, he had never been told the reason for Hugh's flight. Only, bit by bit, he had pieced together hints and vague allusions until he knew that this strange, embittered, boasting poet of a brother had killed or had been accused of killing. In his loyal boy mind Hugh Garth was promptly acquitted. It was the world that was wrong—not Hugh. Yet today, after all the long years of carefulness, he had gone back to the cruelty of the world.

"Like a beast the boy's anxiety for his brother began to prowl about the walls of his mind. He visioned Hugh appearing at the trading station. He dreamed the curious glances of the Indians and the white natives. This limping, extravagant, energetic Hugh with his whitening hair and eyebrows and flaring hazel eyes—with his crooked nose and mouth, his magnificently desperate manner and his magnificently desperate voice—attention would inevitably fasten upon him anywhere; how much more in an empty land such as this! Pete imagined the inquiring looks turned from the man to the man's posted picture. It was no longer a faithful likeness of course, still, it was a likeness. There was no other man in all the world like Hugh! He was made of odd fantastic fragments, of ill-fitting parts—physically, mentally, spiritually. It was as if a soul had seen itself in a crooked mirror, and had fashioned a form to match the distorted image. Hugh wouldn't, couldn't force himself to be inconspicuous. He would swagger; he would talk loud; his big, beautiful voice would challenge attention, create an audience. He would have some impossible, splendid tale to tell.

Pete sat up straighter in his chair, gingerly rearranging the ankle, and lifted his blue and haunted eyes—the eyes of the North—to the window.

The dazzle of noon had faded to a glow. The short winter day was nearly done. There would be a long violet twilight, and then, like friends, and as sudden, the blaze of stars.

But for his aching ankle Pete would be sliding out on soundless skis, now poised for breathless flight down some long slope, now leaping fallen trees or buried ditches. He spent half of his wild young restlessness in such long night runs when, in a sort of ecstasy, he outraced the stifled longings of his exiled youth. But there would be no ski-running for several nights now. He was as a prisoner, and at a time when imprisonment was hard to bear.

If only there were some way of getting quick news of Hugh! Why had Bella and he let this thing happen? Why had they stood helplessly by and allowed the rash fool to go singing to his own destruction? They might have held him by force if not by argument long enough to bring him to his senses. They had been weak; they were always weak before Hugh's magnetic strength—always the audience, the following; Bella, for all her devastating tongue, no less than himself. And Hugh's liberty, perhaps his life, might be the price of their acquiescence.

Straining forward in his chair, listening, there came to Pete, across the silence, the sound of skis.

He rose and hopped to the door, flinging it wide. He could not see above the top of the drift which rose just beyond the roof to a height of nine or ten feet, but listening intently, he thought he recognized a familiar slight unevenness in the sliding of the skis.

"Bella!" he shouted, his boy-voice ringing with relief. "Bella! Here's Hugh. He's come back."

Bella was instantly at his side. They stood waiting in the doorway. Against the violet sky darkening above the blue wall of snow, a bulky figure rose, blotting out the light. It half slid, half tumbled down upon them, clumsy and shapeless.

"Let us in," panted Hugh. "Let us in."

Slipping his feet from the straps of his skis he staggered past them and they saw that he was carrying a woman in his arms.

CHAPTER III

S HUT the door," Hugh whispered, and laid his burden down on a big black bear-hide near the stove. He knelt beside it. He had no eyes for anything else. Pete, hobbling to him, gazed curiously down, and Bella knelt opposite and drew away Hugh's mackinaw coat, with which he had wrapped his trove. It was not a woman whom they looked down upon, but a girl, and very young,—perhaps not yet seventeen—

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She was a touching thing, sitting there in Hugh's carved throne, he an abdicated monarch at her feet.

a girl with cropped dark curly hair and a face so wan and blue and at the same time so scorched by the snow-glare that its exquisiteness of feature was all the more marked. Hugh's handkerchief was tied loosely across her eyes.

"I heard her crying in the snow," he said with ineffable tenderness, "crying like a little bleating lamb with cold and pain and hunger and fright—the most pitiful thing in God's cruel trap of life. She's blind—snow-blind."

Pete gave a sharp exclamation, and Bella gently removed the handkerchief. The small figure moaned and moved its head. The lids of her eyes were swollen and discolored.

"Snow-blind," echoed Bella.

"A bad case," said Hugh. "Get her some soup, Bella, and—perhaps, hot water—I don't know." He looked up helplessly.

Bella went to the kitchen. She had regained her old look of dumbness. Beside the figure on the floor Pete touched one of the girl's small clenched hands. It was like ice. At the touch she moaned, and Hugh ordered sharply: "Let her alone." So the boy dragged himself up again and stood by the mantel, watching Hugh with puzzled and wondering eyes.

"Think what she's been through," Hugh murmured, "that little delicate thing, wandering for two days, out in this cold—scared by the woods, blinded by the plain, starving. When I found her, you'd have thought she'd be afraid of a wild man like me, but she just lifted up her arms like a baby and dropped her head on my shoulder. She—she patted my cheek—"

Bella brought the soup, and Hugh, raising the small black head on the crook of his arm, forced a spoonful between the clenched teeth. The girl swallowed and began again to whimper: "Oh my eyes! My eyes! They hurt me so!" She turned her face against Hugh's chest and clung to him.

"They'll be better soon," he soothed her; then fiercely to Bella: "Can't we do something? Don't you know what to do?"

Again Bella went to the kitchen, moving like an automaton. Hugh coaxed and murmured, feeding the girl in spite of her pain. He managed to force a little of the soup down her throat, and a faint stain of color came back to her lips and cheeks. Bella presently reappeared with salve and lotion, and Hugh helped her hold the swollen lids apart, his big hands very skillful, while she gently washed out the eyes. Then they put the salve on her sun-scorched face. She sighed as though in some relief, and again snuggled against Hugh.

"Don't go away, please," she pleaded in a sweet tinkle of voice. "I'm scared to feel you gone. You're so warm. You're so strong. Will you talk to me again, please? Your voice is so comforting, so beau-ti-ful."

So Hugh talked. The others drew away and watched and listened. They did not look at each other. For some reason Pete was ashamed to meet Bella's eyes. As usual, they were the audience, those two. They sat, each in a chair, the width of the room apart; below them, his grizzled head and warped face transfigured by its new tenderness, Hugh bent over the child in his arms. Pete held his tumult of curiosity, of interest, in leash. He could hear his heart pounding.

"You're safe now, and warm," Hugh was murmuring. "No need to be scared, no need. I'll take care of you. Go to sleep. I'm strong enough to keep off anything. You're safe and snug as a little bird in its nest. That's right. Go to sleep. Go to sleep."

Pete's blue eyes dwelt on this amazing spectacle with curious wonder. This was a Hugh he had never seen before. For the first time in fifteen years, he realized, the man—his brother—had forgotten himself.

CHAPTER IV

TO Hugh Garth the girl told her story at last. She seemed to realize only dimly that there were two other living beings in this house, to her a house of darkness peopled only by voices—Pete's modest, rare boy speeches, Bella's brief, smothered statements. The great music of Hugh's utterance must indeed have filled her narrowed world. So it was to him she turned—he was always near her, sitting on the pelt beside the chair to which after a day and night in Bella's bed she was helped.

She had a charming fashion of speech, rather slow motions of her lips, which had some difficulty with "r" and "s," a difficulty which she evidently struggled against conscientiously, and as she talked, she gesticulated with her slim little hands. She was a touching thing sitting there in Hugh's carved throne—he an abdi-

cated monarch at her feet, knee in hand, grizzled head tilted back, hazel eyes raised to her and filled with adoration.

"I am called Sylvie Doone," she said with that quaint struggle over the "S." "I was always miserable at home." She gave the quick sigh of a child. "You see, my father died when I was very little, and then my mother married again. We lived in the grimdest little town, hardly more than a dozen houses, beside a stream, up in Massachusetts—farming country but poor farming, hard farming, the kind that twists the men with rheumatism, and makes the women all pinched and worn. Mother was like that. She died when I was thirteen. You see—there I was, so queerly fixed. I had to live with Mr. Pynche—there was no other home for me anywhere. And he kind of resented it. He had enough money not to need me for work—a sister of his did the housework better than I could—and yet he was poor enough to hate having to feed me and pay for my clothes. I was always feeling in the way, and a burden. There was nothing I could do."

"Then I saw something about the movies in a magazine, and pictures of girls not much better looking than me, making lots of money. I borrowed some money from a drug-store clerk who wanted to keep company with me.—I've paid it back,—and I went to New York. I did get a job. But I'm not a good actress."

SHE faltered over the rest—a commonplace story of engagements, of failures, until she found herself touring the West with a wretched theatrical troupe. "We were booked for a little town off there beyond your woods, and the train was stalled in a snowstorm. We got on a stagecoach, but it got stuck in a drift on one of those dreadful roads. I was freezing cold, and I thought I'd make a short-cut through the woods. The road was running along the edge of a big forest of pines. I cut off while they were all working to dig out the horses.

"Mr. Snaring said, 'Look out for the bears!' and I laughed and ran up what looked like a snow-buried trail. There was a hard crust. The woods were all glittering and so beautiful. I ran into them, laughing. I was so glad to get away by myself from those people into the woods where it was so silent and sort of solemn—like being in a church again. I can't think how I got so lost. I meant to come round back to the road, but before I knew it, I didn't know which way the road was. The pines were so dense, so all alike, they looked almost as if they kept sort of shifting about me. I tried to follow back on my footprints, but in some places snow had shaken down from the branches. And there were so many—so dreadfully many, other tracks—of animals—" She put her hands over her face and shrank down in her chair.

"Forget about them, Sylvie," Hugh admonished gently. "Even if there had been bears about, they wouldn't likely have bothered you any."

"I can't bring myself to tell you about that time—I can't!"

"Don't, then—only, how did you live through the night, my dear?"

"I don't know—except that I never stayed still. I got out from the trees because I was afraid of bears, and I lost my hat. The sun was like fire shining up from underneath and down from up above. My eyes began to hurt almost at once, and by the time night came, it was agony. The darkness didn't seem to help me any either; the glare still seemed to come in under my lids. I couldn't sleep for the pain. I knew I'd freeze if I stood still, so I kept moving all night, trampling round in circles, I suppose. Next morning the terrible glare began again. Then everything went red. I was nearly crazy when you found me. Mr. Garth."

"Please call me Hugh," he murmured, taking her hand in his. "I feel in a way that you belong to me now—I saved you from dying alone there in the cold and brought you back to my home. I've got jettison rights, Sylvie." She let him hold her hand, and flushed.

"You'll never know what it felt like to hear your voice call to me, to feel you pulling me up. I'd only just dropped a few minutes before, but I'd never have struggled up. It would have been the end." She trembled in the memory, and he patted her hand. "I don't know why a man like you lives off here in this wild place, but thank God, you do live here! Though," she added with wistfulness, twisting her soft mouth, "though I can't ever quite see why God should care much for a Sylvie Doone." She touched the lids of her closed eyes. "I wonder why it doesn't worry me more not to be able to see. Now that the pain's gone, I don't seem to care much."

(Continued on page 110)

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THE idea of a pair of English Johnnies getting the best of Mr. Cray is too absurd to consider; yet the game was tried by—



Mr. Cray

THE TWO PHILANTHROPISTS

By

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Illustrated by

RAEBURN VAN BUREN

FTER two theaters and a music-hall on three consecutive nights, Mr. James P. Cray and his daughter Sara decided to spend a quiet evening. They dined in the restaurant at the Milan, and selected two comfortable easy-chairs in the lounge afterward. They watched the people for some time in silence. Mr. Cray in particular was a little distract.

"Dad, I believe you're planning something," Sara remarked as she lit her second cigarette.

"Not guilty," Mr. Cray assured her.

"Then tell me just what you were thinking of," she insisted.

Mr. Cray removed his cigarette from his lips.

"I was just wondering," he confessed, "whether it was possible to combine a little harmless excitement with a certain measure of—er—pecuniary benefit."

"But you don't want money, Dad."

Mr. Cray coughed.

"I'm not qualifying for the poorhouse yet awhile," he admitted, "but at the same time, if there were shekels about, I should be a willing collector."

"Business is all right over in the States, isn't it?" she inquired.

"Booming," Mr. Cray acknowledged. "There's more money coming to me over there than I should care to think about spending; but it's like this, Sara: If I should be cabling for supplies just now, your stepmother would be wise to the fact that I've quit France. She's a busy woman, but she might take it into her head to take a quick trip over."

"Good gracious, Dad, don't suggest such a thing!" Sara

exclaimed hastily. "You can have all the money you want, from me."

"Nothing doing, my dear," her father assured her. "I'm a bad hand at borrowing. On the other hand, it would certainly add a little spice to any little adventure that might come along, if I were able to supply my immediate necessities out of it."

Sara glanced through the glass partition at the opulent-looking crowd in the restaurant beyond, at the women in the lounge with their profusion of jewelry, the men, many of them with the hard, acquisitive expression of the day-by-day city man.

"There's plenty of money about, Dad," she observed.

Mr. Cray thrust his hands deep into his trousers pockets and rubbed two half-crowns together.

"Sure!" he murmured. "Just a touch of inspiration's all that's needed."

Sara left him for a while, a few minutes later, to go to her room. She was staying at this London hotel while her house in Charles Street was being renovated. Mr. Cray exchanged his cigarette for a fat cigar and ruminated.

TOWARD Mr. Cray down the broad, carpeted way, came Mr. Sinclair Smith, erstwhile of the Stock Exchange, and the Honorable Charles Frinton, of no occupation. Mr. Sinclair Smith was of florid complexion, with a tight mouth, narrow eyes, and an *embonpoint* righteously earned. The Honorable Charles Frinton, whose capacity for enjoying the good things of the world was a trifle in excess of his companion's, was as thin and pale as the man may be. He too, however, possessed that slight

narrowing of the eyes and indrawn lips which betokened the professional money-getter. They were, in fact, birds of a feather.

"It seems a pity," the Honorable Charles Frinton sighed, as they looked around for a seat, "that we should be spending money on one another, Sinnen."

"Your fault," was the terse reply. "The supply of easy ones up West seems to be running out."

Arm in arm they slowly approached the chair in which Mr. Cray was seated. Frinton pinched his companion's elbow.

"There's the type I should like to get hold of," he said enviously, "—easy, benevolent, opulent. Why can't you drop a few of those into the bag, Sinnen?"

"Shut up, you fool," was the muttered reply. "Can't you see he thinks he knows us?"

Mr. Cray's welcoming smile was the bland expression of the lonely and gregarious man.

"Say, I'm not mistaken, am I?" he exclaimed, as the two men came to a standstill before him. "Met you about two years ago, sir," he went on, addressing Sinclair Smith, "at the American Bar with some of the boys here. We had one or two together. Sit down, gentlemen," Mr. Cray continued, without waiting for any reply. "My daughter's chair, that; but we'll get another when she arrives.

I remember now," he went on reminiscingly, "it was the night before I put on my uniform."

"I remember perfectly," Mr. Sinclair Smith acknowledged, shaking hands. "Permit me to introduce my friend, the Honorable Charles Frinton, Mr.—er—dear me, I had your name on the tip of my tongue just now."

"Cray," was the prompt response, "—James B. Cray."

"So you've been serving, sir?" Frinton observed after they had settled down.

"American Y. M. C. A., sir," Mr. Cray confided, "—a most uncomfortable uniform for a man of my figure, and at times a very miserable job, but I'm through with it. I took off my uniform less than a week ago; I went right into that little Paradise of a bar, and I drank my first cocktail for twelve months. I can feel the glow of it now!" He smiled blandly.

"You mean that you were on the water wagon, as I believe your countrymen call it, for all that time?" Sinclair Smith inquired.

Mr. Cray was the epitome of stout and contented virtue.

"Not one drop passed my lips all the time I wore Uncle Sam's uniform," he declared.

Mr. Sinclair Smith summoned a waiter.

"An appreciative Englishman," he declared, "is going to offer you as much as you can drink of the best Scotch in London."

As much as Mr. Cray could drink was a pretty tall order, and Mr. Sinclair Smith was presently to discover. The acquaintance however, proceeded by leaps and bounds, and when Sara presented, she found her father in his element. He rose to his feet with expansive pride.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I'd have you shake hands with my daughter, Lady Sittingbourne—Mr. Sinclair Smith—the Honorable Charles Frinton. Gentlemen I met here, dear, before I went to France."

The little ceremony was pleasantly performed. Mr. Frinton as became his position, inaugurated the conversation.

"Any relation to Sir George Sittingbourne in the Blues?"

"My husband," Sara explained. "He was wounded in '15, you know, and became military A. D. C. at Washington. He's over there now."

Secure in his temporary absence, Frinton magnified his acquaintance with Sara's husband into an intimate friend. The little party soon became on the best of terms. Long after Sara's retirement for the night, they finished the evening in Mr. Cray's sitting-room. When they parted, even the hard-headed Frinton, and Sinclair Smith, a past master in the art of avoiding drink, were incapable.



"If I should be cabling for supplies just now, your step-mother would be wise to the fact that I've quit France."

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"Shut up, you fool," was the muttered reply. "Can't you see he thinks he knows us."

"See you 'morrow, old sport," Frinton declared, standing on one leg and balancing himself against the door as he shook hands with their host.

"If you don't look me up in the City, we all meet here at one o'clock," Mr. Sinclair said all in one breath.

Mr. Cray watched them on their tortuous way toward the lift, waved his hand in farewell and returned to his easy-chair.

"Smart chaps, very, and good company," he ruminated; "but they take their liquor poorly for Englishmen."

LUNCHEON that next day was a gay and festive meal. Sara was amiable and brilliant. She spoke of City finance with the bated breath of an ignoramus, and she was perfectly prepared to accept her two hosts as prototypes of its genius. Once or twice the thought of what George would say if he were to see her in such company troubled her slightly, but on the whole she reflected that he belonged to a different side of her life, and that she was really only indulging for a very brief period that unquenched love of adventure in which she had reveled during her younger days.

"I wish Dad would do something in the City while he's over here," she observed with a little sigh. "Why don't you, Dad? You know you frequently indulge in what you call a flyer in Wall Street, when you're in New York."

Mr. Cray smiled.

"It's not so easy to get on to anything worth taking an interest in, on this side," he remarked. "Besides, I don't understand the English stock-market."

The moment appeared to have arrived for which Mr. Sinclair Smith and the Honorable Charles Frinton had been marking time.

"Do you think your father would really like a little flyer, Lady Sittingbourne?" Mr. Frinton asked. "Not a big affair, mind,

but a thousand or two profit certain—perhaps a little more, later on."

Mr. Sinclair Smith laid down his knife and fork.

"Jim," he exclaimed, "you're not—"

"Yes, I am! Why not?" his friend interrupted, gazing admiringly into Sara's eyes. "Corton's no pal of mine, and I never gave him a word of encouragement."

"But I did," Mr. Sinclair Smith confessed doubtfully. "I promised to meet him tonight and let him know how far we could go."

"You can tell him the whole thing's off," the other declared ruthlessly, "—that is to say, if Mr. Cray here fancies the proposition."

"Put me wise about this," that gentleman begged eagerly.

Mr. Sinclair Smith shrugged his shoulders.

"Mr. Cray," he said, "you're a very good fellow, and I quite share Frinton's admiration for your charming daughter; but as a rule, to be perfectly frank with you, we reserve our little side-shows for our older friends, especially when the plums are ripe. However, Frinton's said the word, and I won't go back on him. Ever heard of the Idaho Rubber Plantations?"

"We're not great on original rubber, on the other side," Mr. Cray replied, "but I do just happen to know that the Idaho is a sound concern."

"Ten thousand of the new issue are coming on the market this week," Mr. Sinclair Smith confided. "I don't know how you manage these things over on the other side, but the directors don't want the market disturbed, and they're handing them out in big blocks. Frinton and I have five thousand each. There's another five thousand to be bought for prompt cash."

"And the price?"

"Thirty-seven and sixpence," Sinclair replied. "You can see what they stand on the market, in this morning's paper. Forty-one offered."



"I got that from my stockbroker this afternoon," Mr. Cray explained. "That's why I knew it was *Idabor* we were dealing in."

"I don't quite get the hang of this," Mr. Cray confessed. "Just why are you offering these shares at three and sixpence less than the market?"

"Because the directors don't want the market price disturbed," Mr. Sinclair Smith explained. "They've taken nearly all the new issue themselves. These are just a few over, which they've been handing out to their friends. If you take this five thousand, you'll have to pay prompt cash for them, but they'll stand you in a profit on today's price of over two thousand pounds. On the other hand, we shouldn't expect you to put them on the market, except in very small lots, for the next fortnight."

"And supposing they go down in the meantime?" Sara asked. Mr. Frinton smiled.

"Your father can get all the information about Idabos he wants," he suggested; "but as a matter of fact, if you like a little gamble yourself, Lady Sittingbourne, I'll bet you five hundred that Idabos are higher rather than lower in a month's time."

"This sounds good to me," Mr. Cray confessed. "I'll have a look at the tape presently."

"That's right, no hurry," Mr. Frinton said. "Sunny, you're host. I think another bottle of this *Chateau Yquem*. And, Lady Sittingbourne, we really ought to apologize for talking shop."

"Indeed, you needn't," Sara protested. "As a matter of fact, it is my fault entirely. It is nice of you to help Dad to make a little money."

"Perhaps I wasn't thinking altogether about your father," the Honorable Charles Frinton ventured.

"It isn't the money really, of course," Sara went on. "Dad's got plenty of that. But it does give him something to think about. Men are so much better when their thoughts are occupied, don't you think so?"

"That depends," the young man replied with an impressive sigh. "Sometimes a man's thoughts are rather a hindrance to his day's work."

Sara laughed gayly.

"I think you London men are terrible," she said.

"There's only one fault about us," Frinton declared: "we're too impressionable."

Sara laughed softly at that and looked down at her plate. It was indeed a gala luncheon for the Honorable Charles Frinton and Mr. Sinclair Smith. . . .

After luncheon they adjourned to Mr. Cray's sitting-room, where their host, with some pride, produced a small portable typewriter, stuck in a sheet of paper and hammered out the following document:

I, James P. Cray, and we, Charles Frinton and William Sinclair Smith, agree severally, the former to purchase and the latter to sell, shares to the value of ten thousand pounds in the—

"How do you spell *Idabo*?" Mr. Cray inquired.

"I-d-a-b-o," Mr. Frinton said.

"No 'r,'" was the prompt reply.

—Idabo Rubber Plantations. Payment in full to be made in cash on production of the share-certificates, and two hundred and fifty pounds (£250) deposit to be paid by the said James P. Cray on the signing of this document.

"You Americans know how to tie a thing up tight," Mr. Sinclair Smith remarked, laughing, as he signed his name.

"Something of a lawyer, aren't you, Mr. Cray?" the Honorable Charles Frinton added as he too appended his signature. "Do we want a copy of this?"

"I haven't any carbons," Mr. Cray replied, "but I guess my check will do for your half. I'll just put the document in the drawer here until we clean the deal up."

"That will be quite satisfactory," Mr. Sinclair Smith said; "but there's one rather important matter, Mr. Cray: when will it be convenient for you to clear this business up? Frinton and I paid for our shares yesterday."

"As soon as I've had time to walk down to the Bank of England, I guess things can be arranged," Mr. Cray promised. "I've a credit here for about as much as I should care to draw."

Their eyes rested upon him almost hungrily. Both, for a moment, had the same feeling: they had touched him too lightly, and alas, in all probability they would have no other opportunity.

"What are you doing this evening, Charles?" Mr. Sinclair Smith asked his companion in an undertone.

"Dining at Doncaster House," the other confided. "The Duchess—well, you understand."

Mr. Sinclair Smith nodded.

"I promised Joel too—but there, Charles, I think we ought to clear this business up. You know what Sir William said—that they might ask us for these shares back again if they weren't cleared up within a few hours. Could you see us between six and seven, Mr. Cray?"

"Sure!" that gentleman replied, rising from the table where he had been writing a check. "Here's your two hundred and fifty pounds. I'll get down to the bank presently, and we'll all meet and have a cocktail together, eh? You must let me come down and see you in the City some day, Mr. Smith. I guess I'd be interested in studying some of your English methods."

"We'll give you a City man's lunch any day later in the week," Mr. Sinclair Smith promised as he put the check into his pocket.

"I hope we'll see your charming daughter again," the Honorable Charles Frinton remarked as they said good-by.

"Why not fix up a little dinner for this evening?" Mr. Cray invited hospitably. "Sara'd be tickled to death. We might go to a music-hall afterward."

The Honorable Charles Frinton looked the picture of woe.

"Alas," he regretted, "not this evening! I have some relatives who are apt to be a little exciting."

"And I have an appointment with a very big financial man," his friend confided, "—a deal in property, I don't mind telling you, that runs into a couple of millions or thereabouts."

"Say, you boys do handle the big stuff!" Mr. Cray said admiringly. "Till six o'clock, then, and good luck to you! I'll go and pay my respects to the old lady of Threadneedle Street."

Left to himself, Mr. Cray turned the key in the lock, lest by some chance one of his guests should return. Then he thrust the piece of paper once more back into the typewriter, and adjusting it carefully, struck a single letter. Afterward he placed the document in his pocket, caught up his stick and hat and sauntered out into the Strand. His journey Cityward, however, extended no farther east than Somerset House.

AFTER the *mise-en-scene* was set that evening, Mr. Cray's heart misgave him.

"I guess you'd better not figure in this show, Sara," he said to his daughter, who was occupying an easy-chair in his sitting-room. "There's no telling how those two skunks may pan out. They're soft stuff to look at, but you never can tell."

Sara showed not the slightest signs of moving.

"Dad," she said, "I've been with you in some tougher corners than you'll find yourself in this evening. And you know what I told you. If I can't gratify this morbid craving of mine for a few last glimpses into Bohemia, I shall never settle down and make George a respectable wife. Besides, you'll want me to mix the cocktails, and I want to see whether Mr. Frinton will remain the perfect gentleman."

Her father smiled tolerantly.

"I guess there'll be more tears than blows," he said. "Stay where you are, if you're set on it."

"I intend to," Sara declared sweetly.

The two visitors were very punctual. They arrived, indeed, five minutes before the appointed time. Mr. Sinclair Smith made profuse apologies.

"The fact of the matter is," he explained, "both Mr. Frinton, here, and I are hard pushed this evening. We shall just have to finish our little piece of business as quickly as we can; and if you, sir," he added, turning to Mr. Cray, "and your daughter, will honor us by dining at the Ritz tomorrow night, we shall be charmed. We can then celebrate more adequately."

"It's a date—sure," Mr. Cray promised exuberantly. "No need to keep you gentlemen over this little business, either. I've a package of notes here, and I see you've got the shares there. Spread them out upon the table; let's have a look at them."

Mr. Sinclair Smith reverently produced a thick pile of brand-new engraved stock-certificates. They were very clean, very artistically executed, and evidently of recent issue. Mr. Cray, with the notes bulging from his pocket, began to count. The two men stood over him.

"One hundred, two hundred, three hundred, four hundred—" Mr. Cray stopped short.

"What's wrong?" Mr. Sinclair Smith asked sharply, trying to keep the note of anxiety from his voice.

"It's this damned spelling again," Mr. Cray explained. "These certificates seem to be spelled without the final 'r'."

"That's the way the name's spelled," (Continued on page 104)



BEAUTY

By RUPERT HUGHES

Illustrated by W. T. BENDA

The story so far:

MRS. ROANTREE'S house party had overstayed the Indian summer—a sudden snowstorm hurried their departing motors over the Adirondack roads. And one fear-smitten group lagged behind; for that morning Mrs. Roantree's willful and beautiful niece Clelia Blakeney had disappeared, inexplicably and in most disturbing fashion—clad, it would seem, only in night-clothes.

They searched everywhere through the blinding snow-storm: Burnley the painter, Randel the sculptor, and Lerrick, a young Texan. Frewin and Coykendall, two other suitors of Clelia's, had already gone.

Days passed—days of bitter cold and snow: mystery deepened; fear increased. One day Lerrick and Nancy Fleet, a very New York girl who had stayed with Mrs. Roantree, went out on snow-shoes again to search the lake shore. They found the ice thick and windswept of snow, and Nancy went back for her skates. And then it was that Lerrick found Clelia Blakeney—lying face upward, frozen fast in the ice, a gash on her forehead. . . .

That night it was Lerrick who kept a strange death-watch: through the window of the room where he sat could be seen on the snowy, moonlit veranda the beautiful, dreadful statue of Clelia Blakeney, locked in the block of ice which had been cut from the lake and hauled thither by ox-sled. And before his mind the whole curious story of his acquaintance with her passed in

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vivid review. He had been a penniless cowboy when he saved the life of that gilded young aristocrat Norry Frewin in a barroom row. He had progressed no further when an accident to the wife of his employer sent him riding hard across a desolate stretch of Brewster County in search of a doctor. His horse had shied at a snake and thrown him—and there where he fell he had found the pocket of cinnabar which had brought him a quarter-million dollars. A trip to New York had followed; he had looked up Frewin; and that grateful young man had introduced him to Clelia. . . . And now he sat here, keeping watch over all that was left of her—himself aflamè with longing to "get" the man who, he assumed, had caused her death.

He stirred in his chair and clenched his fist as he groaned: "I'll get him! By God, I'll get him good and plenty—the rattlesnake!"

Presently Lerrick's mind went back again to the scenes of his acquaintance with Clelia; he particularly recalled the occasion of a roof-garden dinner with Frewin and his crowd. Clelia Blakeney had failed to appear, but Nancy Fleet and Lerrick were present, and learned to be friends with Lerrick. And a strange thing had happened as they went away. They passed a woman dining alone, and curiously veiled. "That's Mrs. Coykendall," Nancy had explained. "She's another poor victim of the craze for eternal youth."

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CHAPTER XXI

GAD LARRICK, recently from the desert, had been bewildered by so many strange phases of New York City life that his faculty of wonder was a whit fatigued, just as the city man, railroaded through the American deserts, sees so many twisted and distorted shapes of mountains and hills and trees that by and by he hardly lifts his eyes from his book to study the most diabolic contortion of landscape. Only it was beauty, infinitely multifarious, that exhausted Lerrick.

It had startled him a little, though, to see among the brilliantly undressed women dining on the Ritz-Carlton roof one woman who was bare-armed, barebosomed and barebacked, but not bare-faced.

He had time to watch her for a moment during the brief stasis in the outbound progress of the party he was with, time to be puzzled at the thick veil swathing her features. It was odd to see her lift it away just a bit to carry her fork to her unseen mouth. And it was doubly odd, when he ventured a backward glance, to note that she had a cigarette pressed against her hidden lips and was puffing smoke through the mask. There was something almost infernal in the vision.

He had caught the name "Mrs. Coykendall," too, and it stuck in his memory. When later he met her husband Roy Coykendall, and found him paying court to young Clelia Blakeney, Lerrick had disliked the man trebly—from jealousy, from contempt and from a sense of uncanny horror due to the associated memory of the woman whose face was only a black veil veiled in light smoke.

Lerrick had, however, only a moment or two of torment, for as he followed Frewin and his guests to the elevator, he was in a tumult of anxiety as to the next problem of etiquette before him.

He heard nothing more of the astonishing Mrs. Coykendall until he had astounded himself by an audacity he had not suspected himself capable of—an audacity that flung him suddenly into the most intimate *rapport* with the Nancy Fleet whose own audacity had just amazed him.

Norry Frewin, like a bellwether, led his flock from the dining-room to the elevator. In the lobby below, the men and women parted, the men to take up their hats, the women for a bit of primping. Then they climbed into limousines and were taken to "What's in a Name?" a review of dances and songs and comedies, with moments of extraordinary grace.

Here there was less than usual of the effort to startle by unclothing the female form malign. There was reliance rather on draping it and posing it and enveloping it with imagination, using it as part of a fascinating ensemble.

From the long array of graces, one grace was preëminent, the Bubble Dance of Grace Christie, who played with a great iridescent floating sphere, tossing it from her gracile fingers and drifting beneath and about it, till they two made a kind of witching music for the eyes. One hardly noted how she was garbed except in poetry.

Lerrick had wondered what was to become of those poor theatrical managers who had once earned a precarious and surreptitious living by giving undress parades and charging high prices to witness hired girls in or out of tights. For the war had sent half of womankind into breeches, and the latest styles in beachwear, especially in the Middle and Far West, had crowded leagues of sand with half-naked legions. The crusades of this year that thrilled the nation most were: whether or not the one-piece bathing suit should be allowed or arrested and whether or not stockings were essential to morals. It was a battle that harrowed the whole continent.

In Chicago, when Lerrick had tarried there, he had ridden for miles and miles along shoreside avenues disclosing tens of thousands of mothers and wives and daughters who haunted the lake's edge in costumes growing daily "smaller by degrees and beautifully less"—and were the cleaner and healthier in mind as well as body for it.

The world has gone far, far (in one direction or another) from the good old times when an allusion to a peeping slipper-tip was audacious and the mention of anything between a "well-turned ankle" and a well-rounded throat was unprintable. A slender waist was granted, but the rest was terra incognita. A decision of womankind to confess at last that everybody has a standardized anatomy and everybody knows it, and that no apparent good had ever resulted from devoting a complicated lifetime to hiding what everybody had and knew, was one of the profoundest revolutions in human history. Whether it is a progress toward sanity, as some maintain, or a drift toward general ruin, as others aver, it is undeniably a change of era.

The revolution had come so gradually in the great cities that few realized how vast it was. It took some man like Gad Lerrick, who sprang suddenly from the back regions into Broadway, to realize it. He went about in a state of daze.

In the theater he was pleasantly aghast. He was young enough to take a fearsome delight in wickedness. He was as mischievous as only a cowboy can be, grown up. He was drunk on new wine, and he would be a long time sobering. All about him were women or transparent, and next to short skirts and fidgety attitudes made him aware that she also had adopted the 1920 fashion of rolled-down stockings.



He ran into a girl descending with such velocity that she almost knocked him over.

Nearly everything fascinated him. He loved nearly every chorus darling on the stage and thought them all wonderful in their several endeavors. As he put it to Frewin while they smoked cigarettes outside between the acts: "Every little cutie is doin' her damnedest to look her prettiest." Perhaps there was something divine in his sympathy with beauty.

He could not understand the jaded indifference of Frewin and Nancy Fleet and the rest of the bunch that crowded the two boxes. He was sorry when the last curtain fell and Frewin said, "Let's go dance."

Lerrick did not dance, as the word was understood up here, and he did not enjoy watching others dance—except on the stage. But he went along meekly. Frewin took his party to the *Club de Vingt*, where he hoped Clelia might join them, through repentence or lack of other amusement. But she did not come, and only a few members dropped in.

LARRICK had cut up hilariously in lower Texas at gatherings of cowpunchers and sage-hens, but he would not trust his heels in this sedate assembly where the sparseness of the numbers made the earnestness of the couples who spun solemnly round and round all the more depressing to him. Mrs. Roantree was official chaperon and contented herself with lumbering round the hall three or four times in the arms of Norry Frewin and an elderly gentleman whose name Lerrick had not caught.

Thereafter Lerrick had Mrs. Roantree for his sole companion, except during the brief spells when the music stopped and the other couples sank down panting for a respite, to drink mineral water or nibble at the supper, which they forsook the moment the jazz was resumed. Although it was a criminal offense under the new prohibition law to take or give a drink outside one's own home, and though the pocket flask was as illegal as the pocket pistol, Frewin produced a small hip-flagon and warmed all the glasses more or less secretly.

The highballs Lerrick imbibed quickened his emotions and the sight of Nancy Fleet transferring herself from one manly bosom to another kindled a resentment, almost a repugnance, in his heart. His occult flirtation with her was suffering a hopeless check. She was dancing farther and farther away from him, and he could not follow. He felt that certain rights of his to her attention were being violated. The claim he had staked out was being jumped. That was a shooting matter in Brewster, but he was helpless here to defend his prospects.

Seeing how his eyes burned after her, she dared him to make a try, but he shook his head sadly. She realized that there was a tribute in his timidity and counseled him to go to a teacher. He took a mighty encouragement from this, for he felt that she wanted to dance with him. The indirect flirtation began anew.

"To be in New York and not know how to dance," she urged, "is like going abroad without French. There's a love of a girl who could turn you out a regular Maurice in no time. She was in France with the 'Y,' and when she wasn't washing dishes for the soldiers or selling cigarettes to them, she was dancing with them. Poor Sylvia, she must have one-stepped and fox-trotted a million miles. Do go to her! I'll give you her address."

To resist such an appeal would have been a rebuff that Lerrick would never have dared or cared to administer. So he promised, and she wrote down the name and telephone number of Mrs. Harry Kadrew. From then on, Lerrick watched the dancing in another humor. Now he tried to discover and remember the little mannerisms that distinguished the moderns from the old-fashioned dubs who hobbled about the floor in manifest obsolescence, trying to fit last year's steps to this year's jig.

At two o'clock the musicians twisted a strain of "Home Sweet Home" into the jazz, and in spite of the wails of more or less perfunctory protest, shook their heads and left the stage. And the dancers took their inexhaustible feet to their cars.

Miss Fleet's hand lingered warmly in Lerrick's as she bade him good night. He would have been glad to beau her home, but Randel had that privilege. He did not seem to prize it as he should, for he broke in on Miss Fleet's gracious words with a yawning gruffness:

"Oh, for God's sake, Nancy, break away and go home to bed. I've got a model coming in the morning."

Lerrick thought that he ought at least to shoot the dog down, but Miss Fleet sighed: "And I've got a damned hair-dresser at nine."

She climbed into the limousine, leaving Lerrick on the moonlit curb with Frewin, who was still cursing Clelia for her truancy. Lerrick murmured:

"You-all are suittainly grand cussers, and I think the ladies have a little the best of it."

CHAPTER XXII

THE next day Lerrick telephoned to the dancing-teacher, Mrs. Kadrew a tall, slim sprite who introduced a husband, a handsome young fellow and pleasant-spoken, who did not seem surprised or offended when his wife took the stranger into her embrace and jounced him about.

It struck the uninitiated Lerrick as an odd job for so nice a girl as she evidently was, to be teaching men how to wrastle a woman around a room to music. He could not get it out of his head that there was something essentially wicked about dancing. His early training had fastened the idea upon his soul, and he could have understood, though he might not have approved, the Methodist Church's recent refusal to admit a young woman to membership because she taught dancing.

There had been a brief civil war in the Methodist Church that year on the whole relation between amusement and damnation, and the hope had been raised that the ancient ban on the theaters, dances and card-games would be removed, but the ministers in synod confirmed the taboo by a vote of two to one. It was a great year, 1920, for enacting prohibitions—but a poor year for observing them.

To Mrs. Kadrew, dancing was an honorable and helpful profession that she practiced without hesitation in her husband's presence. To the Puritans it was an abomination. To Lerrick and his sort, it was a curious indoor sport, more enhanced than hurt by the reproaches of the *unco' guid*. His soul felt a pleasant impropriety in it, and he thought hardly so much of the steps Mrs. Kadrew took as of the next step Mr. Kadrew was likely to take.

There was a sense of intrigue, almost of elopement, shaking up Lerrick's heart when, after a brief lecture, Mrs. Kadrew affixed herself to his astounded form, set his timorous right arm about her waist and made off with him down the hall, humming a melody broken with sharp commands.

Lerrick half expected Mr. Kadrew to produce a gun and empty it at him, but Mr. Kadrew was plainly trying to keep from laughing aloud at Lerrick. Mrs. Kadrew made no secret of her own amusement, but her laughter was not insolent.

"Don't be afraid of me. I'm not afraid of you. Go on and walk on my feet. Good Lord, I've had my toes crushed by hundreds of the best feet in the world."

She had indeed given her body and her grace and her electric energy to the arms of an army of soldiers, men on their way to the trenches and on their way back, men just out of the hospital, or freshly returned from hells of terror and misery.

In other wars the women who followed the camps were a vile herd, and around the camps at home in America the worst of women hovered like buzzards. But the troops in Europe were protected by the ocean and the passport screen, and the Government sent dancers and actresses abroad with the credentials of vestal priestesses, sacred ministrants.

Mrs. Kadrew was a veteran of that strange service, and her peculiar experiences had filled her heart with a wholesale sisterliness. She had inspired a reverence hard for strict, old-fashioned souls to comprehend. If some of her soldiers had been old-fashioned too, and finding her delectable in their arms, had crushed her a little too fervidly and wooed her wordlessly too boldly, she had understood and forgiven and danced away their satyrysm with a redeeming hilarity. The best way to put out a fire is to remove the oxygen—when that is possible.

Mrs. Kadrew had occasion to rebuke Lerrick too, by simply ignoring or, pretending not to understand the tentative messages he (almost) unconsciously conveyed, until he forgot to flirt and began to study. His feet annoyed him by their stupidity and disobedience, but before the first lesson ended he had begun to catch the knack and to guess the spirit of the new dance.

Mrs. Kadrew accepted his money with a fine simplicity. He made an appointment for the next day, and took his leave a gayer and a wiser man.

LARRICK felt so proud and smart and civified that he decided to call on Frewin and take him out to lunch. Frewin had put him up with two-weeks' cards at an assortment of clubs. It never occurred to Lerrick to telephone and ask if his visit would be untimely. He picked up a taxicab and tried



His farewell glance at the superb chamber caught the picture of the two sad figures climbing the palace steps.

to look as if he had been cradled in one. When he got out he slammed the door and paid the fare and the tip as carefully carelessly as if he were acting the part before a movie camera.

Then he stalked into the hall with his stick swinging in the best Frewin manner. The apartment was one flight up and the elevator was on high; so he decided not to wait. He turned to the stairway and was scooting up two steps at a time when he heard a peal of wildly impish laughter. He heard a shower of footsteps, and in the dark crook of the stairway ran into a girl whose slight form was descending with such velocity that she almost knocked him over.

"Sorry!" she giggled, and vanished below.

Before he could recover his balance, heavier feet ran down and Frewin crashed into him. He was calling, "Clelia, wait!" and instead of saying "Sorry," he flung Lerrick aside and growled: "Get out of my way, damn you!"

Lerrick did not know what to do; so he went on up and waited at Frewin's open door. Then he decided to take the elevator down and escape undiscovered, in order not to embarrass Frewin. Also he was considerably shocked at encountering the famous Clelia in a visit of that character. But Frewin came up bareheaded and caught him before he could get away.

His rage collapsed into perfect bewilderment.

"Howdy," said Lerrick. "I was just passing by, so I thought I'd drop up and say howdy! And now I've said it, so I'm on my way. S'long!"

Frewin could not accept this, but he was befuddled.

"I can't ask you in. I'm horribly sorry. I'm—er—not alone. The worst of it is that little devil Clelia chose this time to call on me. Of course, she knew it was a terrible thing for her to come here alone. That's why she did it—just to get a thrill and a lecture from me.

"She rang the bell, and I answered it, and she said 'I came in person to apologize for being such a rotter and breaking all my engagements!' She wanted to come in, but I couldn't let her in, and I made a mess of it, of course, and said! 'Sorry I can't ask you in, but the place isn't made up yet.' And she said, 'So I see. Her hat is still on the consol!' Then she began to shriek with laughter and wouldn't let me explain. But she ran down stairs, whooping, and jumped into her machine and drove off honking like a hoot-owl.

"And now I've got to go in and try to quiet the other hurricane that's waiting for me. Oh, Lord, such a life! I'm afraid I won't be free today. Can you get along somehow and excuse me if I neglect you till I straighten out this mix-up?"

This gave Lerrick a good tirade for his exit, and he made the best of the opportunity.

"Good Lawd, man, if you don't quit actin' like I was a baby left on yo' do-step, I'm goin' to leave this man's town *pronto*. You don't have to be a nuss to me, and that's got to be understood."

Frewin agreed to understand.

CHAPTER XXIII

THAT evening Lerrick dined alone, and in spite of his wealth, simply. He put on his dinner-jacket in order to impress the waiters, but his stomach too had to learn the new steps, the jazz of the *chefs*. He picked his way with care, making one or two experiments for his gastric education, and returning to his familiars for the bulk of his diet.

He had grown beyond the first stage of ignorant opulence when he was like the ancient sudden-rich who could only display his splendor by ordering "forty dollars' worth of pork and beans." Indeed, Lerrick was now entering the mental stage of beginning to see the reason for all these forms of beauty that money develops—beauty of plate and tureen, of sauce and garniture, of flavor and spice.

His dinner was soon ended, and he set out to walk the unfailingly fascinating Broadway. It was too early for the theaters, but the moving pictures were available all day, and they ranged from little ten-cent halls with pictures of the dime-novel sort to the largest theater in the world, the sumptuous Capitol, a temple of incredible distances, the light from the projection machine streaming down across a sea of heads with the effect of heavenly shafts illuminating a seraphic multitude.

In the Capitol, the Rivoli, Strand, Rialto and other cinematheques, every olden art supported the new art that America had given to the world, an art more nearly universal than music, more persuasive than the drama, more legible than any other literature.

The picture Lerrick saw was one of the innumerable cowboy stories that America never tires of any more than any other nation ever tires of its demigods and heroes—the cowboy stories of which the rest of the world never gets enough.

Lerrick thrilled with the accuracy of its detail, the perfection of its horsemanship and the familiar eternal plot, the classic protagonists: the sheriff (now hero, now villain), the fugitive (now villain, now hero), the girl (always heroine).

After the six-reeler, the program began. The orchestra assembled; the huge pipe organ bellowed. The conductor came in dramatically and led an overture by an old master, while an electrician made a new art and a new poetry of living colors, an art hitherto practiced only by the angels who paint the dawn, the sunset and the moonrise.

Then a dancer came forth on the full stage in an American Orientalism. A news-reel followed, showing the armies of the nations at war six years after the Great War had begun; the Greeks, the Turks, the Arabs, the Irish, British, French and the Poles retreating just before their mighty return when Pilsudski threw back the barbaric tidal wave and saved Europe from the East as John Sobieski had done in his ancient day.

Next was a travel picture that took Lerrick along on the Shackleton Antarctic voyage. He felt the keen wind, saw the white mountains loom and pass. He understood the epic of those men in the desert of ice at the under end of the world, and its white barrenness reminded him of his old home in the sand and alkali. He wondered that men should leave such parades as New York for the strange privilege of exploring remote hells and testing bitter death-traps. But that is man's way. Lerrick had felt the need of the void himself, and he would feel it again. Just now he was the sailor ashore, and he mocked the sea and its dupes.

The inexhaustibly versatile camera followed the Antarctic scene with an ambrosial idyl of boy life in a Midwestern town, and Booth Tarkington's lovable little rascals gave their version of "Hamlet" in an Indiana barn with tragic results for Edgar, the actor-manager.

Then the six-reeler began again. Lerrick rose to go. He pushed through the mob standing and waiting, and made his way out.

He was astounded to find that a great rain had been raging while he had been traveling on Aladdin's carpet. Just as he stepped out, a rush of lightning ripped the gloom from the streets and buildings and revealed them for a moment in a noon glare as if to make a perfect target for the broadside of thunderbolts that crashed across the roofs, and strangely left them all intact. Then a deluge till the people under the eaves and the awnings felt that they stood in back of Niagara.

But the crowds regarded the storm rather with disgust for its inconvenience than with terror. For the electricians had followed Ben Franklin's lead; they had snatched the outlaw lightning from the sky and given it a steady job. The wrathful flashes of the storm were almost lost in the cascades of the advertising signs where the chained lightning was toiling over the iridescence of a butterfly's wing, the burlesque thunderbolts of a theatrical advertisement, the caperings of kittens and the grotesque behavior of acrobats. The subways and the bowling alleys outroared the thunder. But the rain was wet, and ruinous to silks and slippers.

Lerrick beg-pardoned through the men and women huddled under the glass-and-iron awning and looked for a taxi. Some of the women ruefully regarded the destruction of their street market by the rain that falls alike on the decent and the indecent, and Lerrick was sorry enough for the poor things to feel a kind of Samaritan obligation to offer one or more of them a share in his cab. But there was an embarrassment of wretches, and he plunged into the first cab up.

The taxi cut through a cross-street into Fifth Avenue, where at this hour there was almost no travel. The cab was shabby and jolty. It had seen better nights as somebody's limousine; but unconsciously Lerrick adjusted himself to the seat in the pose of an emperor. Somehow one almost always does grow haughty in a cab, especially at night when nobody can see. In the daytime one looks still haughtier by trying to look unconcerned.

Generations of carriage-habit seem never to destroy the majestic feeling of being alone in a chariot moving triumphantly through crowded rainy streets where the commoners hurry along in misery. Some of them may be aristocrats, waiting for their own, or rich strangers unable to get a taxi—but they all look poor and peasant to the rider-by.

Lerrick was as arrogant as a Roman soldier just elected emperor, and crossing the Rubicon, to (Continued on page 144)

IN this remarkable story its famous author presents a point of view toward the study of psychics that will certainly stimulate discussion.



"For many years my mind has been familiar with the occult."

THE WHITE DOG

By
F. BRITTON AUSTIN

Illustrated by
J. HENRY

MR. GILCHRIST was nervous and fidgety. He was alone, not merely in the dining-room where he sat, but in the house; and solitude at night to a man accustomed to find comfort and distraction in the presence of others is a black desert where one starts at one's own footsteps.

Sitting there in the dining-room of the pretty suburban villa he had had built some twenty miles from town, the familiar objects which surrounded him seemed to have grown remote, unfamiliar. Smoking his pipe, with the half-read newspaper on his knee, his ear was worried by the insistent ticking of the clock, and this ticking seemed a novel, almost uncanny phenomenon. He could not remember having heard a sound from that time-piece before. There were features about the sideboard, too, as he gazed at it fixedly, that appeared quite strange to him. Certain details of inlay-work on the Sheraton-pattern legs he perceived now for the first time. These little unfamiliarities observed with his mind on the stretch—the latent primitive man in him scenting danger in solitude—added to the loneliness. The sheltering walls of the usual were pushed away from him. He felt himself exposed, out of the call of friends, in a desolation haunted by invisible malevolences. Of course, the feeling was absurd. He shook himself and tried to summon up a little of the bravura

with which he had dismissed his wife and daughter to the dance at the village a mile away, making light of their protests that it was the one servant's evening out, saying that at any rate she in the kitchen would not be much company to him in the dining-room where he proposed to sit and smoke. His friend Williamson might drop in, too—anyway, he would be all right.

His friend Williamson had not dropped in, and with every slow minute ticked out by that confounded clock he had found himself less at ease. Once he got up and walked into another room, but the sound of his own footsteps, heard with astonishing loudness in the house empty of any other person, afflicted his nerves, and he returned to his former seat in the dining-room.

The seven-thirty express from town rushed by on the railway line which ran, fifty yards distant, parallel with the road; and the sound of it heartened him for a minute or two. The world of fellow-men was brought close to him for a flying second, and all his sociable instincts greeted it, claiming acquaintance, as it sped along. Then, as the noise of it died away into a silence yet more profound than before, the primitive in him again peeped out through his civilization, panicky, ear at stretch for stealthy danger. The stillness which surrounded the lonely house seemed charged with perils that stole near with noiseless footfall. A

weird, mournful cry outside, breaking suddenly on that stillness, pulled him erect on his feet, listening, trembling. The cry was repeated, and he sat down again, telling himself that it was an owl, as doubtless it was; but his hand shook as he picked up his newspaper again and tried to read.

With some effort he forced his brain to grasp the meanings of the words, which related a murder case, announced in massive letters at the top of the column. The mental machine seemed to stop every now and then and he found himself gazing at some unimportant, common word in the line until it looked as strange and devoid of meaning as one in a foreign and unknown language. The comprehension of it required a deliberate effort of will.

Suddenly, with soul-shaking unexpectedness, there was a violent, rapid knocking at the door.

HE was on his feet in an instant, shaking in every limb, panic-stricken as an Indian in a place of spirits. A primitive vague dread of the supernatural held him motionless, obsessed by a formless horror.

The knocking at the door renewed itself, a frantic hammering. The repetition lightened him, redeemed it from the vague purposelessness of the ghostly, suggested human anxiety at fever pitch. His imagination, relieved from the spell, flew to work, building catastrophes after familiar models. His wife and daughter? The disasters of fire, vehicular collision or heart-failure presented themselves in confused and fragmentary pictures. The door now resounded under a ceaseless rain of blows; and trembling so violently as to feel almost ill, he ran to open it.

On the threshold stood a little, stout, bearded man, past middle age. He struck one or two frenzied blows at the air after the door had swung away from him.

"What do you want?" demanded Mr. Gilchrist.

His visitor looked at him vacantly for a moment, seemingly unable to adjust his mind to human intercourse.

"For God's sake, give me some brandy—if you are a Christian man!"

"Come inside," said Mr. Gilchrist, and he led the way into the dining-room, the stranger following. "Bless my soul! What is it? An accident?" He spoke nervously, more to himself than to his guest, who replied nothing but stood swaying on his legs and kept from falling only by the clutched-at support of the table. "Dear me—dear me! One moment—I have some brandy here." He fumbled with the key of the tantalus. "Here you are. Steady, man, steady! Sit down."

The stranger drank off the brandy and took a deep breath, passing his hand over his brow like one recovering from a swoon. In the moment or two of silence Mr. Gilchrist had leisure to scrutinize him. He was without a hat, and his head shone in the lamplight, a polished dome rising from a narrow forehead and a half-ring of gray wisps over his ears. His eyes protruded, globularly, but it could be guessed that they carried impressions to an active brain. His gray beard converged irresolutely to a point in front of his chin. His clothes were respectable but not well cut, and they were now soiled with earth. One trouser-leg, Mr. Gilchrist noticed, was badly torn. Altogether his appearance suggested a benevolent old gentleman, connected possibly with some dissenting religious body, who had been badly mauled in conflict with a gang of ruffians.

"Feel better?" asked Mr. Gilchrist. "Have some more."

"No, I thank you, sir," replied the stranger, and the tone of his voice assured his host that he had to deal with an educated man. "I feel much better. Alcohol, I may say, is an unfamiliar stimulant to me, and the action of a comparatively small quantity is powerful. If I might beg a little further indulgence of your kindness, however, I should be glad to rest myself a minute or two."

"Certainly, certainly—by all means. You will find that a more comfortable chair. Have you met with an accident?"

The stranger's protruding eyes flashed with a singular brightness at the question. Then he sighed and again pressed the palm of his hand across his brow.

"Your courtesy, sir, undoubtedly deserves some explanation of the plight you have so generously relieved." The man's tone and phrasing indicated a person accustomed to put his thoughts into an elaborated word-structure for the attention of an audience. "I hardly think that accident is the correct description of my misfortune. I am the victim, sir, of a traitorous chain of circumstances, a chain of circumstances so strange as to be scarcely credible."

"Indeed?" Mr. Gilchrist had reseated himself and now bent forward, his face alight with interest kindled by his guest's last

sentence. "If I can help you in any way, I shall be glad to do so."

The stranger acknowledged the offer by a downward inclination of the head.

"Your great kindness of heart needs no further exposition, sir—it is self-evident. I have no words sufficient to thank you. I greatly fear, however, that I am beyond human help. A matter of a few hours is the utmost respite from my fate that I can expect. None the less, I am deeply grateful to you for this breathing-space."

The stranger sighed again, and his countenance settled into a resigned melancholy.

"You make me curious," said Mr. Gilchrist. "Of course, I don't wish to intrude—"

The old gentleman raised his eyebrows and made a protesting movement with his hand.

"In all probability, sir, you will soon be made acquainted with a garbled newspaper version of the calamity which has befallen me. Its dreadful nature is bound to flare into publicity. It is useless, therefore, for me to attempt to conceal it. If you care to hear the true version of a tragedy which every newsboy will be shouting tomorrow morning—a version stranger than the one counsel for defense and prosecution will adopt as a battleground for their wits—I will do my best to gratify your curiosity. I may say that it will be some comfort to me to know that one fellow human being—especially so kind-hearted a one as yourself—is acquainted with the real facts."

"My dear sir!" began Mr. Gilchrist. "Surely—you are overwrought—an accident—I cannot believe—"

"I do not look like a murderer," said the old gentleman, interrupting him, a pathetic little smile on his grave face. "Nevertheless I am one. It is the terrible truth, I assure you, sir. I am a murderer, a murderer trapped into crime by that chain of circumstances I spoke of. And I am a man that until today never wittingly took the life of any creature, however small."

"But—my dear sir!" Mr. Gilchrist half rose from his chair. His guest waved him back into it.

"I am speaking the sober truth. You think that you are harboring a madman. I am as sane as you. If you care to listen, I will relate the story, and when I have finished, if you desire to call in the local police, you are at liberty to do so. I give you my word that there will be no disturbance."

Mr. Gilchrist sat back in his chair, half-fascinated, half-frightened.

"Go on," he said briefly, not trusting himself to speak.

IMUST first request your patience whilst I relate a few circumstances which, however remote they may appear from the terrible fact that has, among other things, made me your guest, are nevertheless intimately connected with it.

"I am a man in business for myself, in a small way, as the saying is. It might have been a larger way had not my intellectual activities been employed on subjects which I regard as of graver and deeper import than the purchase and sale of ephemeral commodities. For many years my mind has been more familiar with that region known briefly as the occult, than with the intricacies of terrestrial markets. I have striven earnestly to penetrate to those great secrets which throb behind this earthly veil—with what success I need not specify. Suffice it that a small society of fellow-seekers after the Truth chose me as their president, a position I still hold.

"However small your acquaintance with this difficult subject, sir, you are probably aware—from hearsay at least—that it has two great aspects, good and evil. The pure in heart may achieve a certain mastery over forces hidden from the multitude and use them for innocent or praiseworthy ends, such, for example, as establishing communication between our loved ones who have crossed the threshold and those who remain here. This is known vulgarly as white magic. But there is a black magic. It is known to every adept that it is possible—difficult perhaps, but possible—for self-seeking men who have, perchance before they became perverted, had the key to these vast mysteries put in their hands, to control the mighty forces of which I have spoken and turn them, regardless of the suffering they inflict, to their personal advantage.

"It is possible, I say, though exceedingly rare. Few men, good or evil, are so fortunately endowed as to acquire a mastery over those forces for any purpose, and of those who have acquired it the majority are good. In any case they are rare. For myself, despite years of study and anxious striving, I have utterly failed to grasp those forces save in one or two trifling instances. This



"I saw the light in your house. Clambering over a wall
I made my way to it, scarce able to walk, but frantic."

by the way. For some time past I have been conscious—I cannot now tell you by what agency I became aware of it—that a group of men, greater adepts than any I have known, had in fact subjected forces terrible in their power and were using them to the danger of the world."

The stranger turned his bulbous bright eyes to Mr. Gilchrist, who sat silent, gripped in a spell which was partly fear. In the moment or two of silence he heard that infernal clock ticking along with insistent industry. The stranger waited a brief space for some comment, and receiving none, proceeded.

"You know, I have no doubt, that in the past—in the Middle Ages, for example—certain secret societies existed for purposes partly occult. I use *occult* as a synonym for the spiritual, for all that lies beyond the veil. Such, I may remark, were the Rosicrucians. Others are known to every student of the subject. One might almost class it as common historical knowledge. Few, however, suspect that today such a society, immeasurably more powerful than the ordinary man considers possible, exists. It exists, and by some means it has penetrated to the very *arcana* of the spiritual world. It wields a power, by its control over forces that to call cosmic is to minimize, quite beyond ordinary resistance. And it wields that power for evil. I could point out several frightful disasters of recent times directly traceable to that society. It is a menace to the world!"

THE old gentleman's eyes flashed excitement at Mr. Gilchrist, who felt in a dream, scarcely knowing whether he was awake or sleeping.

"In one way only can it be overthrown—and it must be overthrown if our civilization is to continue. A group of men—equally adept but pure in soul—must meet and check each of their schemes and finally turn the immense forces, too great for ordinary comprehension, with which they work, against them, wiping them out of existence. Where that group of men is to be found, sir, I do not know; but if the disease is to find a remedy it must first be diagnosed. It was my duty, then, having discovered this monstrous danger, to proclaim it to the world. And, knowing full well the awful risks I ran, I did so. I contributed a long article to a periodical which exists for the diffusion of spiritual truth, and so far as my knowledge permitted me, exposed the terrible enemy."

"I knew I invited disaster. Immediately I was warned—I cannot tell you by what channel the warning came to me—that the gravest perils threatened me. You, an ordinary man, whose most terrible engine of destruction possible to the imagination is a monster-gun battleship, can have no conception of the powers unchained against me. I cannot tell you with what fervor I strove to acquire control over forces that might befriend me, but in vain. Ever I was thwarted and baffled. I lost what little powers I had. Stripped of every means of defense, I waited in anguish for the blow to fall. What kind of blow it would be and whence it would come I could not tell. I knew only that it was inevitable. An undying enmity was all around me."

"I expected something cataclysmic, world-shaking. Fool that I was, I might have known better. 'They' are far too cunning thus to advertise their power needlessly. Day after day I dwelt in a world of terror, and nothing happened, save the complete interruption of any intercourse with the spiritual world. Malevolent forces had closed that door. I waited, each moment expecting disaster, I knew not from what quarter, as a man waits in a dark wood for the lurking danger to spring at him. Suddenly—a week ago today—they commenced to act."

He stopped to allow the import of his words to have full effect on his host. Mr. Gilchrist opened his mouth as if to speak, but he could not give utterance to a sound.

"I was walking, about six o'clock in the afternoon, along Piccadilly. The thoroughfare was crowded. I felt almost happy in the throng. My mind was for the moment distracted from its ever-present anxiety, and I had almost forgotten my danger. Suddenly a man jostled against me and thrust a piece of paper into my hand. I glanced at it and knew my doom was upon me. Here it is."

He took a piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to Mr. Gilchrist. It bore only the words, in fat black type: "Prepare to meet thy Judge."

"But," said his host, grasping at the familiar in this strange story, "this is merely a leaflet circulated by some religious body."

"I know," said the stranger, smiling. "That is their cunning. It conveys little or nothing to an outsider. *But they knew I would know.* I looked around for the man. He had disappeared. The blood surged to my head; I reeled dizzily against a lamp-post

and for a moment or two knew nothing. The shock, long expected though it was, was awful. After a brief space my brain cleared. My giddiness seemingly had not been noticed. The street looked normal. I shook myself and prepared to continue on my way. At that moment I happened to look round and saw a large white bulldog sitting on the pavement and regarding me fixedly. Even then—I knew. But I affected to take no notice of it and commenced to walk onward. The dog got up and followed me. I walked faster, but the dog was always a couple of feet behind my heels. I stopped. The dog stopped. I went on again. The dog went on again also. There was no doubt of its connection with me.

"I cannot make you realize, sir, the awful fear that surged up in me, mastering me, throttling me. I almost choked. The lights, the houses, the people swam in my vision. For some moments I walked along blind, unseeing. I trust that I am not a coward, that ordinary danger would find me ready to meet it with some calmness of mind, but in contact now with the peril I had dreaded, such firmness as I have gave way. The seeming innocence of the manner in which my death-sentence was conveyed, the apparently innocuous character of the messenger they had sent, accentuated my terror. I felt that it was useless to appeal to my fellow-creatures for help. The certain reply would have been an imputation of madness. Above all, the purpose of the dog baffled me. It seemed impossible that my enemies, with all the vast forces at their command, should use so petty an instrument to strike at me. I could not even imagine in what manner the dog was to bring about my annihilation. The disparity of means to the end seemed grotesque.

"So strongly did I feel this that I half-persuaded myself that I was under an illusion, that the dog was merely a stray that had followed me for a few yards in the hope of finding a new home. Walking along, looking straight in front of me, for I dared not turn my head, I was almost comforted by a semi-belief that the dog was no longer in pursuit. Presently, with an effort of will, I looked back—to find, as reason told me I should, the animal still at my heels, padding along with its nose to the ground.

"I stopped, more from a suspension of faculties than from any desire to do so, and the dog stopped also. It sat calmly down, looking at me, and I could almost fancy a quiet diabolical smile on the loose, ugly, dripping jaws. We exchanged a steadfast gaze—I can see it now; its eyes were red-rimmed, bleary, cunning. Standing there, I strove to divine its purpose. Suddenly it flashed upon me. The dog was tracking me to my home. Over the trail it had gone once it would go again, this time accompanied by the active agents of my foes. Why this roundabout method of reaching me was adopted will no doubt seem a puzzle to you, sir—it is so to me. But I was and am convinced of the fact.

"NO sooner had I realized this," pursued the old gentleman, "than I thought over means of ridding myself of it. The obvious way was simple. I walked along the street in quest of a policeman. The dog got quietly on its legs again and followed. Some hundred yards or so farther on I saw an officer and approached him. It was at the corner where the street flows into Piccadilly Circus, and the open space was a maelstrom of traffic, starred overhead by the lamps which were beginning to glow against the darkening sky. I had to wait an agonized minute or two at the policeman's elbow whilst he set two fussy and nervous old ladies upon their right way. At last he turned to me and a radiance of hope commenced to break over the dark tumult of my mind as I explained to him that I was being followed by a stray dog and wished to give it into his charge.

"He looked patiently down at me from his towering bulk of body, nodded and asked: 'Where's the dog?' I turned to point it out. To my astonishment, it had disappeared. No shape of dog was anywhere visible. The policeman's eyes rested upon me with so questioning a look that I felt uncomfortable. I could divine that he was thinking me deranged or intoxicated. My mind was in a state of bewilderment also at the sudden disappearance of the creature that a moment before had hung at my heels with all the quiet persistency of Fate. I stammered, strove to explain, found myself entangled in nervous foolishness rendered worse by the slightly contemptuous, steady gaze of the policeman. I leaped desperately out by the common exit from such embarrassments and tipped the policeman with the only coin I happened to have in my pocket. It was a half-crown. He smiled as I made off quickly, my ears burning.

"Thank God, at any rate I was freed from my enemy. With a bounding-lightness of spirits I plunged into the vortex of traffic and made my way across the Circus. I was supremely happy.



All through my indisposition the specter of that white dog dominated not only my dreams but every waking thought.

I remember smiling round at the garish lights, at the thronging people, at the poor, at the wealthy, at the flower-girls, at the vicious. I was glad, unutterably glad, like a prisoner just reprieved, to be among my kind, of whatever sort. I am not musical, but I found myself singing a trivial melody, picked up somewhere from a barrel-organ.

"Thus I proceeded on my way, going eastward, making, in fact, for the station, where I take train to my home some few miles farther down the line than this.

"I was somewhere in the Strand when suddenly I heard a girl who passed me say to her companion: 'Oh, what an ugly beast!' I turned sharply, an ice-cold hand clutching at my heart, and saw to my horror the white dog again at my heels. He looked up at me, and I fled with a cry, down a side-street. The dog followed easily.

"In wild terror I ran as fast as my strength, never great, would permit. It was useless, of course. The dog found no difficulty in keeping up with me. I stopped at last from sheer exhaustion, and the creature seemed to grin at my distress. Had a policeman been visible, I would have tried again to hand it over to him, convinced though I was that the attempt would be in vain.

"One means of escape presented itself to me, but I could not avail myself of it. I might have called a taxicab, but I had no money. I ought to have tried that way first.

"A wild rage seized me. I rushed at the dog, kicking at him furiously. The animal dodged me with ease. I could not touch him. I ran on again.

"Thus, now running in mad panic, now walking with the slow deliberation of settled despair, I continued on my way, and always the dog followed. Why I did not go in another direction and throw the animal off the scent, I do not know. My one leading idea was to get home, and perhaps subconsciously I knew that, whatever stratagems I tried, the dog was not to be shaken from his trail.

"I was almost demented with terror when unexpectedly salvation showed itself, my station was not many hundred yards dis-

tant—I was in Broad Street, I think—when suddenly there was a snarl and a furious barking behind me. A large dog, belonging to some passer-by, had sprung at my enemy, and they were locked in desperate fight. In a few seconds a crowd collected. I saw a policeman hastening up. It was my chance. With all that remained to me of strength I ran toward the station.

"I heard voices calling after me, but I heeded them not. The sounds of angry strife continued, muffled, and lent me hope and speed. Calling up every energy, I raced along, sped down the approach, saw that it wanted but the fraction of a minute to seven-thirty, dashed through the gate, which clanged behind me and flung myself into the train for home just as it started. I thought I was safe. As I put my hand out of the window to shut the door, I heard a commotion at the gate. I looked out and saw the dog struggling with the officials, vainly striving to leap the barrier. We moved out of the station, leaving him behind."

He stopped, looking at his host. Mr. Gilchrist gasped and nodded. The stranger continued:

"For a few exultant minutes I thought that I was saved. But presently, as I calmed and my reason began to work, I realized that 'they' had gained their point. They had only to watch and wait. On the morrow, a human emissary of my foes would accompany the dog over the trail, starting at the same time, arriving within a few minutes of seven-thirty at that station platform. From that direction, at least, of my home could easily be deduced. Convinced that sooner or later I should be journeying on that line, they had only to watch and wait till I appeared. I knew that there was no hope for me, that my doom was certain.

"I reached home, in a turmoil of fears, and fell ill. For a week I did not leave the house, and all through my indisposition the specter of that white dog dominated not only my dreams but every waking thought. I could see it looking out at me from under the furniture, sitting with patient eyes on my every movement, in corners of the house, barring my way to the door, if I wished to enter or leave a room. It haunted me, kept me at an excruciating point of mental anguish. (Continued on page 172)



When she arrived at the Grand Central, she looked enviously at the kissing couples whom her train had reunited.

THE PROTECTING INSTINCT

By ALICE DUER MILLER

Illustrated by
RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

THREE were no problems great or small in the Scarths' married life—not because they were people unaware of the finer adjustments, but because the finer adjustments were all made.

"My brother and his wife remind me of the minstrels," Emily Scarth used to say bitterly. "They are always doing what I believe is called in the theater feeding each other's parts. Their life is a mutual: 'Yes, Mr. Bones, and what is the difference between—'"

Some one reminded her that married people were partners.

"They seem to me rather more like confederates," said Emily.

She was, however, very fond of her sister-in-law, who had been her schoolmate, and whom she had introduced to her brother. That was one of the troubles; she had imagined a wider future for Clara Joyce.

"Yes, Clara," she would say, wagging her head. "I don't mean to flatter you unduly, but I believe you might have accomplished something even greater than making Stephen comfortable."

"I prefer to call it 'happy,'" replied Mrs. Stephen, who among her other qualities possessed a wonderfully good temper. "But just what do you imagine I might have done?"

"Do you remember your school valedictory?"

"Dearest Emily, I could not go through life delivering school valedictories, could I?"

"You could have done *something*."

Mrs. Scarth inclined her pretty head on its slim throat and looked thoughtful. Few women, however domestic, have not wondered how their abilities would have succeeded in less sheltered fields of activity; and Clara as a young girl—perhaps under the influence of Emily's individualism—had not looked forward to matrimony as her only possible career. But that, she liked to think, proved that she had chosen the man and not the state.

The two women were having tea in the Scarths' drawing-room—a high, quiet room, not too large, filled with tall bookcases and firelight and fresh flowers. It was a room very restful to everyone but Emily. Emily did not find it restful, because she was conscious that every detail in its perfection had been thought out only with the object of bringing rest to Stephen after the long day's work was done. The same effect designed for Clara's selfish pleasure would have been perfectly satisfactory to Emily. It annoyed her to think that her lovely sister-in-law used all her powers in nothing more positive than creating a background for Stephen's life. Stephen's life was very creditable—he was a public-spirited citizen and a good lawyer, but Emily did not consider making a background for him a full-time job for a grown woman. "But," she used to add with her queer nasal laugh, "I've never found a *man* who agreed with me."

Clara certainly did not agree with her. Indeed, she thought in her heart that Emily, an unmarried woman without great emotional sensitiveness, did not take in the full difficulty of the task. Only, Clara did not call it making a background; she felt that she had discovered by thought, observation and love, how to reduce the friction of existence so that the great masculine machine of which she had the keeping was able to develop the greatest possible power. In this career her beauty, her brains and her executive ability all found a place.

Nevertheless, Emily's attitude flattered her. The domestic career which she found so thoroughly satisfactory gained dignity in her eyes by the mere suggestion that others had been open to her. The idea amused her—she played with it and put it aside.

"I doubt if I could have done anything, Emily," she said temperately. "I'm not as independent as I used to imagine. I remember when I was twenty I wanted to go round the world alone, and I was awfully annoyed at my parents for not allowing

ne to; and now I assure you I tremble if I have to make a short journey without Stephen; I shirk the responsibility of tipping the porter. Perhaps it's matrimony."

"Oh, no! It's Stephen," said Emily. "No woman can be remotely connected with Stephen—some women cannot even see him—without learning to cling to him. You, Mamma, even I in my peculiar way, lean upon Stephen, to such a degree that we are losing our powers of locomotion."

Clara smiled. There was some truth in what Emily said, and part of the truth was a tribute to Stephen. To be as happy as he had been for ten years did unfit one for other forms of existence; to exercise one set of faculties did not sharpen the others. But would anyone refuse happiness on that account? Would any artist refuse to practice the art of which he was master or fear that it might unfit him for the practice of another which he would never acquire? Clara believed in her own art. She was content with what she gave, as well as with what she received. She knew that if he gave her shelter of one sort, she gave him shelter of another. The walls and the moat of their castle had been built by him, but the flower garden inside the walls was hers, and only she perhaps knew its value.

"I don't think anyone would say you were losing your powers of locomotion, Emily," she said.

"Oh, I am to a certain degree," replied her sister-in-law. "But, of course, if we were not willing to be poor weak creatures, how could Stephen exercise his well-known protective instinct?"

"He exercises it so well."

"And so indiscriminately."

Mrs. Scarth looked up quickly at the tone, and then her attention was distracted by the sound of her husband's step on the stair. She began hastily making the tea, which she had been delaying.

"I see," she said as she moved the cups about on the tray, "that you want me to ask what you mean by indiscriminately?"

Emily heard her brother's step also, and spoke quickly.

"My dear, he stops every afternoon at the hospital. I have a friend there, and she tells me—"

She paused. Stephen had entered.

"You have come in time to defend yourself," said his wife lightly. "Emily is attacking you as usual."

Scarth was a man who exercised great power over women—not always agreeably to themselves. He was tall and nice-looking, but the charm of his looks lay in their suggestion of his dominating will. Masculine will appears to be as attractive to women as feminine beauty to men. Like beauty it must, of course, be adapted to suit the individual, and Stephen's variety of will, molded by his seriousness and kindness and legal training, was of a sort that inspired most women who came in touch with him with a species of terrified dependence.

The smile he gave his sister was undisturbed.

"Is it poor little Frieda again?" he said.

Emily nodded, as if he couldn't escape by that method. "You two are the gossip of the wards."

"One doesn't have to go very far on the downward path to be that," replied Stephen. He had been standing with his hand on his wife's shoulder while she poured out his tea, and now that it was made, he took the cup and sat down in his own deep chair by the fire. Then he turned to his wife, ignoring his sister, and said:

"She's better today. They think she will be able to testify in a week or so."

The girl under discussion was the daughter of a former accountant in Stephen's office who had come to them from another city, leaving his wife and daughter behind him. A month before he had gone home to bring them to New York; the train had run off a trestle; the man and his wife had been killed; and the seventeen-year-old daughter had found herself injured, unknown and penniless in a New York hospital. Here Stephen had discovered her, and was now conducting a suit on her behalf against the railroad company.

"Well, I'm sure I'm glad she's better," said Emily, rising. "And I hope you'll win her suit. I'd rather the railroad supported her for the rest of her life than you."

Scarth looked up at her and laughed. "It must make life awfully interesting, Emily," he said, "to have such a suspicious nature as yours."

"Not so interesting as providing the material for suspicion,

Stephen," she returned; and then, feeling that this was good enough for an exit, she hurried away.

Clara smiled at her husband. They both enjoyed Emily in much the same spirit, but now his answering smile was vague, and she noticed for the first time that he looked worried and exhausted. She ran over in her mind the things that could have gone wrong, and in the silence he asked—but still with that slight preoccupation in his voice:

"What have you been doing all day?"

It was more than a form between them. She began at once. She had been to see an out-of-town client of his—at his request; and she gave him her impression of the old lady. And she had bought those new rugs for the car. And she had been as usual to see his mother. . . . She stopped, aware that he had not been listening. She would have been more than human if she had not suffered an instant of annoyance. "Why," she thought, "did he ask me to tell him if he does not want to hear?"

And then, for she was a just woman, she reflected that after all, her story was not an interesting one—just chatter, she thought, compared with what he might have to tell: perhaps a great case won, a new bill drawn to improve our laws, a public position offered and refused.

He got up with a sudden restless movement unlike him.

"Why, don't you ask me what I've been doing?" he said, but not looking at her.

"Oh, my interest is so obvious, I don't have to ask. I'm like a dog waiting for a bone."

"Would you like to hear?"

There was something terrible in his voice—as if he were angry at her, but she managed to say that she would like to hear.

"When I left the house this morning," he began, "I went straight to the hospital—"

"I thought you went there this afternoon."

He went on as if she had not spoken. "I went straight to the hospital. I waited almost an hour before they let me see Frieda—the doctor was there. Then I sat with her

She gave him the little sheet with its line of dark blue typewriting.

a long time. It was after twelve when I reached the office. I found a large mail on my desk. I put it into a pigeonhole without opening it. Two clients I was told were waiting to see me. I stole out by the back way; I went to a florist's and sent Frieda some flowers. I was a long time in choosing them. Then I went

to lunch, and after lunch I went back to the hospital, and I have been there ever since. How does my day compare with yours?"

There was a pause. It seemed she was the sort of person who sat quiet under great pain.

"Stephen," she said at last, "you tell me this because you want to, not because—"

He shook his head. "I do not want to," he answered. "I do not want to tell anyone. I want to keep it to myself—secret and perfect. But I do tell you, because I love you too, Clara—"

"Too!"

"I love you, and I know that you are the most important thing in my life, and that I must have you as an ally and not as an enemy. I don't dare leave it to the gossip of people like Emily."

"Does the girl love you, Stephen?"

"My dear, she is not quite half my age. She probably regards me as her father's employer. This thing is all going on inside of me. Of course, she looks forward to my coming—she has nothing else to look forward to. There is no one else who cares whether she lives or dies. She hasn't a penny or a friend in the world. She turns to me—she talks to me—she clings to me. That's the worst of it, Clara. It isn't the worst things in me that are appealed to—it's the best."

"The protecting instinct?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Day after day, as I sit beside her bed and watch her bearing suffering heroically, I've felt that my emotion wouldn't be so very different if she were my daughter. I don't want to do anything but help and protect her. It's all right, if only it were not blotting out everything else in my life."

As far as his wife was concerned, he could not have summed the matter up more accurately. It was blotting out everything—not only her happiness, but her reason for existence. This after a little while, became her predominating feeling—a profound loneliness.

She believed him absolutely, believed that in the end her relation to him would hold, that his present absorption was temporary and really unimportant, that ten years like theirs could not be wiped out in a few weeks, but would emerge perhaps more sound and beautiful than ever.

But for the present, her feeling of jealousy and loss was immensely increased by the emptiness of her daily life. If their positions had been reversed, if she had become suddenly interested in some one else, Stephen would have had his work left, and would have turned to it with a single-mindedness which would have had in it some element of satisfaction. But her occupation—which was making him happy—was now gone, passed beyond her powers. If there had been some department of her life into which he did not enter, she could have gone there to await his return, but there was none. A painter struck blind, a singer who loses his voice, could not have contemplated an emptier future than she. This was an aspect he did not see at all, and she was glad he did not. She had no wish to add to the sense of guilt he already felt. Nor was she herself particularly proud at finding that she was dependent on him not only for happiness, not only for the material things of life, but for the simple daily routine.

She came to her decision by a process slow and difficult enough to inspire confidence, even in the face of Stephen's violent opposition. She would go away for a time. To stay now was to run the risk of losing forever what remained to them. She would not go through the tortures of the jealous wife—watching his comings and goings, catching stray hints about his actions from strangers, studying his expression to read a death-sentence or a reprieve. No, she would go away for a time, on the understanding that the instant he wanted her, she would return.

"You see," she said, smiling, "I have absolute confidence in your judgment. I leave it for you to determine the right moment. You have only to telegraph you want me and I'll come back."

HE broke out against her plan, but she had strength to withstand him—particularly as she noticed that his anxiety was concerned entirely with her welfare during their separation, and not at all with his own.

"It is madness," he said. "A woman like yourself, who has hardly been outside her own home for ten years—"

She did not say that at the moment she felt as if she had no home, but sheltered herself behind his unwillingness to say more clearly that he could not see how in the world she could get on without his guardianship.

At the very last she thought she saw a recognition on his part that her decision was wise; and she went away, encouraged that there was still the old intellectual accord between them. She asked one assurance from him.

"Promise me," she said, "that you will not send for me unless you are sure you want me to stay."

"Promise to come when I send," he answered.

That was an easy promise to make.

Clara had an uncle who was a professor of economics in a large Western university. She had decided to go to him. "What shall you tell him?" Stephen had asked, and had heard with enthusiasm that she intended to tell him the truth. He knew better than she did how much an outsider would believe must lie behind the parting of husband and wife. Being, however, very well satisfied with the Joyce household as an asylum for his wife, he made no comment.

JOYCE, born in New England, had gone West as a young man, and had attached himself to Western academic ideals. He worked an excellent mind over areas usually left to the speculations. With a naturally finical manner, he enunciated theories of conduct which were often described as dangerous. He was particularly radical on the subject of the relation of the sexes, and yet lived an extremely domestic life with his wife and son.

The family as a whole were a delight and an excitement to Clara. In the first place they all worked hard. This seemed natural enough in the boys, but Clara could not get over the fact that Mrs. Joyce wrote (gardening was her subject), that the elder girl was the private secretary of the president of the university, and that the married daughter, Amelia, was an assistant professor of history. She envied them intensely—envied them as she heard about the house idle, and envied them still more at dinner-time, when, illuminated by the demure humor of their father, they talked over the various happenings of the day.

The husband of Amelia was employed in the city water-works, and a few days after the arrival of Clara, he received an offer from another city, which, however, had nothing to offer Amelia. The matter was much discussed in the family. Clara was impressed by the importance everyone attached to Amelia's value. The offer was finally declined. Great tenderness and appreciation had been displayed on both sides; and Clara noted an ideal married life entirely new to her—not, she thought, so beautiful as her own had been, but still very thrilling and successful.

She had nothing to do all day but to read; and her mind, running along these lines, led her reading to one definite direction—the domestic position of women in other civilizations. She took up working in the college library until late in the evening. So conduct, which at home would have become a family joke, excited no comment in the Joyce household.

Presently she was asked to read a paper on her subject before a college literary club.

Thinking it over afterward, Professor Joyce was able to explain the reason of her great success, for which at the time he had been totally unprepared. Perhaps it was all her bright hair and blue eyes and nice figure and good clothes; perhaps her naturally modulated voice had a good deal to do with it; but Joyce preferred to think that the main cause lay in her vigorous and exact use of the English language. It was as if her clear, practical mind selected instinctively the best word for her purpose—just as in former times she had chosen the best curtains and the best food. Another element of her success was the extreme freshness of her convictions about facts and theories already long familiar to many in her audience. But of course most interesting of all was her material—a mass of carefully related facts about the social and domestic position of women, beginning with the Charden divorce-law, which allowed a man to divorce his wife by saying, "Thou art not my wife," and returning her dowry; but if a woman said to her husband: "Thou art not my husband," she was drowned.

A neighboring State was in the throes of a suffrage campaign, and both sides discovered material in Mrs. Scarth's paper. She was asked to deliver it several times. Finally she was invited by a well-known impresario to make an extended lecture-tour.

No one but herself seemed to find this comic, or to doubt that she would accept. Her aunt merely observed:

"I wish before you go you could find time to give Amelia a few lessons in delivery. Her lectures read so much better than they sound."

"Whereas just the reverse is true of Clara's," said her uncle.

"Isn't that an unkind thing to say, Uncle Josiah?"

"On the contrary, my dear—the first characteristic of the orator."

She agreed to go on the tour. Her uncle made the arrangements, and she was surprised at the magnitude of her checks.



He got up with a sudden restless movement, unlike him. "Why don't you ask me what I've been doing?" he said, but not looking at her.

Large as they were, however, they did not repay her for the agony she suffered when she stood facing her first large audience—the first audience who had been, as she felt, buncoed into paying real money to listen to her. Afterward, when it was well over, she felt shame at making money so easily.

"Isn't it funny? Isn't it absurd?" she whispered to her uncle. "What do you suppose the people at home would think?"

"People at home are a good deal like people everywhere else," said Joyce, "—enormously impressed by success."

It was not only Clara's egotism that was flattered. Ever since she had left Stephen, she had felt only half alive. Her present activity seemed to give her back her share in life. If she could not be happy, she could at least be interested. She could forget for a few minutes at a time her acute awareness of the loss of Stephen.

But this occasional forgetfulness was a terrible threat to her resolution to remain an exile until recalled; for when memory came back to her, it came from the remoter past. She remembered, not her hideous parting, but the long union of ten years. It would seem too silly, too fantastic to her that she had voluntarily left her home and her own man, and that if she went back she could not find him anything but completely hers. At such moments her will was hardly strong enough to keep her from taking the next train east.

Her lecture-tour was to take her away from the Joyces for several months; but after a few weeks she found herself in a neighboring town, and her uncle came over to hear her. Looking down from the platform, she saw his finely shaped head and folded arms in the front row. The audience was the largest she had had, and from the moment she raised her head and clasped her hands behind her,—her habitual position in speaking,—she knew that this audience was entirely hers; the mysterious contact was established between them. She knew she was a success long before the final applause told her that the audience knew it too.

The experience is intoxicating; and Clara was a little intoxicated as she stepped from the platform. People were crowding about her; a girl wanted an autograph; the editor of the local paper wanted an interview; a gentleman in a clerical coat wanted to know if she were sure that Tertullian had called woman the gateway to hell, and an old lady wanted her to write down that quotation from Sir George Saville's advice to his daughter. She was the center of a pressing congratulatory group, when her eye fell upon a telegram unopened in the hand of her uncle—a telegram for her.

"Please come home—Stephen."

She began to cry from pure joy. All the tension and the horror and the pain of the last months were gone. She pushed her way quickly into a little anteroom, where she could be alone. Every one thought she had had bad news.

Her uncle followed her, and she gave him the little buff-colored sheet, with its line of dark blue typewriting.

He read it slowly, and nodded. "Let me see—six weeks more is it? Or Stephen might come out and join you."

"Join me?"

"Well, you can't break your contract."

She laughed like a child—from joy, that is, not mirth. "Nothing but the police," she answered, "can keep me from taking the midnight train."

Joyce looked at her with unusual seriousness. "My dear," he said, "you are wrong. You have undertaken a piece of work and you must put it through, not only on account of your contract, but on account of your own character. I am delighted that you and your husband are going to take up again a life that made you both so happy, but you must take it up the right way. Telegraph Stephen explaining why it is you cannot come home until—"

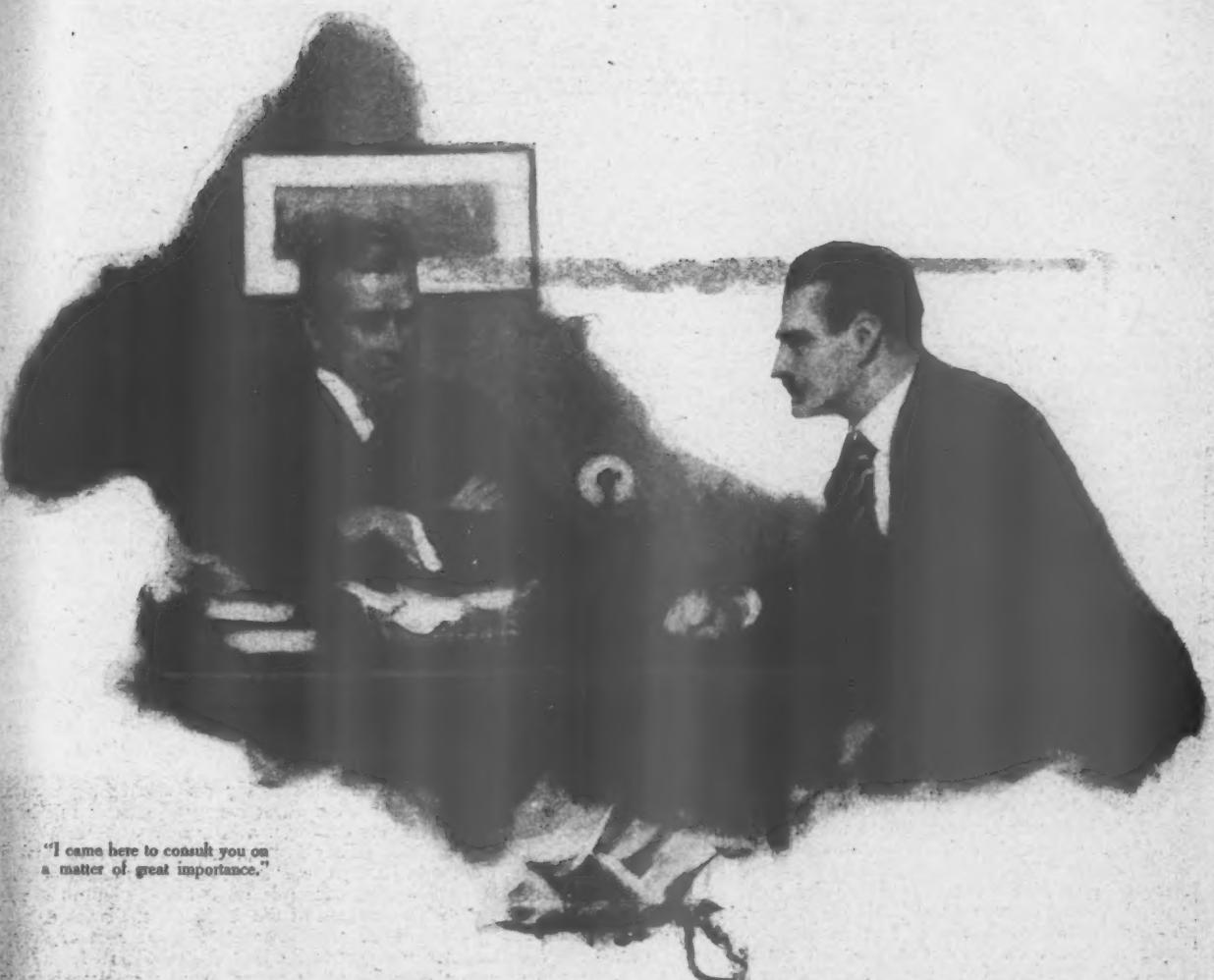
"I promised to come when he sent for me," she answered. "And do you think that I could (Continued on page 134)



"I love you so much," she said, "that I cannot accept something you give to Frieda, to Emily, to almost any woman you meet. I must have your love."

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"I came here to consult you on
a matter of great importance."

THE MEDIUM'S MINIATURE

By MRS. WILSON WOODROW

Illustrated by ROBERT W. STEWART

THE second day out from Southampton, Heywood Achison, taking his morning constitutional along the deck of the *Albertic*, encountered an acquaintance. "Hello, Danby," he said cordially, stopping and holding out his hand. "I saw your name on the passenger list and looked for you in the smoking-room last night, but in vain." "Busy," explained Danby. He turned and fell into step, and the two walked on together. "I was closeted—or cabined, I suppose you'd call it in this case—all evening with the captain." "Must be something important on?" Achison's deductions were accompanied by a swift, interested glance.

"There is," replied Danby in his colorless, drawling voice. He was a thin, gray man with about as much personality as an unobtrusive cloud on the horizon, and this prevailing impression of grayness was carried out in his clothes, his drab hair with the touches of white at the temples, his mournful and reserved expression—all of which was for his purposes as conveniently deceptive as a mouse-trap successfully camouflaged as a piece of

cheese, for he was in fact one of the keenest-witted agents of the United States Revenue Service—as Achison, his companion, was one of the most astute and probably the best known of America's criminal lawyers.

But the terms which could be used in describing the one would never adequately characterize the other. Achison not only attracted notice; he seemed to compel it. Of a more mature figure than Danby, he was tall, but with a quick, light tread and a grace of movement that many a younger man might have envied. His iron-gray hair was thrown back from his brow; his eyes were authoritative, his mouth benevolent and humorous; and some subtle emanation of individuality pronounced him a person of charm and distinction.

"I'm glad you're on board, Mr. Achison," said Danby; "you may be of help to me. Have you been in England or France?"

"Paris for the last six weeks."

"Good. Then of course you know of the theft of the Kreminoff jewels?"

Achison knitted his brows a moment before recollection came. "Oh, yes. I read something of it in the papers. A Russian prince—Kreminoff? Is that right? The jewels were mysteriously taken from his house, weren't they, and no clue left? Are you on the job?"

Danby nodded.

"It was the work of an organized gang, the police at the *Sûreté* say," he went on; "and they've got a tip from somewhere that the stuff is on board here to be smuggled into the States. It may be straight,"—he shook his head skeptically,—"but I'm far from convinced. Naturally, though, it got our people busy. I had to break off my vacation and catch this old tub on only twenty minutes' notice," he added grumbly.

ACHISON laughed at his lugubrious tone.

"Oh, cheer up," he rallied. "You may be about to make the catch of your career. At any rate, let me hope for a bit of excitement on the way over; the voyage bids fair to prove monotonous. An arrest with proper melodramatic trimmings would liven things up wonderfully."

"I'll leave that to the customs men," Danby shrugged his shoulders. "There'll be no collar on board. I'm here merely to find out who has the jewels, if it's anybody."

"And you have not so far succeeded in locating your needle in this human haystack, I gather?"

"I have not," Danby replied concisely; "but I've sifted them down." He halted, and drew the lawyer over to the rail. "Stand here with me, and watch them go by. We'll appear to be carelessly talking, and I'll pick out the likely ones for you as they come along. Everybody's on deck this fine, calm morning."

Achison lifted his heavy eyebrows.

"It's a *de luxe* mob, then? You're gunning among the first-cabin passengers?"

"Just so. I've satisfied myself that there's nothing doing below decks, either in the second cabin or steerage. There's class to this deal all the way through; undoubtedly it was engineered by some of the big fellows. See, now, if you can spot any of my suspects," Danby suggested. "I'd like to check myself up with your powers of observation and ability to read human nature."

The deck before them resounded to the thud of footfalls, the click of heels. The variegated stream flowed by in groups, in two's, in units.

Achison regarded the spectacle with jaded eyes. These were the usual passengers of the usual fast ocean liner.

"Given a certain environment," he murmured, "the types which animate it remain constant; costumes and customs may alter, people never." He yawned slightly. "Nothing distinctive yet that I can see. The same old bacon-and-eggs crowd."

"Well, here comes a touch of caviar for you." There was a faint thrill of triumph in Danby's apathetic drawl. "Joe Snaith. Know him?"

"I've heard of him, but never saw him before." Achison was nonchalantly lighting a cigarette, but no detail of the man approaching was lost upon him. "And why look further?" he asked under his breath. "A famous international crook on board; what more do you want?"

The fellow who swung by them appeared to be a well-bred, well-dressed Englishman of medium size and with a ruddy, tanned face under the visor of his cap. He might have been about thirty-five years old.

"That's the trouble. It's so obvious that it's sure to be wrong." Danby shook his head pessimistically. "Besides, he'd never try to get by with the stuff himself; he knows jolly well that everything he's got, himself included, will be systematically X-rayed before he's allowed to leave the dock. No; he may fit into the thing somewhere. Nothing I'd like better than to connect him up with it. But blamed if I can get onto the combination. I just can't see it."

"Why not?" asked Achison curiously.

"Well, in the first place, look at the layout." Danby spoke with a sort of weary patience. "Those jewels were in a safe in this Kreminoff's house in Paris, about all the poor refugee had left, I imagine, that was capable of being turned into cash. He was deep in negotiations to dispose of part of them, but the collection was so far intact. He entertained a good deal,—Lord knows how; on credit, I suppose,—and all sorts could be seen among his guests. A duchess or a dancer, a crown or a crook; he didn't care so long as they amused him and added to the luster of his parties."

"Then one day he opened the safe, and—blowie!—the jewels were gone. When it happened, he couldn't tell; he hadn't looked into it before for about a fortnight, it seems. No one else knew

the combination, and it showed not the slightest sign of having been tampered with. There were no finger-prints, no suspicion circumstances, no clues of any kind. All he could tell was that he went to his lil' old Mother Hubbard's cupboard and found it bare. One slick job all around, I call it."

"But how does all this tend to prove that Snaith had nothing to do with the affair?" inquired Achison.

"I don't say that," disclaimed Danby. "I'm only telling you that if he did do it, he's covered his tracks mighty well. He hadn't been in Paris for months, and so far as can be learned, he had no close associates among the crowd that went to Kreminoff's. He's been laying off in England, very little in London, just pottering around in the country for the most part, fishing and playing golf. He's out of my calculations, because even if he is in on it, he'd never mix up in the smuggling end of the transaction. In that case, this journey of his simply means that he is going to New York to receive and dispose of the plunder after it's been safely gotten into the country. At least, that's the way I figure it, and—"

He broke off with a muttered exclamation, and touched Achison significantly on the arm.

"Here comes some one who will bear watching. Take her in."

A woman noticeable for the grossness of her person and the brilliance of her plumage was approaching them on the arm of a young girl. Her bulk was so vast that it seemed as if the very high heels she wore must collapse under such weight. Her skin was dark, her features flat and almost indistinguishable in the expanse of her face, but her eyes were piercing and far from unintelligent. She was talking volubly in French to the young woman beside her, her conversation punctuated with wheezy bursts of laughter. A turban in all the colors of a bandana handkerchief fitted closely over her head, and she wore a long cape of glaring plaids which, as it fell apart when she walked, disclosed a bright purple skirt and an equally vivid pink blouse. A massive gold chain seemed to be embedded in the fat folds of her neck, and from it swung an old miniature in a quaint and time-stained frame.

Her companion offered a refreshing contrast in appearance. She was slender, with a trim, attractive figure gowned in black; her face was pensive, her dark eyes a little sad.

"The fat lady," said Danby in response to Achison's unspoken question after the two had passed, "is probably the most celebrated of European mediums, Madame Adelbron. She is said to be some seeress—predicted the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the exact date of the fall of Jerusalem and of the Armistice—oh, a host of things. She is making her first visit to the United States to sit for a little group of earnest-thinking scientific guys with more learning and whiskers and rubber-tired spectacles than they know what to do with. But the important point, mind you, is that she gave a séance at Kreminoff's house just two nights before the robbery was discovered."

Achison smiled broadly.

"Danby, you are insatiable; even the spooks are not free from your suspicion. As for the lady, she may be, as you say, a great medium, but she is evidently not in communication with the best dressmakers in the Great Beyond; and if she has the jewels, she must have been openly wearing all of them last night. She was laden with a ton or more of Oriental stuff; I wasn't near enough to see whether it was genuine or not."

"Junk," Danby sniffed disgustedly. "I went over it all as well as through every inch of her suite, while she and her companion were snoozing in their steamer chairs."

"What about the girl?" asked Achison.

"Nothing much." The revenue man shook his head. "A little typist, I imagine, that Madame got cheap. No criminal record. None of them have, worse luck. Not even a detention against Snaith, and yet it's pretty well agreed that he's been in most of the big deals of the last few years."

"You hearten me greatly, Danby. As I say, I was looking forward to a tedious voyage, but now there is relief in sight. I must meet both Snaith and Madame Adelbron."

Danby grinned. "Not through me. I'm more intimately acquainted with their belongings than I am with them."

"Oh, well, I shall manage it some way," said Achison easily, "even if I have to seek a message from the world beyond."

HE was not one to waste time over the accomplishment of his whims, and that evening saw him included in a little group in the smoking-room of which Snaith was a member.

One man was expressing his dissatisfaction with the time they were making.

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"Monsieur, I am here in a strange country, among
thieves; for it is the Kreminoff jewels they have."

"The boat barely crawls," he grumbled. "I'm impatient to get in. The words, 'Land in sight!' will sound like music in my ears."

"Speaking of words," Achison remarked thoughtfully, "what would you say is the most impelling phrase in the world, the one to which all hearts vibrate?"

"Have one on me," chuckled a fat man at his right.

Other guesses were: "I've just come into a fortune," "Make it a jack pot," "Dinner is served."

Achison shook his head.

"All good, but not just the right note yet."

The men paused and considered. This new game amused and interested them.

"I've got it!" cried a bald, elderly bachelor with sentimental enthusiasm: "I love you!"

"No," protested another. "It's, 'I want my mother!'"

But Achison still shook his head. "Close," he said, "all of them, but they don't quite hit the bull's-eye. Wait; it's swimming around somewhere in the back of my brain. There!" He made a little clutch at the air, closing his fingers as over some precious and fragile object, and then slowly released his invisible prize.

"Here it is, gentlemen. Now tell me if it does not stir your blood as nothing else could, and send your fancy roaming? It is: 'How would you like an adventure, with a bit of money on the side?'"

His glance roved swiftly around the group and rested for a moment on Snaith. Caught off guard, the latter had not time to repress the avid, answering gleam in his eyes.

"The prize goes to you, Mr. Achison," the fat man announced, as he caught the confirmatory nods about the circle. "We're all game, I guess; and if you know where that adventure is, just lead us to it."

"Ah!" replied Achison with a wise smile. "Who can produce an adventure at will? They are not factory-turned or trade-marked. If you try to manufacture them, you will never succeed, and if you go in search of them you will never find them. The faculty for adventure is a gift, like a talent for music or art or letters. Adventure is a sort of a sixth sense in certain natures."

Some tall tales followed this statement, each man present apparently anxious to prove that he was of the adventurous elect, and then they drifted to the card-tables, Achison declining to join them and Snaith also. Thus the two men were left alone.

Achison, seemingly rooted in his chair and absorbed in lazily watching the smoke-wreaths drifting above his head, was yet aware that Snaith was bestowing on him a covert but concentrated scrutiny.

"Do you know, your theory of a sense of adventure interests me very much," he said at last in a courteous and slightly deferential tone. "If I am not mistaken, you are one of the fortunate or unfortunate possessors of it."

Achison turned to him with delightful bonhomie, a twinkle in his eye.

"I don't believe either of us has ever had to hunt very hard for that sort of game," he countered. "They come to us, 'like Dian's kiss, unmasked, unsought.' And—er—it is a pity that the good, red-blooded word *adventurer* is invested with a stigma which makes one hesitate to apply it to a gentleman; so let me say, instead, a traveler. A traveler like yourself must have encountered scores of adventures."

"Why do you conclude that I am a traveler?" Snaith's voice was smooth, his expression agreeable, but there was a sudden reserve in his eyes.

"The stamp is indefinable, but unmistakable."

"You're right," said Snaith briefly. "I've been in most places."

"The English are a wandering race," commented Achison. "They like to behold the world so wide, for to enjoy and for to see."

Snaith nodded. "I am in a way of speaking English, but more strictly colonial. My grandfather went to Australia and made a fortune. My father doubled it, and I dissipated it." There was bitterness in his smile. "Still,"—indifferently,—"there's enough left to see me through, I fancy, and even permit me to indulge my few hobbies." He paused a moment, meditating.

"My latest one," he went on with a glimmer of a smile, "is not expensive, and it leads me into an unknown country."

"An unknown country?" repeated Achison. "Where will you find one today?"

Snaith drew a book from the depths of the leather chair in which he was sitting.

"I have become very much interested in spiritism," he said.

"Odd!" Achison moved his chair a little nearer, as if involuntarily drawn to his companion by the tie of a common bent. "It is a subject that has absorbed much of my own thought lately."

He used the word *lately* advisedly. If he had said, "during the last two minutes," the statement would have been more literally correct.

"They tell me," he went on, "that there is a celebrated medium on board, Madame Adelbron. I am very anxious to meet her. Do you know her?"

Snaith shook his head. "I'm like yourself, very eager to meet her, but haven't had the opportunity."

"Perhaps, then, I can manage it for both of us." Achison's tone was both decisive and confident. "I am going to make the opportunity."



The next day he made good his word. He effected an introduction to Madame Adelbron, established himself easily in her good graces, and generously took the first suitable occasion to present Snaith.

But even with two potential disciples who made no attempt to conceal their enthusiasm, Madame showed herself slow in undertaking their psychic education. Neither could she be induced to talk of her profession, her peculiar powers or her past achievements. This, she averred, was one of her brief and rare periods of rest, and she meant to enjoy it.

Apparently the verb *to enjoy* was, with her, an exclusive synonym for the words, *to eat*. She had the appetite of an anaconda, and the subject of food was of perpetual and engross-

ing interest. Achison, himself a gourmet, would discuss with her by the hour the proper composition of a sauce, a pâté or a salad. To do her justice, though, she had other if less dominant proclivities, and showed herself at times shrewdly conversant with the world, especially in the field of Continental politics and scandal.

Achison found her diverting enough to recompense him for the time he spent with her; and his mature worldliness, sophistication and polished address won her sincere interest.



But at the same time he was careful not to neglect Snaith. With the skill of the great actor that he was, he presented himself to that confirmed gamester with fate as a sort of intellectual juggler unweighted with superfluous scruples. The world was his oyster, and he opened it with consummate aplomb, pocketed the pearl, ate the bivalve, and sold the shells.

He was lenient, even sympathetic to all human frailties; and in the evenings when they sipped a last whisky and soda together, he told amusing and breath-taking tales of ingenious and daring ways in which he had extricated members of the brotherhood that lives by its wits from the closing trap of the law. And here too he had his reward, for he saw that he was gradually winning more and more of Snaith's reluctant confidence.

But the most carefully laid plans are subject to deflection and sometimes to defeat by circumstances trifling in themselves, and even the seeress had no ghostly intimation of the events in which they were all to participate through so inconsequential a thing as the mere breaking of the clasp of her gold chain.

The incident took place one morning when she and Achison were in conversation, seated side by side in their steamer-chairs. Under the stress of one of her mountainous shrugs, the weakened

clasp parted, and aided by her further gesticulations, the chain and miniature tobogganed gently down the billowy expanse of her chest, unnoticed by her until it reached the jumping-off place. Then with a startled imprecation she made a futile grab to catch it; but too late. It evaded her clutch, and struck with a little tinkle on the deck.

Her secretary, who had been sitting on the other side of Madame with her head bent over a piece of embroidery, rose quickly to her feet; but Achison had already reached over the arm of his low chair and retrieved the ornament.

"The clasp is broken," he said, examining it. And then his scrutiny became more concentrated.

"In luck? I'm afraid I don't know just what you mean. It strikes me that you are the one in luck."

The secretary, Marie Trevelle, had quietly resumed her seat; but although she had again taken up her work, she was watching him covertly but anxiously. Her expression was that of a mother bird who sees a cat prowling too near her nest.

Madame Adelbron alone was indifferent. "Tiens, that is soon mended," she said comfortingly. "The chain is good, but the miniature is of no value; I picked it up in a pawnshop for a few francs. It is a pretty face, but I am tired of it." She gave a pettish gesture.

Achison seemed hardly to hear her. In spite of his admirable muscular and emotional control, he could not repress a slight start as he continued to examine the necklace, and its attached miniature.

"As you say, this is quite a pretty face," he murmured. He drew a small magnifying glass from his pocket, and through it studied the portrait long and minutely. Then he turned the miniature over in his palm, holding his hand so that Marie Trevelle, watching him from under her lowered lids, could not see his rapid manipulations. But she gave a faint, quickly repressed exclamation as, his examination finished, he turned his eyes seaward, as if unwilling to let his companions see the glow of triumph in them.

"I think, Madame Adelbron, that you (Continued on page 162)

HERE is another story of life behind the gray walls of a great prison, written by a man who understands what it means.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE

By O. F. LEWIS

Illustrated by
CHASE EMERSON



One of the warden's hands gripped the telephone, the other the arm of the desk chair.

FRIDAY, the thirteenth of July, had come. On this night, at eleven, Charley Hansen, the big Swede, who had killed Joe Wilson in a gambling brawl in Athens, Cumberland County, was to go to the chair.

It would mark the end and failure of the fight on the part of the reformers to save Hansen from the death penalty. They had tried to prove, first to the court of appeals and then to the governor of the State, that this big, hulking, slow-motioned man was what is called a moron, that is, one with the brain of a man, but the mind of a child of nine.

The newspapers had kept public interest alive by carrying a great bit of matter about mental deficiency, Binet-Simon tests, and mental conditions in general. People had argued heatedly in the daily press the pros and cons of capital punishment—but finally the governor decided that Charles Hansen was sane, responsible, and must pay the extreme penalty for his crime.

And that night at eleven was the hour set.

But it also happened that that night, from eight to ten-thirty, there was to be given at Black Rock Prison, by the Honor Brotherhood, composed of inmates, and before a throng of visitors, a vaudeville and minstrel show of "home talent!" At ten-forty-five, the last member of the expected audience would have passed out through the great gates. At eleven, the execution!

The show had been worked up for weeks; over nine hundred tickets had been sold. An entertainment by Black Rock prisoners was a sure-fire sensation and people were coming from all over the State. The governor himself had been expected, until this ghastly juxtaposition of vaudeville and execution had proved inevitable. The date of the show had been set, six weeks before, with particular care that it should not be given in an execution week. Then the governor had reprieved Hansen for two weeks to give the reformers their last chance. The reprieve was up, at midnight. If the warden should postpone Hansen's going beyond that hour, he himself would be committing an offense against the sovereign law of the State.

Moreover, two performances of the show had already been given, one to the inmates on Tuesday, the first to the visiting public on Thursday, and Saturday night would witness the last performance. Only one opinion of the show was current in the prison. It was a corker. So it simply had to go on, tonight, and the governor gave no sign of a further stay in the execution. The whole thing was a totally unprecedented combination of circumstances.

CAPTAIN DONALD CAMERON, the new warden, had made at Hancock Prison a great record, in the thirteen months he had been there. Traditions of prison administration he had thrown bodily out of the great barred windows. The old penology he had scattered to the winds, with his honor system and his radical ideas of treating prisoners like men. And so, finally, there had developed in the century-old bastile at Black Rock unwonted stirrings and cravings among the gray population there. The "boys" at Black Rock wanted their chance at the new warden—wanted to try "this honor stuff," have free time in the yard late in the afternoon after shop-work and more free time on Sundays. They would cut out the rough stuff and the knifings and assaults—all the sort of thing that had made Black Rock a hell-hole among American prisons.

So the governor had gladly sent his protégé, Donald Cameron, down from Hancock to Black Rock—Don Cameron, twenty-nine years old and barely two years home from France. The slim young Captain had walked through the mess-hall on the noon of the day of his arrival, some six months ago, while a thousand men in gray sat at their long benches—line upon line of them—silent as the tomb, save for the indistinct, intangible ventriloquism that every prison officer knows.

Beside an improvised platform, at the end of the low-studded gloomy mess-hall, the young Captain stood. He shook his head at the principal keeper, who wore on his arm the seven gold stripes denoting at least thirty-five years in the prison service.

"No, thank you!" sounded Don Cameron's incisive voice. "I won't use the platform. For you see, I've come down here from Hancock to start absolutely on the level with you men!" As he faced the motionless throng, through which there now ran a curious growing murmur, he raised his voice to what seemed a command. "What I want to say first of all to every man of you is that I want to hear you say something to me! Right now. Will you be on the level with me?"

THAT had occurred a half-year ago. But now, on this last afternoon of Charley Hansen's life, Don Cameron sat in his office, behind the broad hand-carved desk, made by some dexterous prisoner of the past, tensely alert. One of the warden's hands gripped the telephone, the other the arm of the desk chair. The face of the big wall-clock ticked off the seconds, monotonously, unfeelingly; it was now twenty minutes past six. In the telephone booth of the adjoining room was the representative of the city press association, from the State capital. The warden could hear the newspaper man now, shouting over a bad wire:

"Hansen'll see his wife and child just after eight, tonight. . . . Get that? . . . Wife! Wife! . . . Yes! And he says he's ready, but would like to sing a song to the other men in the death-house just before he goes. . . . Song! Yes! . . . No, that's all! . . . No, nothing from the governor! Nothing expected!"

The late afternoon sun streamed brightly through the western windows overlooking the lake. The steamboat from Proctor's Landing, across the lake, whistled for Black Rock Landing, and the chug-chug of the paddle-wheels came faintly in. Donald Cameron knew that the skylight in the death-house was open, and he knew that Charley Hansen could hear that pleasure-boat's whistle. Vacationists were on the boat. A good many tickets had been sold at the honor camp of the prison, over near Proctorsville. The ticket-holders would be pointing out even at this minute the great stark prison, to which they were coming—and from which they could emerge, at their will—high on the hill.

Outside the window of the office, the warden's big collie was prancing back and forth in joyful play with Molly and Polly, twins of the principal keeper. A taxi rolled up from the village. Cameron saw the car stop at the gate. Out of it stepped a lad and his girl companion, the first of the evening's audience.

The voice of the governor, at the capitol, still rang in the young warden's ears. "I simply can't do it, Don! If I could for anyone, it would be for you! He's guilty as sin, and you can't tell me he isn't! It would cheer up every thug and assassin in the State if I commuted his sentence! I've had a hundred people at the capitol this week on this case. It's got to go through, Don!"

Wearily, Cameron had closed his eyes. "Governor, you haven't been with that poor fellow a couple of hours a day for the last week as I have. He's just simple, Governor! He's like a Great Dane! He could strangle a man, but he'd never hurt a baby. He talks slowly, brokenly, about his wife—keeps assuring me what a good, straight woman she is! And don't I know it, the way she has been here, and the way she's been wife and mother to him, both, these last weeks? And they talk about the little girl! I know he killed Joe Webster, but, as God lives, I've come to the conclusion there's something behind all this that hasn't been told! You can't sit by a man like that, and see his eyes boring through you, and know what he's thinking as each hour and minute go by, and not—not—good God, Governor, our job in this State is to *save* that man, not to *kill* him!"

But even this final plea to the governor failed. Almost as an old man the young warden rose from his chair. His telephone rang. He answered. "All right, Harrison!" he said. "Tell him I'll be right down!"

To the gray-clad butler in his deserted dining-room (for his

sister, who ordinarily "kept house" for him, had gone to the capital over this terrible night, at Don's absolute orders), the warden said that Charley Hansen had sent for him, and that he'd be back in about fifteen minutes.

For nearly a century, at this time in the evening, before the coming of Warden Cameron, the prisoners had been cooped up in their mercilessly cramped and clammy cells, shut off from free movement, and from the wonderful view of lake and mountains. But tonight they clustered thickly in the prison yard. The warden walked thoughtfully along the flagging, worn by tens of thousands of feet in their daily marches to the shops, to the mess-hall, and back to the cells. Above him, in the gentle evening breeze, fluttered the banners of the Honor Brotherhood, blue monogram on a white field, and beneath it the legend: "To Err Is Human!"

They searched the warden's face—those eyes of the prisoners. They knew what was slated for eleven o'clock. Hardly a man in the prison population had ever seen Charley Hansen; still, they wanted the commutation for him—wanted it dumbly. They saw no cheer in the warden's sober face.

"I'm sorry, Charley," said Don Cameron, as he stood outside the big Swede's cell in the death-house. The hulking giant had risen from the table, at which he had been slowly tracing words with a pencil and paper. The condemned man's face remained



"I'm sorry, Charley," said Don Cameron, as he stood outside the big Swede's cell.

impassive. Only his eyes spoke, and his fingers, which curled tightly into his palms.

The warden whispered to the man before him. "Charley, in the presence of God, before whom you are soon to stand, why do you kill Joe? You see, the governor hasn't any chance to do anything else, and he says—"

Deliberately, Charley Hansen shook his head. "Warden, you good man! Fine man! You best friend feller could have in



With mother and child stood a lank, bent farmer, his once black suit spotted here and there with dust and grease.

here! I don't have not a bit of hate of you, Warden! I go quiet, honest, Warden. You see, when time come! You let my wife and baby in tonight, when, Warden?"

"At eight, Charley."

"And the—that other, what time, Warden, about?"

"Eleven, Charley." The man handed a sheet of paper to the warden through the bars. On the sheet was scrawled: "The warden to give my body to my uncle Fred. —Charles Hansen, Friday, July 13."

The awkward, fair-haired giant, with the high cheekbones and the heavy neck, smiled for an instant a fugitive smile. "You dam' good man, Warden!"

IT was eight o'clock. The warden sat at his desk, watching through the window the motorcars dash up the prison gate with their pleasure-seeking passengers. Gray-garbed men, inside the big steel entrance gates, sold tickets for the all-convict entertainment. Crowding into the notorious prison came the greedily expectant crowd, many entering prison walls for the first time, marveling that these silent men in gray should look so much like other men!

The warden's dinner had been an ordeal. The prison doctor had unexpectedly appeared, with three colleagues invited officially to the ceremonies at eleven. Don Cameron had faced death with relative equanimity on the Western Front, but tonight it was anything but war, save the warfare of society upon the criminal who had taken life.

And now, to the warden seated again at his desk, came a young man, brisk, business-like, with a letter from the governor's office. He was to be permitted to perform, in the interests of humanity and the company which he represented, a highly original experiment—tonight, at eleven. The little meter-like instrument, in the box under his arm, would, when attached to the wires in the chamber of death, register the resistance of the human body to high voltage currents. Only a minute's adjustment! With a stop watch! There followed a confusion of phrases about watts and amperes, volts, fractions, percentages, diminution of accidents to linemen in the future. Finally, with what politeness he could muster, Don Cameron brushed the young man aside. Charley Hansen was becoming, with the galloping minutes, the subject of medical exploration, a bag of sand or meal, a thing! The electrician decided meantime to go down to the vaudeville.

Two hours and three quarters now! The death-house rang the warden's office. "Hansen wants to know," said the death-watch, "if his wife and baby have come." The door of the office opened. "They're here now," said the principal keeper to the warden, softly. "Bring them in. Get them, for Heaven's sake, out of that crowd outside!" exclaimed the warden harshly.

Into the room came a tall, sturdy, fair-haired young woman, neatly dressed in cheap blue serge. Clutching her left hand was a child of perhaps four years. A fluffy little hat half hid the little girl's face. Tiny white shoes, white socks that left the knees bare, the golden hair, almost brilliant in its luster—all became ineffaceably printed on the warden's heart. Bewildered, on the verge of sobs, half terrorized by all the strangeness, the child stood, eyes roaming from the official blue garb of the principal keeper to the drawn face of the young warden.

With mother and child stood a lank, bent farmer, his sparse gray whiskers unkempt, his once black suit faded, spotted here and there with dust and grease. He was Uncle Fred. He patted the woman's arm, repeating: "Now, now!"

Fixing the warden with her gaze, she held the child closer to her side. "You—you have a show—a lot of fun—crowds of people here—tonight!" Donald Cameron stepped from behind the desk to the woman's side. In a voice struggling to be calmly gentle, he sought to explain. The woman only shook her head, and shrank from him.

"Come this way, across the lawn, and down to the side door. We'll avoid all the others, then."

The woman passed the little girl's hand to her uncle. She drew the warden aside. "May I be—be alone with Charley, just a few minutes? And can he—he kiss the baby?"

CAMERON looked fixedly at the woman. "You know the rules? I've told you that it's not allowed. And yet I'm going to break the rule. Listen! Give me your word that you have no poison, no drug, no knife, no weapon or instrument of any sort to pass to him? That in absolutely no way you will help him do away with himself? And that your little baby there—that she—"

Convulsively the woman caught his arm with both her hands.

"God bless you forever! But—I may show him a letter, can I?" The warden nodded, and let them out upon the lawn.

Late-comers to the show, going down into the prison, passed a broken, sobbing woman, clutching desperately her child's head to her side, and supported by the warden's arm. Out into the night they went, the woman, child and uncle. A churning taxi-cab sputtered, and was gone.

The warden, biting now at an unlighted cigar, passed into his office. Behind him flocked the growing group of reporters. What had Hansen said to his wife? What was the child's first name? Couldn't the warden give them some new stuff, that would make a feature for the morning editions? Had he "come across" with any new reason for the crime? Forcing a wan smile, the warden waved them away. They gathered in the outer office. It was nine o'clock.

"This warden is a corker with the boys, but he sure takes it a lot harder than old Freeman used to!" volunteered the dean of the reporters. "Why, back in 1907, I remember the morning they put five men through—that car-barn gang, you remember, Schmidt, Higgins, Mike Hennessy, another fellow and that Italian, what's his name. I'll say that old Freeman didn't do a thing but—"

The younger reporters moved closer. In the outer office the telephone switchboard buzzed occasionally, and forthwith all conversation stopped. As the blue-garbed officer seated himself at the board, and plugged in, the reporters knew it still wasn't too late to get a message through from the governor! Some of the reporters hardly dared ask themselves whether they wanted a message to come through or not. The story—this vaudeville, the execution afterward—sort of thing everyone would read—front-page stuff.

FIFTEEN minutes to eleven! Lights were burning brightly in the warden's house. In the broad reception-rooms that a kindly State had built, to recompense wardens in some degree for the requirement that they should live at the prison, the flowers from the prison conservatory nodded fresh and sweet in their vases. Through the great open windows the night breezes wafted on, blowing the curtains gently.

The prison doctor paced nervously up and down, puffing at a long black cigar, speaking to no one. Tonight would be his fifty-seventh! It was becoming unendurable, this part of his job! Each time it "got him" more and more. The three visiting physicians debated, under their breaths, with the man from the electrical company. A group of reporters smoked cigarettes nervously in one corner, chatting volubly, as though to destroy the silence. One elderly man was reading, or pretending to read, the evening paper. Several other men, inconspicuously, names not known or cared about, thrown together without any cause but the impending killing of a man, spoke intermittently to each other, fumbled their watch chains, glanced unseeing at watches.

The warden suddenly appeared in the doorway. Conversation stopped abruptly. "Gentlemen, please come into the office, across the hall!"

There they met as many more men, a group that almost filled the room. Behind his desk, the warden opened his watch.

"In exactly ten minutes, gentlemen, we shall leave this office. In conformity with custom, you are requested not to speak to anyone after you leave this room. Go, two by two, and do not walk upon the concrete, but across the lawn. Take the seats that are allotted to you, and above all, make no demonstration of any kind." He bowed. "We go in ten minutes," he added.

At that instant the door of the outer office opened and into the room came a tall, spare, long-faced man, with a great gray mass of hair rising from his high forehead. He paused across the threshold. For an instant no one spoke; then Donald Cameron hastened from behind the desk and stretched forth his hand.

"Governor!"

A newspaper man, nearest the sound-proof telephone booth in the warden's office, slipped into it, and jiggled the hook. The governor of the State attending an execution! Never before in the memory of man! A front-page story! Excited whispers traveled about the room. The governor drew the warden into the outer office, and the connecting door was closed. The witnesses, the physicians, the newspaper men waited.

Why had the chief executive of the State come at this last instant to the prison? Was there new evidence, or a last-minute reprieve? Again the door opened, and the governor and the young warden re-entered the room. Silently, heads craned forward, while the tick-tick-tick of the clock brought the pointing hands to two minutes before the hour of eleven, the thirty men within the room hung upon the governor's words. (*Continued on page 136*)

THE BLUE MOON

By

GEORGE WESTON

Illustrated by
EDWARD RYAN



"Do things ever happen to people in real life?" she asked, "like you read about?" "Oh, I guess so," he sighed, "about once in a blue moon."

SHE had always been a quiet, dreamy-eyed girl; yet if you could have followed some of the fancies that floated around just back of her innocent-looking forehead, you might have acknowledged the dreaminess of her eyes without further question, but never in all this world would you have thought of calling her "quiet" again.

This may have been due to the same principle which makes boys pretend that they are pirates; but before we go any further into the question of the dreadful dreams which are sometimes entertained by the gentlest of girls, you are going to hear a few short facts about the life of Emily Faber—she who was the quiet, dreamy-eyed girl aforesaid, she who is the heroine of this story.

Emily, then, was born in one of those sleepy little villages which besprinkle the map like stars on the Milky Way. The Fabers lived on a farm in the outskirts—a place known as Pudden Hill, and the first twelve years of Emily's life can best be described by telling you the most exciting thing that happened to her in all that time.

One day she was in the barn watching her father milk, when the cat came in with a chipmunk and began to play with it. At last the chipmunk got away, ran up a cow's leg and then along the cow's back, and finally jumped over on the stanchions. As soon as it could believe its startled eyes, the cat also ran up the cow's leg and along the cow's back, and caught the chipmunk just as it got to the end of the stanchions.

And that was the most exciting thing that happened in Emily Faber's life until she reached her teens.

Quite a few years before this, however, she had begun to read—that is to say, she had begun to dream; and so she grew, the quietest, dreamiest-eyed girl in all Washington County. Because she liked to read so much, her father finally decided that she should be a school-teacher. A few years before she taught her first class, a moving-picture palace set up in the village, and Emily and her father were two of its most regular patrons. (In his youth, Emily's father had been a dreamer on his own account—but once, in a practical moment, he had met the future Mrs. Faber, and that had ended that.)

"Say, Pop," said Emily one night.

"Huh?" said he.

They were going home from a movie in which a farmer had struck oil and had moved his family into a mansion which made

the palaces of Arabian Nights look silly. That was only a starter for the picture, but it will give you some slight idea.

"Do things ever happen to people in real life?" she asked, "like you read about—or see in the movies?"

"Oh, I guess so," he sighed in a wistful voice, "—about once in a blue moon."

The phrase stuck in Emily's mind, and for some time after that she watched the moon, even though she smiled at herself for doing so.

But it was never blue.

Meanwhile she went on reading, and dreaming; and presently she started teaching school. And that wasn't all. Before hours, and after hours, and especially during vacations, she helped her mother—washing an endless chain of dishes, doing the ironing, taking her place over the hot stove. She kept this up for more years than I care to tell, and partly because she made her own dresses and wasn't fond enough of sewing to bother with tucks and frilly effects, she began to look like a little old maid—long before her time.

This, however, was only on the surface.

If you had studied her, as all girls should be studied, from the point of her chin to the line where the bangs used to fringe, you would have seen that Miss Emily Faber had gradually grown to be the personification of her own private dreams—demure but dynamic, Captainess Kidd on a cryptic cruise, Miss Don Juan in a green foulard that didn't fit her any too well.

"I'll get my chance some day," she often told herself, "and when I do!" And then she would half smile, half sigh. "Once in a blue moon! I wonder if Pop was right."

AND she did get her chance, too, as all of us do sooner or later. One Sunday night she was going home when she came to a sharp turn on the State road where two cars had run into each other earlier in the evening. The machines had been towed away when Emily reached the spot, but a few neighbors still remained to tell her the details.

"One was a car from New York with wheels like big yellow pie-plates," she heard. "There was an old lady in it who was shook up pretty badly, and Doctor Chase took her off in his own machine."

As Emily walked away, the moonlight flashed on something that was lying by the side of the road. With that curiosity which has



She was cold to him then—or at least she was very quiet. And Vincent began to tell her a somewhat longer story.

always been so fatal to the human race, Emily stooped and picked up a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles—the tinted glass variety which motor passengers sometimes wear to protect their eyes from the sun.

"I wonder if they'll fit me," she asked herself.

Yes. They spanned her nose as though they had been made to order, and a hush fell upon her spirit. Through the tinted glass the moonlit world had suddenly taken upon itself a magical, unreal look—as though enchanted with romance and waiting only for a prince to come with a star upon his brow.

"Beautiful!" thought Emily. "Like the willow pattern—only it's the world instead of a plate—a sort of soft, blue tint on everything."

This reminded her of something else; and still under the spell of the scene, she slowly turned and looked at the moon through those tortoise-shell rims.

Quietly, steadily, almost sadly, the moon looked back at her. It was unmistakably blue. . . .

When Emily examined the spectacles next morning, she saw that they were more valuable than she had thought the night before. The metal-work was gold.

"Perhaps they belong to the old lady who went to Dr. Chase's," she uneasily told herself. "If they do, I ought to return them."

But Mrs. Bryce, the little old lady at Dr. Chase's, had never seen them before.

"Some one in the other car, perhaps," she said, returning them to Emily and gently smiling in spite of her bandages. "But it was very nice of you to bring them, just the same."

She was indeed a gentle old lady. Emily learned that she had started the tour against her own judgment. "I have sent the others on," she concluded, "and as soon as I am ready to travel again, I shall return to New York by train."

They chatted together for a few minutes, and then something happened which brought a blush to Emily's cheeks and warmth to her heart. She received her first compliment.

"My dear, do you know that you have a very beautiful voice?" asked the little old lady; and watching Emily's color with gentle approval, she continued: "I wonder if you would care to come and read to me a little—in the afternoons?"

Before the week was over they were as thick as thieves; and Mrs. Bryce almost seemed to have renewed her youth at such immortal fountains as "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*" and "Betsy and I Are Out." The more she saw of Emily, the more she liked her; and when she was finally ready to travel again and Dr. Chase recommended that a nurse should accompany her on the forty-hour journey to New York, it didn't take Mrs. Bryce long to think of the quiet, dreamy-eyed girl whose voice and manner pleased her so well.

"I would love you to go with me," she said to Emily: "and perhaps it would be a chance for you as well."

"You mean to go to New York?" asked Emily, all in a breathless moment.

"To New York—yes."

So near to her dreams had the Blue Moon brought her! The next morning she bought a marked-down dress for the journey.

"The very thing," the clerk assured her, "the latest New York

shade—burnt onion; and see these two big traveling pockets? Everybody's wearing them now!"

And when Emily had packed her bag a few days later, including a white starched dress for evening wear, she put the blue spectacles in a candy box, together with her other most cherished possessions—a string of gold beads which she had received in exchange for three hundred and seventy-five soup-can labels, her high-school pin with its purple motto *Trials, then Triumphs*, a friendship bracelet that jingled like a horse's harness, and a brooch of mother-of-pearl that had been carved into the form of an oak leaf and bore the name *Emily* in gold wire.

"There!" she said, fastening her bag and looking at herself in the mirror. "I always knew it would come—some day." On second thoughts she opened her bag and took out her class pin.

"*Trials, then Triumphs*," she thought as she fastened it onto the waist of the Burnt Onion. "That's me."

AND yet, in spite of its auspicious start, Emily's journey to New York wasn't exactly the success which she had so fondly imagined it would be.

And what had she imagined?

It would be hard to tell you, although perhaps romantic and panoramic adventure would best describe it—thrills of the heart strung along a golden chain of scenic splendors, a magnificent mountain and a roguishly respectful man, an amethyst lake and a blue-eyed boy who stammered when she spoke to him and said the most comical things in his embarrassed admiration!

As a matter of fact, in all the forty hours of her journey there was not one really romantic moment. Swagger young men swanked up the aisle of the parlor car and passed her chair without a second glance. Intellectual-looking men balanced themselves past her and gave her that careless glance which botanists might bestow upon a buttercup. Stout, successful-looking men waddled past her and seemed chiefly concerned lest the motion of the train might throw them into her lap.

A captain of artillery went past her once and looked as though he didn't care whether he ever made the world safe for Emily or not. And just behind him walked a minister who didn't seem to care whether she were ever blessed or not.

"Never mind," Emily tried to console herself. "Things will be different—in New York."

But a flush that might have been born of disappointment began to mar the quiet beauty of her cheeks; and as they drew near their journey's end, she pulled her ugly little hat down over her forehead, smoothed some of the wrinkles out of the Burnt Onion, and stared straight ahead, her heart heavy with those nameless fears which only the lonely sisters of the world can know.

"Tired, dear?" asked the gentle old lady in the next seat.

"A little bit," nodded Emily, uncertainly smiling. "I think my head wants to ache."

"Eye-strain, probably. Perhaps if you closed your eyes—"

But Emily thought of something else. She had noticed another woman in the car with colored glasses, and now, opening her bag, she drew out the blue spectacles and watched the sunset through them. The softly shaded tints gave her a feeling of comfort. And there she sat, a prim, school-teacherly little thing, dreaming her dreams and vaguely waiting for the moon to rise.

They came to the west bank of the Hudson, and as they rolled on down to the city below, a white-clad waiter made his way up the aisle.

"Last—call for dinner. Last call for dinner!"

Mrs. Bryce turned to Emily.

"We shall reach New York about seven," she said, "and my nephew will meet us with the car. Would you rather dine now, or would you rather wait and have your dinner in the city?"

It didn't take Emily more than a moment to make up her mind.

"I'd rather wait," she said, "and have my dinner in the city."

Looking out over the river half an hour later, she caught sight of the moon in the darkening sky.

"It's blue again!" she breathed.

At the Grand Central Station the same soft tints colored everything—a dream-world, for all its activity. A porter was waiting as they stepped to the platform, and Emily pointed out their suitcases to him. At the gate they were met by an aggressive young man in a cap.

"This is my nephew Perry," said Mrs. Bryce in her gently smiling manner. "Mr. Bronson—Miss Faber."

The aggressive young man turned to Emily with that hope which may be said to spring eternal in the human breast—the young male human breast, that is.

Seen through the tortoise-shell spectacles, both his face and his smile looked curiously blue!

IT was a sumptuous car, and took them to a sumptuous apartment in the east Sixties—the aggressive Perry maintaining a silence of the purest twenty-four carat gold.

Poor Emily!

When the train had stopped at New York, her heart had soared like an eager little car on a scenic railway; but as Perry's silence became more and more marked, her heart went down one of those dreadful swoops that seem to have no end.

Never in her most dispirited moods had she imagined a thing like this. Indeed, in Emily's dreams, the men always said the happiest, sprightliest things; and here the first one she ever met never spoke but once all the way from Forty-second to Sixty-third Street, and then all he said was at—at Fifty-fourth: "I do hate this cop!"

"You think you can dress for dinner in half an hour?" asked Mrs. Bryce after she had conducted Emily to a bedroom that looked too pretty to be real.

"I—I think so," said Emily, and again hope began to rise in her heart. It rose slowly, though, as if slightly groggy; and just before it lifted its head from the mat, you might have fancied it saying: "I'm going to rise once more, Emily, but please be careful, because it's the very last time!"

"Perhaps men are that way just before dinner," she tried to tell herself. "I know that Pop is often very quiet just before he eats." Whereupon, moving more briskly, she lifted her suitcase upon one of the chairs and raised the lid.

If you had been in that pretty bedroom then, you would have become conscious of a sudden silence falling—and after that, of an equally sudden gasp.

"Oh!" gasped Emily. "Some one must have changed them!"

She meant, of course, that some one must have changed the suitcases, for certainly these beautiful things that seemed to leap out and foam over the chair as soon as the lid was opened had never seen the light of day at Pudden Hill.

"Silk!" gasped Emily, and again, "Silk," and once more, "Silk—even those!"

The sheerest gossamer, too.

She lifted out a frock, so delicate that it might have been drawn through an empty wedding-ring—so alluring that it might have drawn a wedding-ring upon an empty finger. Beneath that was another dress lovelier than the first, and beneath that was still another, the pride of them all—a dress that might have reminded you of moonlight on a rose-banked lake with the Lieberwälzer played by violins and harps coming faintly over silvery ripples.

"Oh, what shall I do!" whispered Emily to herself. "Now I've lost my bag, I've nothing to wear but my Burnt Onion!"

Appalled at the prospect, she feverishly turned out the contents of the substituted suitcase—looking for some card or addressed envelope that might lead to a quick recovery. Instead of discovering a clue, however, she only found fresh cause for a feeling of astonishment that was beginning to be tinged with envy: silk stockings and satin shoes that matched the dresses, a beaded bag that was fit to carry the keys of any kingdom, a morocco jewel-case stuffed with rings and bracelets and a magnificent necklace of pearls.

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?" whispered Emily again, and this time there were almost tears in her voice. "Shall I have to wear my old dress again tonight?"

She had already slipped out of the Burnt Onion, and now as she looked at it—the color of muddy coffee with its two great "traveling pockets," creased and careworn from its long bituminous journey, contrast made it look homelier than it really was, as graceless as though it had been made by a tinsmith and humorously hammered together in a blacksmith's shop.

"I never knew before that it looked like that," thought Emily, her eyes opening in more senses than one. "I always thought that as long as a dress was neat and clean—Perhaps that's why nobody ever notices me—on a train or anywhere. Other girls have things like these to draw men's eyes."

"Things like these" included the shimmering contents of the suitcase on the chair.

"Though how I ever made a mistake like that!"

That time, of course, she was referring to the mistake of bringing the wrong baggage.

"I know!" she suddenly told herself. "I was wearing the blue spectacles. They make everything look different, just the same as they make the moon look blue."



Every time they came around, she stole a glance at the stranger at the next table. He was always watching for her now.

But again—what should she do? She was to start back home the next day. Were all her dreams to fall to the ground like this? Must she spend her one night in New York in a travel-stained dress—or possibly in her bedroom, sitting in a long, stiff petticoat, and pleading a headache to excuse her appearance before the family? "I know!" she said to herself at last. "I'll ask Mrs. Bryce about it. Perhaps she'll know what to do."

She opened the door of her room and was about to step out, when she heard subdued voices down the hall. Evidently Mrs. Bryce and Master Perry were having an argument.

"Yes, Aunty, dear," he was saying, "a nice girl—I'll grant you that—but absolutely impossible just the same. Surely you can't expect me to take her anywhere, where I might meet anybody!"

Mrs. Bryce's reply was only a murmur.

"Well," said Perry in grudging tones, "I'll take her to some quiet little restaurant, then, where nobody'll mind whether her shoes squeak or not."

Emily stepped back into her room with a look that didn't bode any too well for Perry Bronson.

"And anyhow," she thought, trying to excuse herself for doing a thing which was simply inexcusable, "the other girl must have taken my clothes first, because this was the only square bag that was left on the platform; and I've got to dress, somehow—and it isn't as though I would hurt them, or meant to keep them!"

There was quite a lot of this, but in the end she tried on the prettiest dress of them all—just to see if it would fit. . . .

Ten minutes later Mrs. Bryce tapped on her door.

"Are you ready, dear?" she asked.

With eyes and cheeks aglow from the adventure, Emily stepped out into the hall; and Perry, deploying in the distance, caught it right between the eyes.

"All right, Aunty!" he exclaimed. "I'll telephone for a taxi and a table, after all!"

HE took her to a cabaret,—the name of which had even climbed to the heights of Pudding Hill,—and Emily had hardly stepped through its portal before she felt that she was walking right straight through into the land of her wonderful dreams.

The lights, the buzz of conversation, the laughter—the spacious atmosphere—they were all there. Cavaliers in evening-dress were there too—and so were Beauty's gleaming shoulders. Waiters slithered around with the solemnity of those who assist at high ceremonial drama. The head waiter himself, with the face and bearing of a tired Adonis, led Perry and Emily to a table near the open floor and pocketed his tip with the skill of a conjurer.

"Madame likes this table?" he asked as he held Emily's chair.

"Madame" smiled and nodded—as though to the manor born.

"At last!" she sighed to herself in content, and hanging her bag on the back of her chair, she gave herself up to the scene.

And it all looked good to Emily Faber—seen through eyes that were hungry for beauty and life, and refused to look for seams in the fabric. She loved the subdued colored lights which had the effect of making everything look romantic. She loved the hum of animation, the elusive scent of cigarette-smoke and talcum, the flights of the waiters, the music—even the girl who came around with her tray, calling out: "Seegaws! See-grets!" In the girl's voice Emily thought she caught a saddened but aristocratic inflection.

"Perhaps she was rich once," thought Emily. "Perhaps she used to eat here herself—"

At her elbow was an empty table, with a sign on it: *Reserved.*

"I wonder who's coming there!" she thought.

Even the food had its note of interest.

The first course was an appetizer—a slice of toast in the shape of a heart, and on this heart a design of fish-paste and formed like a basket of flowers. Emily lifted her eyes to Perry, to see how he was eating his,—whether with spoon, fork or the friendly hand,—and caught such a look of admiration on her escort's face that for the moment she quite forgot her basket of floral fish.

And indeed, if you had been there, you wouldn't have greatly blamed Master Perry. For the first time in her life Emily's beauty had the setting which it deserved; and although she didn't know it, the fact that this was her first great adventure made her dangerous to mankind. It may be that in her ability to thrill with pleasure at the scene around her she set invisible chords vibrating—vibrations strong enough to reach those who watched her and start them thrilling too.

"Do you know that you are the prettiest, sweetest girl I ever took out to dinner?" Perry suddenly asked her.

Emily smiled at her plate. If you had been there, you have thought that she was smiling with pleasure; but in reality she was thinking of Perry's impassioned speech earlier in the evening: "Absolutely impossible. Surely you don't expect to take her where I might meet anybody." Emily bit a fish in two, but kept on smiling.

"'Absolutely impossible!'" she thought. "I'll show him!"

Again she caught the admiration in his eye, and a moment later, although the dinner was hardly started, he drew a case of cigarettes from his pocket and lighted one, a feeling swept over Emily that wasn't far from intoxication. That one gorgeous girl of which she had always dreamed—she had never dared to let it come so true.

The soup came on, a salver of grated cheese by the side. Through its aroma, Emily caught sight of a woman smoking a cigarette at the next table.

"That's something I've always wanted to do—just one thought Emily, her heart quickening, "—smoke a cigarette, put my elbows on the table, and pretend that I was used to it."

But a few minutes later when Perry pushed his cigarette-toward her, she pretended not to notice, and he didn't push again.

"How quickly some of them drink their tea!" she said, eyes on another table.

"Tea?" he asked, following her glance. "Not much tea there. That's the way they serve cocktails nowadays—in tea cups."

"That's another thing I've always wanted to do," thought Emily, "—drink a cocktail as though I liked it, and say: 'Ah-hi!'

But when, after a mysterious talk with the waiter, Perry said, "Would you like something to drink?" Emily quickly reddened and as quickly shook her head.

"I guess you have to be with some one whom you like awful well," she said, "to do things like that."

Slowly, surely, then, the greatest dream of all arose to her mind, and it would probably have surprised a number of New York gentlemen that night if they had known that a girl from Pudding Hill was engaged in the immemorial pastime of "looking them over"—as though they had been so many diamonds in a jeweler's window, or so many cabbages, say, on a market stand.

"He's too stout," thought Emily. She turned to the next. "He's got a funny-shaped head." She turned to the next. "I don't like the way he looks at her." And so on until she had exhausted all the possibilities!

"He isn't here, I guess," she sighed; and *nota bene*, if you please, she had never once even considered Master Perry across the table. "Oh, well," she thought, "perhaps it's as well that he isn't. He would only be with some other girl, and I wouldn't like that."

It was just at this moment that she caught sight of a slight commotion near the entrance, and a young man quickly threaded his way among the diners as though in search of a table. He was tall, young, masterful—the kind of young man who already looks as though he is some one important—and is going to be some one a great deal more important before many more years have rolled by.

"Oh, I like him!" breathed Emily to herself with an eager catch of her breath.

Evidently the young man had caught sight of the table at her elbow, and with a few more strides he had seated himself there. He breathed quickly (she noticed) as though he had hurried far, and if the idea weren't too absurd for a moment, thought, you might have fancied that the Blue Moon had lifted this young man from wherever he had been, and had brought him as though on the crest of a tide, to the shining shore of Emily's dreams.

THE head waiter came forward—no longer weary, no longer Adonis-like, but more with the urgent air of a business man who perceives that his precious wares are going for nothing.

"Pardon; this table is reserved."

It happened so quickly then that Emily could hardly follow it; but the newcomer gave the head waiter a tip and dismissed him—all with one brusque motion of his hand. Not a word was spoken; not a glance was deigned—just that one wave of the hand, at once pecuniary and valedictory, and the thing was done.

Emily admired the technique of this. "Born to command," she thought.

(Continued on page 176)

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A VERY wise man once said that behind most human achievements, however spectacular or material they may be, there is usually a fairy tale. One is inclined to agree after reading this.

A DAUGHTER OF THE RICH

By LUCIAN CARY

Illustrated by
CHARLES D. MITCHELL

ONCE every six months or so you read in the morning paper that Miss Fifi or Vivian or Gladys, aged seventeen, has eloped with her riding master or the head gardener's son or a freshman from Yale. Her incredibly wealthy family have told reporters that they have nothing to say, but somehow or other, it has been learned that the girl has been guarded this year past to prevent her from doing precisely this thing, and the family's attempt to conceal the facts only reveals to the whole world how terribly upset they are. You read this story with avidity. You are not altogether sorry to discover that a family with a great fortune and a great name is unhappy. You are rather glad that you haven't a daughter like that. You think that Fifi or Vivian or Gladys is a little fool. Don't you? I do. Well, this story is about a girl like that, only her name happened to be Mary. The man with whom she was infatuated was not a freshman at Yale but the most brilliant young surgeon America has so far produced. But he was, just the same, a nobody from nowhere, a farm boy from Iowa, and her family could hardly have objected more violently if he had been a servant in the house. There are such people. . . .

Mary Wilkinson drove slowly along East Eighty-first Street, east of Avenue A, east of respectability, looking for a number. She found it, locked her car and entered the shabby hallway of a tenement. There were thirty-six bells, some of them with names and some of them without. She did not find the name she wanted. She had to ring for the janitor. The janitor did not answer. The problem was one she had never faced before. She was a slim, blonde girl, small-boned, small-featured—the sort of girl who has never done anything for herself. She turned and walked irresolutely back to the stoop. Her car was still there. She had a notion that the neighborhood was not one to trust with a brand new Francia roadster. She was so ignorant of the business of

stealing automobiles that she did not know that no member of the profession, even a beginner, would touch a car that was the only one of its kind in America.

After five minutes Mary Wilkinson rang the janitor's bell a second time. Still there was no answer. She chose a bell at random and, putting her ear against the speaking tube, listened.

"Hello!" came down the tube in an angry voice.

"Hello," said Mary Wilkinson. "Do you know where Mr. Martin lives?"

"No," roared the voice.

Mary Wilkinson chose another bell; made the same inquiry; got the same answer. She chose a second, a third, a fourth bell. She rang all thirty-six bells. From some she got no answer; from others she got insults. But she did not find Mr. Martin. When she turned again to the stoop, there were tears of vexation in her eyes; she was not used, you see, to difficulties.

A young man, a tall, thin, stooped young man, in a shabby overcoat and a badly chosen derby came up the steps.

"Could you tell me if Mr. Martin lives here?"

The young man paused but did not lift his hat.

"Yes," he said. "I can."

"Does he?"

"Yes," said the young man.

"I want so much to find him."

"I am Dr. Martin." He put a slight emphasis on the "Doctor."

"I beg your pardon. I forgot that you were a doctor."

"Most people have not forgotten it," the young man said quizzically. "They have never discovered it."

He looked Mary up and down.

"What do you want?"

"I want to consult you," she said. "I am Mary Wilkinson." The young man gave her a sharp glance.

"Very well," he said impatiently. "My apartment is five flights up. Come along."

Mary followed the young man up five flights of iron stairway. She waited while he found his key. Silently they entered the dim little flat. With a nod he indicated a decrepit morris chair. Mary sat down. He threw his coat and hat on the hospital cot in the other room; sat down at his desk, lit the gas lamp and, turning it so that the light shone on her face, said:

"Shoot."

"I came about Richard," she said. She paused. The young man continued to stare at her. He gave not the slightest sign of sympathy. He might have been a prosecuting attorney.

"I love Richard," said Mary Wilkinson.

"What of it?"

"I want to do anything I can to help him," she said.

"What makes you think you *can* do anything?" asked Dr. Martin.

"I think I understand him," she said.

"Indeed," said the young man ironically.

"Yes," said Mary Wilkinson firmly.

"It hasn't occurred to you," said Dr. Martin, "that you and your family have ruined him."

"Yes," said Mary Wilkinson, "it *has* occurred to me." She looked into young Doctor Martin's hostile eyes.

He exploded suddenly.

"Hasn't it occurred to you that the best thing you can do is to let him alone? To give him a chance to forget you?"

"No," said Mary, "naturally, that would not occur to me."

Doctor Martin picked up a pencil and a sheet of paper. He drew a square, a triangle, a rough circle, frowning as if he were thinking hard. He looked up at her suddenly.

"Listen," he said. "A young man, a boy born on a farm, without backing, without friends, becomes in a few years the cleverest operating surgeon in New York City. His clinic is

like a theater. The ablest surgeons in the city gather there to see him operate. He is a genius of surgery with a great career ahead of him. He falls in love with a daughter of the very rich."

"And she with him," said Mary Wilkinson.

"Oh, I have no doubt you were as infatuated with him as he was with you. Certainly, I'll grant it for the sake of the argument. He falls in love, I was saying, with a daughter of the very rich, a girl of twenty, a débutante. Her family insults him; villifies him; persecutes him. The newspapers carry the story—this story—for days. It does something to him. Nobody knows what. He comes into the operating room one morning; approaches the table; stops short. 'Gentlemen,' he says, 'I cannot operate. I am going to ask to be excused.' He has never operated since. He has ceased to be a surgeon. He became an automobile salesman. He who had a talent for surgery such as comes only once in a generation, once in a hundred years, sells automobiles. And now he has failed at that. He is afraid to drive a car. He has lost his nerve. He is a wreck."

"You think I am responsible," said Mary Wilkinson.

"If you heard the story I have just told, wouldn't you say that the girl had *something* to do with it?"

"Yes," said Mary Wilkinson, "I would. I do. I think what my family did would have injured any man. I think it went a long way toward ruining Richard, but I do not think it is the whole secret. I feel it isn't. I know it isn't."

"No," Doctor Martin admitted, "it isn't the whole secret. He ought to have been able to stand it. Somehow or other, it struck at the root of his confidence in himself. It shouldn't have, but it did."

He paused and again drew a square, a triangle and a circle.

"You have no idea," he said after a moment, "what confidence means to a surgeon. I know. I know because I haven't got it. The difference between Richard and me is partly sheer skill of hand—there never was a man who had his skill with surgical instruments—but the biggest difference is in daring. I know that series of operations as well as he does. I know how they ought to be done. I helped him work them out. But because I had

not the daring to do them, I stood by and handed him instruments."

"Because he relied on you."

"Any graduate nurse would have done it as well."

"No," said Mary Wilkinson, "he chose you. He wanted you. He got something from you that nobody else could give."

Doctor Martin shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps he did. He doesn't any more. I haven't seen him for a month."

"I haven't seen him for three months."

"But you think he still loves you."

"I think he still loves me."

"Why haven't you seen him?"

Mary Wilkinson smiled.

"I am as closely guarded as a suspected criminal. My father has had two men shadowing me ever since."

"Where are they now?"

"I think I got away from them this afternoon, but I don't know. They may be standing this moment in the hallway across the street watching my car. But they have been getting a bit careless. If they have traced me here, they can find out why I came but it will be easier not to try. They will save time and work and I will turn up promptly at home. Why should they trouble themselves too much?"

Young Doctor Martin nodded appreciatively.

"I see," he said, "even detectives are human?"

"Very."

"Do you think it is these detectives—all the precautions your father has taken—that have prevented Richard from seeing you or communicating with you?"

"No. I think if he had been determined to see me he would have seen me."

"Then why hasn't he seen you?"

"Because he is ashamed."

"Why should he be ashamed?"

"He is ashamed because he has failed."

"No," said Doctor Martin, "he isn't. He was made ridiculous by those stories in the newspapers. For a week he was made to appear an adventurer, an heiress hunter. No man could stand such a campaign as your father's. It was the bitterest, the most utterly diabolical thing I ever heard of."

"Yes," said Mary Wilkinson, "it was diabolical. But Richard is not ashamed because he was a victim of my father's power. He is ashamed because he could not stand it. He is ashamed because those stories hurt him."

Doctor Martin's eyes narrowed thoughtfully. He lit a cigarette.

"It comes to the same thing."

"No," said Mary Wilkinson, "it is a very different thing. If he had been robust enough to laugh at my father, if he had been strong enough to go right on as if nothing had happened, to continue his career as a surgeon, he would not have been ashamed."

Doctor Martin took a long pull at his cigarette.

"How do you happen to know so much?" he asked. "I thought you were one of these silly little rich girls. I hated Richard for falling in love with you. I thought he was making a fool of himself. I still think so, but—you have some sense."

"Thank you so much," she said, inclining her head slightly.

Doctor Martin grinned at her.

"Well?" he said, "what are you going to do about it?"

"All Richard needs is to get back his belief in himself."

"Yes," said Doctor Martin grimly, "that's all. Just to get back his confidence—the confidence your father destroyed."

"And what I came for was to ask you to help me give it back to him."

Doctor Martin looked at her. The hostility left his eyes.

"How are we going to do it?" he asked.

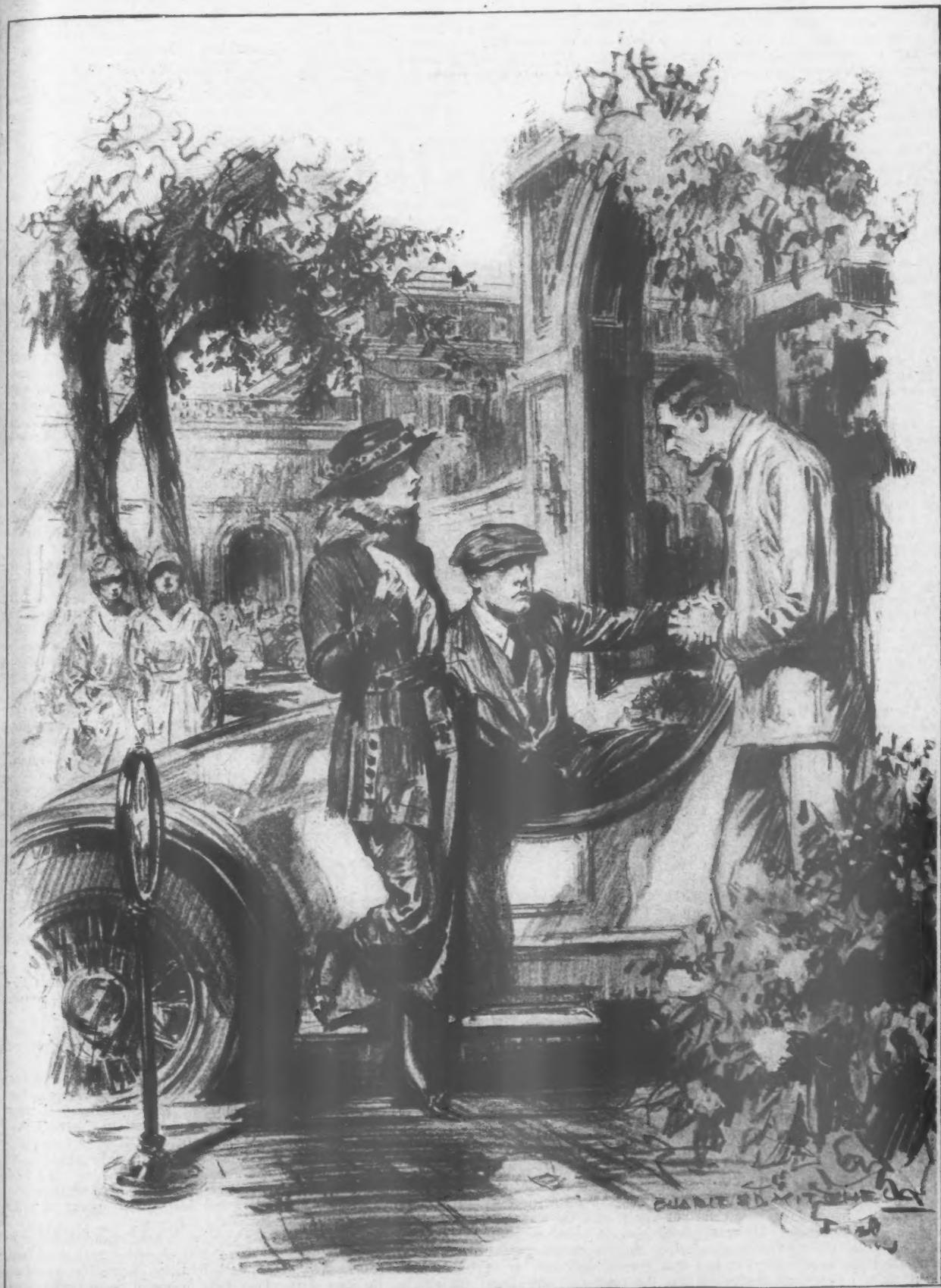
Mary Wilkinson leaned forward eagerly.

"You know Richard," she said. "Don't you think one success would bring back his confidence in himself?"

"I don't get you."

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Has written the greatest story in his career in his new novel, the first and exclusive publication of which will begin in the next—the January—number of this magazine. It is a story of the North, in which a glowing girl finds herself in conflict with a man whose heart has turned to ice. It is a story no reader will ever forget. Begin it next month.



"I'm glad you made it, Doctor Horton. I was afraid I might have to do it myself."

"Look here," said Mary Wilkinson, "Richard is a failure now. His is the psychology of failure. Unless something happens, he is going to go right on failing. It is up to us to make something happen to make him use his power as he used to. I think if we could make him do it once, make him succeed just once, he would go on succeeding."

"Possibly," said Doctor Martin.

"Probably," said Mary Wilkinson.

"But how are you going to do it? How are you going to make a man succeed who no longer wants to succeed—who won't respond to a stimulus? There is no way to touch him. He has surrounded himself with a wall of indifference. I can't penetrate it. I have tried."

"But you know that there is something there; that underneath he is more anxious to succeed than he ever was before."

"I suppose so. He certainly conceals it well. When he walked out of the operating room, I asked him what was the matter. He shrugged his shoulders. When I tried to talk to him about it the next day, he asked me never to mention it again."

"Haven't you ever talked to him about it since?"

"No."

"Haven't you any clue? Didn't you notice anything?"

"I noticed one odd thing. He was bending his wrist, letting his hand fall at right angles with his arm and then straightening it out again. He does it still. It has become a *tic*."

"What's a *tic*?"

"A *tic* is a medical term for any peculiarity of gesture—a thing that one habitually does unconsciously. Stammering is a *tic*."

"I see," said Mary Wilkinson.

"Do you see any relation between his failure to operate and his failure to drive a car?"

"I don't know anything about what happened."

"Well," said Doctor Martin, "you knew he got a job as salesman for McComber and Chardon?"

"No," said Mary Wilkinson, "I didn't know that. I didn't know he knew anything about automobiles."

Doctor Martin smiled.

"Didn't you know that he started out in life as a helper in a garage?"

Mary Wilkinson shook her head.

"You have no knowledge of his past?" asked Doctor Martin. "You don't know what he came from, what his struggle has been?"

"No," said Mary Wilkinson, "he never told me."

"He was the son of a ne'er-do-well father in a little Iowa town. His mother took in washing. He earned his own living from the time he was twelve. He never went through high school. At eighteen he was a mechanic in a garage, operating daily on flivvers. At twenty-one he was in the medical school, earning his living by his work as a mechanic when he ought to have been sleeping. At thirty-one he was the surgeon who invented the Horton operation. Naturally enough, when he gave up surgery he went back to automobiles. He got along very well at it, but last week while he was demonstrating a car out on the Boston Post Road, he smashed up. He didn't say much about it. He just told me it was his own fault and he didn't think he'd ever be able to drive a car again."

"What's he doing now?"

"He's sitting down there in McComber and Chardon's sales-rooms."

"What's he going to do?"

"He doesn't know—back to work as a mechanic, I suppose. He's finished."

"No," said Mary Wilkinson.

"What are you going to do?"

"I was going to corner him, to stage an operation so that he would have to perform it—so that he couldn't get out of it—but now I think I shall have to make him drive a car first—drive a car faster than he has ever driven one before."

"You're going to play with life and death."

"It is," said Mary Wilkinson, "a life-and-death matter."

MARY WILKINSON awoke with a start. It was half past eight. She had been dreaming that she was riding in a car, in her own Francia roadster, beside Richard. She could see Richard's face, very calm but firmly set. He was driving like a professional. He was driving seventy miles an hour. She could see the figures on the dial of the speedometer. She could feel the speed—the car had that curious lightness, as of flight, as if it were not really touching the road, but was skimming through the air a few inches above the earth.

She awoke unhappy, afraid. She shut her teeth tightly and jumped out of bed. For a few hours she must act a part. She must amuse her father at breakfast. He was always especially pleased if she appeared in the breakfast room before he left, and after that she must offer to do something nice for her mother. But above all, she must escape any engagement. She would have to be on time to the minute. And yet she must not hurry or seem to be hurried. She must not excite suspicion. And at the last moment she must elude the two men who followed her every time she left the house, even when she was with her mother. If she did not get away while they were looking for her, she would fail. She knew they would stop at nothing. They would abduct her and carry her home if necessary. It amused her to reflect, as she had reflected a hundred times before, that her family would commit any crime if they were persuaded it was for her own good. Theoretically, the law protected her as it protected any daughter of America, but actually, her father could shut her up in a private sanitarium for six months or a year by saying the word. She would be as helpless to prevent him as if she were the slave of some savage potentate.

AT a quarter of two Mary walked toward her own front door. Her roadster was waiting. She nodded pleasantly to Bibbs, the footman. She knew that he knew that she was going over to call on her friend, Daisy Lake, in Park Avenue, but she hoped he did not know she had bribed the Lake's cook to let her out through the Lake's basement, and the Cheever's houseman to let her through their basement into Fifth Avenue. Mary left the roadster in front of the Lake's house; greeted the butler cordially; asked him if he wouldn't tell Daisy she was waiting in front with the car. The moment his back was turned she ran noiselessly down the hall, down the basement stairway, through the servants' dining room, through the kitchen, across the back-yard; tapped on the door of the Cheever's basement and stood for a moment breathless and frightened. The door opened. She ran through the basement, out into Fifth Avenue; jumped into the waiting taxi. She had, she figured, lost only one minute. It would be three minutes, five minutes, perhaps a quarter of an hour, before anyone but Daisy would know she was gone. The taxicab drew up five blocks south at the showrooms of McComber and Chardon, American agents for the Francia car. With an effort Mary Wilkinson walked slowly across the sidewalk into McComber and Chardon's; walked through the salesroom; walked straight into Richard's office. She knew so well what she had to do that she was afraid she would not be able to act her part—she would be too cool. But Richard's start at sight of her almost unnerved her. When actually she spoke, it was with a sufficient accent of desperation.

"Richard!" she cried.

"Why have you come?"

"It's Father," she said, and even in that instant she was startled at the emotion in her own voice. "He's dying at Deep Harbor. I've missed the two o'clock express—there isn't another train for an hour and a half—I've got to get there—will you drive me to Deep Harbor? We should have to go faster than I would ever dare to drive—"

Richard's lips opened as if in protest, then shut tightly.

"Yes," he said, "I will."

He rose to his feet.

"Yes." His voice was controlled, almost tired.

He led the way into the back room, yelled to a mechanic. Together they saw that the Francia demonstrating car had oil, water, gas and air.

"Jump in," he said. His lips moved ever so slightly over set teeth. His face had a curious drawn look; his left hand played restlessly over the big wheel.

Mary slipped in beside him. Richard pulled the gear-shift lever and the car moved off with a curious deep cough in its big cylinders. It was too late now to confess. Mary wondered if they would both be killed. But that was not what she feared most. She was afraid that Richard wouldn't be able to drive fast—and then he would be worse off than he was before. She would have added one more failure to the list that oppressed him. She had rushed in where wiser people would have waited. And then she realized that she must not show her fear—must appear to take everything for granted, for Richard's sake.

He did not look at her; his eyes were fixed ahead, his movements curiously stiff, like the movements of an automaton. Mary could see that he had deliberately to nerve himself every time he touched the gear shift. They were in one of those traffic jams just south of Fifty-ninth Street, in (Continued on page 107)

THE ROCKS OF AVALON

By LAWRENCE PERRY

Illustrated by
W. H. D. KOERNER

DANIEL GUERDON was Travers Welles' discovery. He met him in old Prentice's private office in Wall Street, an apartment where a man's sheer presence was a cachet of financial importance.

"Guerdon? Guerdon?" murmured Welles, wincing under the grip of the young man's powerful fingers. "Oh, Guerdon! Of course. I heard of you in copper during the war, Mr. Guerdon."

"Not during the war, you didn't. I was in the navy on North Sea duty, a lieutenant. I give you this information because I'm proud of it."

"Of course. Of course you are," Welles nodded. "You would be—I mean, you *should* be. A bit too old myself, or I'd 'a' been there. Was in the Spanish War—on a monitor anchored in the New York Narrows! Got Staten Islanditis. If you're ever so placed that you have to look at Staten Island for three months you'll know what the disease is. Ha! Ha! Life never the same again."

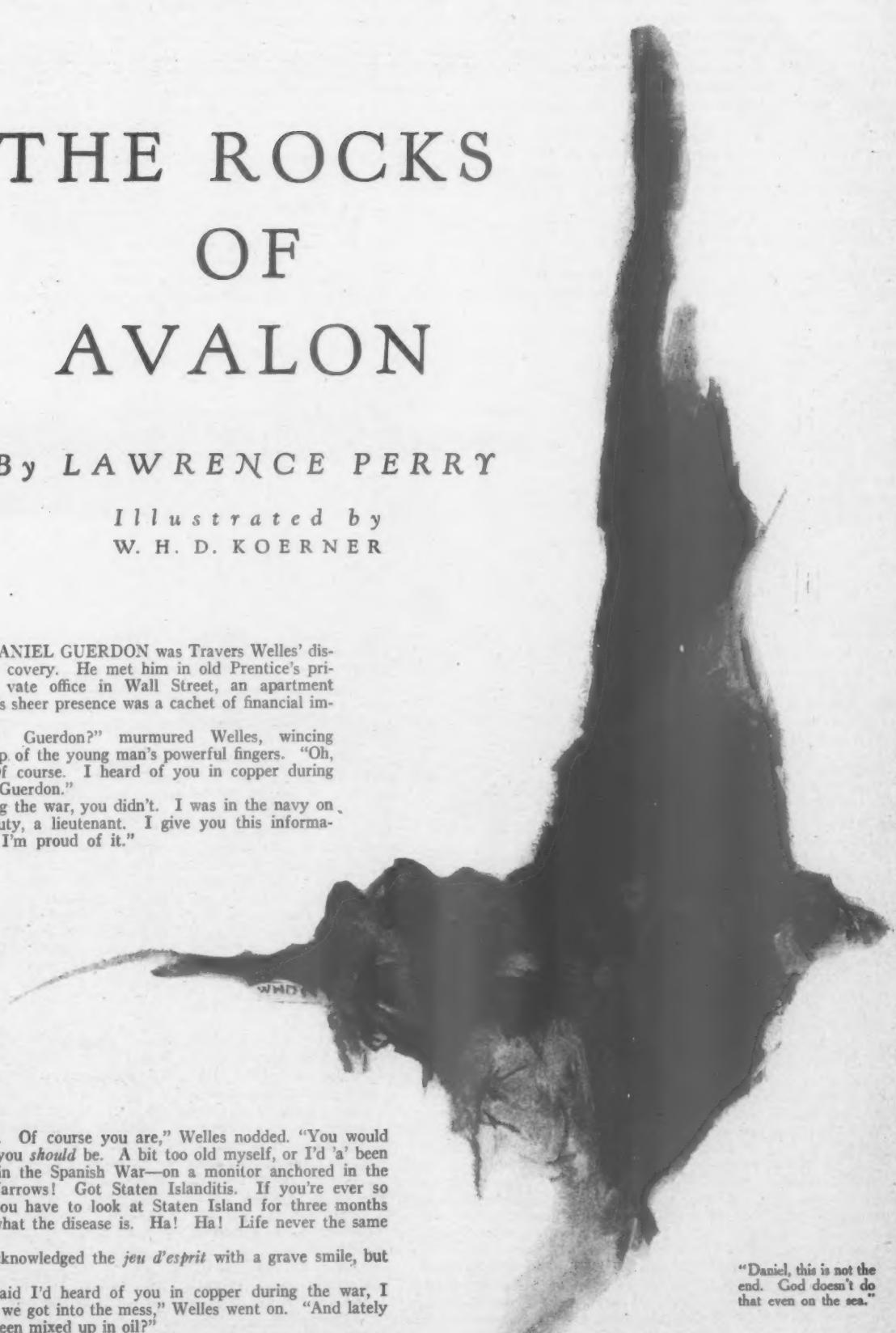
Guerdon acknowledged the *jeu d'esprit* with a grave smile, but said nothing.

"When I said I'd heard of you in copper during the war, I meant before we got into the mess," Welles went on. "And lately haven't you been mixed up in oil?"

"Well, if you want to put it that way," returned Guerdon, laughing quietly.

Welles caressed his mustache and then shook a waggish finger.

"Daniel, this is not the end. God doesn't do that even on the sea."



"Come, come, we know all about you, Mr. Guerdon, and as one of a committee of two—I take the liberty of including Mr. Prentice on the committee—I welcome you into the Street."

Israel Prentice, who had been signing some mail, looked up and grunted. Guerdon, evidently a simple, forthright young man of sturdy frame, brilliant hazel eyes and dark auburn hair of the sort that cannot be brushed so as to eliminate a tousled aspect, moved uneasily.

In the meantime Welles had been ransacking his memory, with results which he appeared to regard as valuable.

"If I recall, Mr. Guerdon, you are the man who owns that big new steam-auxiliary schooner the *Avalon*. Am I right?"

"Yes—I own her."

"I thought so. A beautiful boat! Saw her in Boston Harbor last month. Guerdon, you ought to be in the New York Yacht Club. It can be fixed up easily enough."

"Thank you. But you see, I don't go in for clubs and—"

"Stuff! Think of the privileges it means anywhere you go. A boat as fine and able as the *Avalon* ought to have the club burgee on her foremast. Don't know how many members you know. I tell you; if you're loose for a week or two, why don't you cruise up to Newport? A man like you certainly ought to—"

"No, I can't do that." Then as Welles seemed nonplussed by the curt interruption, Guerdon went on: "You see, I am going to sail up to St. John's. It was my boyhood home."

"St. John's, Newfoundland?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's a *real* cruise. Wish you could call into Newport. I'm going up for the rest of the summer on the night train. Few big boats out this year, what with no sailors to be had for love or money and the cost of everything. *Corsair*'s been in, of course—the *Aloha* and one or two others. But it's slim picking. Had a letter from my niece yesterday—Elsa Channing. Said if a real boat should show up, the yachting crowd in Newport would swarm aboard her like South Sea pirates."

Guerdon was regarding the man with interest.

"You said Elsa Channing?"

"Yes, my niece. Do you know her?"

"Well, no. I saw her at Palm Beach last year."

"Yes?" Welles sighed. "I happen to have the misfortune of being her uncle as well as her guardian—not that she has much, very little, in fact."

"Misfortune?"

"Well, not exactly that, of course. But she's a problem, Guerdon, a problem. I never knew a girl whose impulses were quite so—er—unrestrained. I brought her up; at least, Mrs. Welles and I did. The result of our effort appears to be the nickname she has earned in her set."

"Nickname?"

"Yes, 'the Wild Woman.' Oh, it's more in affection than anything. Everyone likes Elsa."

"I suppose so." Guerdon glanced thoughtfully at the man. "I've been all over the world, but I've never been in Newport. Passed it often enough, of course. I don't know but that I might put in there on my way down the coast."

"Good for you!"

"You spoke of going by train tonight. Wouldn't you like to sail down in the *Avalon*? She's one hundred and sixty feet—deck cabins, two masts, comfortable."

"Well—that's mighty polite of you. When do you go?"

"There's nothing to keep me from going this afternoon."

"Bully!" Welles hesitated. "Have you any guests aboard?"

"No. I usually cruise alone. I'm my own skipper, and it's purely business with me—that is, I like the fun of navigating."

"I imagine you don't know many people. Been too busy and all that sort of thing."

"Yes, that's true."

"I know your sort, old fellow, to a dot. Play a lone hand. Happier by yourself than in company. Got a friend, Jason Peters, who's just the same way. What?"

"Well, I don't know. Something like that, I suppose. . . . If you like the boat and there's any party you'd like to have go on with you to St. John's,—people who like the *real* sea, that is,—I'd be glad to have 'em aboard."

"That's certainly mighty polite of you. You want to look out; I might take you at your word."

"I want you to."

"Well—good. I'll join the *Avalon*, then. What time?"

"Five o'clock will do. She lies in the East River off Twenty-sixth Street. The launch will be there."

"Very good. Enjoy that sail a lot. Tonight over our cigars you might advise me a bit on the oil situation in Vernon. I'm a little—"

The sentence ended in mid-air as Guerdon, not too abruptly, but none the less definitely, turned to Israel Prentice.

WHEN a party sits at the table of a host who is more honored in terms of social degree by their presence than they are in being present, the situation is not lacking in humor. But it is of minor grade if only because it is so obvious. Elsa Channing, however, had a reason for enjoying it—a girl's reason, that is, she knew she had it, without being able to define it.

Her fancy had taken the form of organizing a patter of conversation concerning things of which Daniel Guerdon, she believed, would be likely to know nothing. If she were in error, he did nothing to undeceive her. He sat at the head of the table, silent for the most part. His tousled auburn hair and rugged features seemed to give the lie to his evening clothes and his demeanor at dinner.

"Moloch!" Elsa, who sat at Guerdon's left.—Mrs. Travers Welles was at his right, as became the wife of his Newport sponsor,—leaned toward Arthur Keep, whispering under cover of a discussion she had started concerning a man whose wife had represented, to the point of a demand for a separation, his absorption in the hobby of collecting scarabs. "Bring Moloch to Newport and see those of the social lions who are a bit needy, perform for him. Aren't you a bit ashamed of yourself, Arthur?"

"Oh, he's a decent enough feller." Keep shrugged. "Got a big yacht and wants us to play with her. Good enough, say I. I can't afford to put mine in commission. The wages the sailors charge! Ridiculous. Won't pay the scoundrels. You yourself like sailing?"

"Oh, I adore it, of course. Shall you go to St. John's? He's going to invite us all tonight."

"You bet. You?"

"Don't be silly. I'll have to go. Expediency. Uncle Travers has been a bit pinched lately. Wants to tie to—to this man. Yes, I love the sea. But I rather like to choose my host."

Keep glanced around the table with its delicately shaded candles, the guests lounging in comfortable after-dinner postures, lights of the harbor showing through the portholes, which gave entrance to the soft night air of an evening in late summer.

"I don't know. He does things extremely well. Rather like him, myself. Unpretentious. Made money in all sorts of things. Good chap to know. Tips—inside stuff. Not bad to know at all." He glanced at her shrewdly. "You can't fool me, Elsa Channing. I was watching you when you met him. You, of all girls!"

"Arthur, what do you mean?"

"Rats. It was a knockout. You swayed toward him like a—like a—what flower is it that turns toward the sun?"

"Nonsense!"

"Tisn't nonsense. I've got a turn for character-readin', bein' sort of an amateur with the pencil. You look out for him, Elsa; you're beyond your depth."

The truth that lay in Keep's remarks irritated the girl, who indeed, from the very outset, had felt a certain influence from Daniel Guerdon which was none the less powerful because indefinite. It was this which had swayed her mood throughout the dinner. That Arthur Keep should have marked it was maddening. With eyes maliciously sparkling, she turned to her host, touching him upon the arm.

"Well sir, what do you think of us?"

"Eh?"

"Don't pretend, Mr. Guerdon; I've seen the appraising light in your eyes all evening."

As he smiled without reply, she flushed.

"But don't think you haven't been appraised too."

"Oh, I don't." He laughed quietly, toying with his coffee spoon. "I'm always slow to make a favorable impression. You must give me a chance."

"Does it interest you at all that you can sail into Newport and at once have a dinner given in your honor by a man rather well

Elsa nudged David Topham, the funny man of the party, who grimaced and rolled his eyes upward in a most absurd manner.

"Working the mechanism is fun; I don't know about the rest." He leaned forward slightly and set to work. It was one of the popular ballads, a saccharine sort of thing which Guerdon filled with tinkling drops of sound, with booms and crashes and other incidental features of which the contrivance was capable. When he had finished, he swung around quickly, searching Elsa Channing's face. She had not joined in the perfunctory applause, and her expression could not be called noncommittal. She met his eyes, then arose with decision.

"Mr. Guerdon, can you take off that player and remove those fright—those other attachments? I'd like to play."

"Elsa!" Mrs. Travers Welles half rose in her chair, then sank back resignedly as Guerdon deftly disconnected the apparatus, finally leaving the piano, as it were, to itself.

Mrs. Welles' idea—and it was the idea of everyone else—was that the girl intended to outdo her host, that she was impishly bent



"I have nothing to forgive," he answered. "Can I tell you that you fill my mind always?"

known socially? And that in return you can beckon a party aboard your yacht? I mean, does it amuse you?"

"I don't ever think about such things. The human side of people interests me, not what they have, or are."

"Really?" The girl, struck by a sudden thought, was about to express it when her uncle addressed her from across the table. Guerdon's steady eyes rested upon her for a period after she had turned away.

"If you'll come into the library," he said at length, "I'd like to show you my musical outfit. You can all smoke there."

The outfit to which he referred consisted of a piano with player attachment as well as a novel arrangement by which, through pressure of the feet, the music of stringed instruments, the clash of cymbals and the beating of drums could be woven into a piece.

Guerdon seemed to take a quiet pride in it. It was something new, he said. The inventor had installed it aboard the *Avalon* in the hope that Guerdon would back the marketing of the contrivance.

"I think perhaps I'll do it," he said. "I'm not sure about its popularity, though. Not that I care for the money—"

"Of course you don't," interrupted Mrs. Travers Welles.

"But," he went on, "the inventor is a pathetic sort of fellow. They always appeal to me."

Guerdon seated himself at the piano bench, or as perhaps it should have been called, the operative's bench.

"It is claimed there is almost as much art in working this thing, subduing at the proper time, bringing in the violin and zither music and drums, and so forth, as though one were a musician. Which," he laughed, "I'm not."

upon so jazzing and ragging and otherwise maltreating that ballad as to make everything that had gone before ultraconventional.

They were wrong. With lips parted, face upraised, the girl began Handel's "Largo." She made of the piece a holy thing, as well as one of solemnity and beauty. She made of it a story of devotion, of serene exaltation, of a soul brought to peace. She played it through to the end, and then, breaking into the tense silence which hung upon the closing of sound, she sang it in a contralto voice, not flawless, but filled with sweetness and with feeling that triumphed over occasional lapses in technique.

When she had finished, Guerdon, who throughout had been leaning forward, his cigar dying in his fingers, settled back in his chair.

"Sometimes when I hear music like that," he said, "I get pictures. Always have since I was a little boy. The one I got just now was a great brown cliff, a cleft in it and the sunset flooding through."

"Mr. Guerdon! What a poetic thought." Mrs. Welles shook her head approvingly.

Elsa's laughter broke the appreciative silence.

"What picture does this give you?" Forthwith she struck the keys, pounding out with fierce energy the cheapest and most blatant sort of syncopation. But only for a minute. Her hands suddenly swept off the board. She arose and stood staring about the room. "Forgive me," she said. She walked quietly to her chair. Guerdon broke an awkward silence.

"I'd like you all to see Newfoundland—the Avalon Peninsula.

I'm going to take the yacht there tomorrow. Spoke to Mr. Welles about it. Think you all might enjoy it—if you like the sea and nature. Love to have you."

The invitation, not unexpected, was received with requisite flattery. Topham couldn't make it; he had no love for the sea. Travers Welles and his wife were keen for the trip. Arthur Keep was, too. Elsa said nothing, but of course, she was to go. Mrs. Welles suggested the Robert Coes, and Guerdon gestured real agreeably.

GUERDON followed Elsa up the deck while the party waited at the gangway for the electric launch.

"Miss Channing, I want to thank you."

"For what?"

"You did a big, fine thing there at the piano—two things, in fact."

"Did I really?"

"You really did." He regarded her thoughtfully. "In the first place, you showed the bad taste of that contrivance, showed that while the inventor may have had genius, he had no soul."

"How about your own soul, Mr. Guerdon?"

"Well—my own soul too."

He gestured in his awkward way.

"I began early with life, Miss Channing. Had to pick almost everything up. I think I always had a soul—got it from two of the noblest creatures that ever lived—my father and mother. But it needed a lot of trimming and shaping. It needs a lot yet. When a man has to make himself, things come usually one at a time, lesson by lesson; but they all come—finally. When you went to the piano, you did it because you wanted to teach me the difference between things that were fine and things that were brash. Well, I've been getting that lesson all through my life, and—and I think I know the difference, in some ways."

"Yes, you do, I think." Elsa had not wanted to say just that. She was regarding him curiously. But her curiosity chiefly concerned herself. She was wondering, having the desire to flout this man and all his wealth and all his pretensions, what spell it was that seemed to render her impotent. Only the saving thought that if it were a spell, it was exerted unconsciously by Guerdon and without his knowledge, prevented her from doing something so ridiculous or banal as to let impudence degenerate into insult. Intent upon her thought, she lost a sentence or two of his reply.

"The other big thing you did," he was saying, "was to conquer your idea of making a mock of your own soul by playing ragtime after you had done that beautiful—that other thing. You wanted to, but your real fineness wouldn't let you. You had a big quality that wouldn't let you. You—"

She interrupted him impulsively with a show of irritation.

"Mr. Guerdon, you talk of big qualities. Well, I suppose, don't you know, that you must have some big qualities to get where you have. But you've got some little ones—or at least, one very little quality, too."

"Yes?"

"Yes indeed, Mr. Guerdon. I don't know whether you understand what I mean. I mean your messing about with us. You've made money. Now you want to go with the 'best people.' The best people! Doesn't it really make you smile to yourself? We happen to be socially prominent. But what does that mean, really? Nothing at all. We're actually poor, miserable creatures like the rest of humanity, with all the silly little vanities, jealousies, worries and things that everyone else has. We're advertised, yes. That's the compensation for the lives most of us lead, silly, idle, emotional—I'm speaking for the women now; not all of the men—lives. Chuck it, Mr. Guerdon. Stick to the big things that you can do; don't be a lion trying to make himself at home in a rose-garden. It makes you look foolish and always will."

Guerdon, who had listened quietly, raised his hand. He stood in the light of a cabin door, his big-chested, trim-waisted figure outlined in all its puissance.

"You're pretty big, Miss Channing, to say what you have. I like you for it. I want you to believe that social honors don't worry me at all. Except, I like to meet men—and I've met a lot—who have had more time than I have had to pick up some of the refinements of life. I've learned a lot, just as I learned something tonight from you. I think it's right for a man to want to smooth himself off. I always had the instinct. My people in Newfoundland were seafaring people; they were good, sturdy stock, old stock. Yes, I want to learn. But I don't think I'm what you would call a climber."

"Well." Elsa shrugged. "I'm a very frank girl, Mr. Guerdon.

I always do what I want—and say what I think. If you're not a climber, why are you here?"

"Because I wanted to meet you, wanted to know you. You see I'm frank, too."

"Yes, you are. Why did you want to meet me? How did you know of me? Oh, of course—through the silly papers. Well, there's your advertising for you."

"No, not the papers. You were at Palm Beach last winter with a party. I saw you win the women's water gymkhana. I saw you take that sea trip in an airplane on a bet, or something. I never thought much about women, never am easy with them—the beautiful accomplished ones. They always seemed above me, sort of like angels. I—"

"Do you realize how silly you are?" Elsa was laughing.

"You were beautiful, too—no one more so. But there was something else about you that—that—" Guerdon ceased speaking.

"Well, now that you've begun, I'm rather curious."

"I thought you had big possibilities."

"That was nice of you. How do you mean?"

"You had personality, the kind of personality that makes one different from other people."

Guerdon gestured.

"But you spoke of possibilities," she persisted.

"Yes, possibilities." As she waited, he went on: "Possibilities of being a wonderful, big woman."

"But a long way from realization; is that what you're trying to say?"

"I don't think you have realized them all. That would be expecting a lot."

"You are frank, Mr. Guerdon."

"If I am, I hope you don't mind it. I admired you a lot. You could develop—"

"Do you ever look at anything without wishing to develop it, Mr. Guerdon?" Elsa's voice was calm but hard.

"I don't think I know what you mean."

"Well—the capitalist viewpoint. Just now you are looking upon something—a property, say, something you don't own. As it stands, it is not of great value, but possibilities of development are interesting. It might be worth while purchasing for the sheer diversion of developing it—"

"Miss—"

"But curiously, Mr. Guerdon, the property is not for sale—not at any price."

Guerdon's bow was awkward; yet it involved the lofty dignity of a knight-errant.

"I am not much of a talker to women," he said. "When I do talk, I guess I say the wrong things—or say the right things wrong. I'm sorry."

"Oh, it's quite—" She turned away as Mrs. Welles' voice came down the deck.

"Coming, Aunt Julie."

She joined the party, laughing.

"I don't think Mr. Guerdon will want me on this cruise, Aunt Julie. I've been rude—or rather, frank. And I don't care."

"Elsa!"

Guerdon laughed. "Don't scold her, Mrs. Welles. I liked it."

Elsa turned quickly upon him as the guests made their way down the gangway steps. He met her gaze full.

"Please—no more, Miss Channing."

They stood in the light flooding from the library door, eye to eye. The girl had no sense of opposition in terms of personality; it was as though she were striving against some great natural force. The intended impertinence died on her lips; she turned away, flushing under some emotion which was only partially anger.

IF the guests aboard the *Avalon* had expected to pay for their cruise in the coin of social amenities, they found no opportunity to open their purses. Guerdon proved to be about as much a part of their scheme of life aboard the yacht as the captain of an ocean liner would have been to a crowd of tourists. The navigation of the *Avalon* kept him pretty constantly on the bridge or in the chart-house.

While Elsa Channing could see that the yacht was one of Guerdon's dominating hobbies, she suspected that his almost complete absorption in the handling of it was due to a distaste for some, if not all of those aboard. Personally she had thrown herself into a flirtation with Arthur Keep, which, while harmless enough, must have appeared sufficiently desperate to an outsider.

"One has to do something, Aunt Julie," she said to her aunt, "if one isn't to die of *ennui*."

(Continued on page 158)

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All life lay behind her, there in the dark among the crags. She went back to the brow of the cliff, swaying over the void.

THE IMMEDIATE JEWEL

By
BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Illustrated by
E. F. WARD

The story so far:

UNTIL long after midnight Beth Elder, greatly disturbed over the frequent indiscretions of her younger sister Lyn, waits up for Lyn's return from a motorcar ride with Curt Shelling, a middle-aged purchasing agent for a Pittsburgh steel mill, a person of dissolute habits.

Since the death of their mother, Beth has sought to safeguard her sister in every way—in spite of a spirited resentment on Lyn's part. Past experience has taught Beth the futility of enlisting her father's aid; she has never been able to arouse in him more than good-natured indifference. Lyn had defiantly admitted to Beth that she was "only playing the game" with Shelling and that she had no intention of marrying him.

When Lyn at length returns from her ride, Beth hears her sobbing bitterly. After much persuasion Lyn tells her that Elsie Barnard, a notoriously malicious gossip, her husband and Trav Hartley—whose father owns the Crescent Furnaces, where Beth is employed, and who is in love with Beth—have seen Lyn and Shelling leave a hotel in Chillicothe, many miles distant, at midnight. In a moment of panic, hoping to hide her identity, Lyn had turned up the collar of her new coat—not realizing until too late that the precaution only provoked suspicion.

Beth quiets Lyn's fears. Lyn's coat had never been worn before; it would fit Beth. Next day Beth wears the coat and persuades the townspeople to believe it was she rather than Lyn who had been with Shelling—persuades everyone but Trav Hartley, who knows Beth too well to believe evil of her.

CHAPTER IX

THAT summer passed, for Beth, with intolerable slowness. The hot, dusty days dragged along; the weary nights brought insufficient rest. She came home wearily from work each day, went wearily to bed, awoke to begin the day already tired and listless. It was one of those miserably hot summers which only the Middle West knows, when the sun is scorching, and a



Sheriff Brant

sultry blanket of humidity lies smotheringly across the world. Now and then a thundershower brought some relief; now and then there came a day when a cooler breeze was stirring. But for the most part the days were hot, and hot, and hot again.

Hot weather was always irksome to Beth. When the heat was coupled with the burdens which she bore, it was all Beth could do to endure existence. She lost weight, lost color; and there were about her eyes and mouth faint shadows that suggested coming lines.

She and Trav were at loggerheads almost constantly, with the curious perversity not infrequently found in two people who care for each other. Trav hated the false position she had assumed; he was more sensitive than Beth to any apparent slur or slight. He wished to help her, to defend her, to fight for her, to marry her, to do anything that might testify to his devotion; but Beth would have none of these things, and when Trav tried to argue with her, and she silenced him, he was sullen.

BETH was not sure why she hushed Trav when he would speak. She knew it would be sweet to hear the words; but she was possessed by reluctance. She had, quite without conscious reason, a feeling that she must wait—must wait for something. She did not know what it was she waited for; yet she had, day by day, the certainty that something would happen to make clear the way. Since she could not analyze her own hesitancy, it was quite impossible for her to explain to Trav; so she gave him no explanation, and Trav hated her for her stubbornness as much as he loved her for all her other qualities.

Beth had to endure, of course, her immolation. The story of that night at the inn in Chillicothe went from mouth to mouth around the town. One or two of her good friends came to her to beg her to deny it; but Beth could not deny. Instead, she admitted that it was true. Even in the face of this admission, those who had been her friends were her friends still. Carl Winsor was one of these, one of her stout defenders. "Don't care what she

did," he would say. "Whatever it was, it was all right. Might have been wrong for anyone else; but Beth's doing it made it all right for her—because that's the sort she is."

In talk with Trav one day, trying to bully him out of his morose and sullen mood, Carl said this; and Trav swore at him, and exclaimed; "Shut up, you blooming fool! What do you suppose I care what she's done? Besides, you don't know a damned thing about it, anyway!"

Trav's temper was on a hair trigger in those days; and Carl laughed at him, and said cheerfully: "Come out of it, old man! First thing you know, you'll fly off the handle."

"I'd like to," Trav declared. "I'd like to say a few things to some women in this town."

"And do a few things to a few men, I suppose," Carl laughed. "Well, you tried that—like a nut. Only made matters worse." He was thinking of Shelling, who had had the better of his encounter with Trav; and Trav understood the allusion.

"That's all right too!" he exclaimed. "I'll undertake to hold up my end next time."

"Better not have any next time," Carl advised. "It does no good."

The attitude of Winsor and a few others temporarily silenced clattering tongues here and there; and the fact that Beth was what she was made others ignore the whispers. Nevertheless there is always a multitude who will believe ill of any person; and it is always easier to believe the worst of the best. So Beth had to endure slights now and then, and whispers, and an occasional smile; and what was somewhat worse for her, she had to endure the attempted freemasonry of those whose gay skirts were not untouched by gossip. People said it was always the quietest, most mouselike girls who did such things. "Now, if it had been Lyn, no one would have been surprised," they told each other. "But Beth! Well, it's always the way—always the same old story."

The tale was a nine-days' wonder; but like all wonders, it passed. By mid-summer many people had forgotten. As autumn approached, few remembered. But Beth remembered, and was made acutely self-conscious by this remembering, and fancied slights where none were intended, and imagined a meaning in smiles that had no meaning save friendliness; and beneath the outward calm that was habitual to her, a furious storm of helplessness and sorrow and rage was forever seething. Her nerves were on edge; she was half-sick, desperate, racked and torn by the very repression which she imposed upon herself.

She had, besides, Lyn to worry her. For Lyn had sickened, this summer. She lost weight, and stayed much in bed. Twice or three times Beth pleaded with Jim Elder to send Lyn away; but Elder was garrulously sure that it was all Beth's imagination that Lyn was just a little run down. "What she needs is a tonic," he would declare, over and over, till Beth was ready to scream. "A good tonic will tone her up. Iron and wine, or hypophosphites, or something. I'll bring home a bottle from the drug-store." And he would fetch some nauseous mixture that Lyn laughingly emptied into the kitchen sink.

Beth might have rebelled against her father, might have sought to compel him. But she knew Jim Elder too well. He was a shallow, simple, talkative old man; but there was a vein of iron in him. He had always ruled his own household, and always would. And—Beth had not enough money of her own to send Lyn away.

Even if she had been able to do it, there was another obstacle. Lyn would never have gone. "I'm not sick, Beth," she insisted, over and over. "You stop worrying about me, sis. All I need is a rest, and I'll get rid of this old cough. It doesn't bother me, anyway. Besides, I want to stay here where I know people. I can have some fun here; and if I went away, I couldn't. Doctors and things would keep me in bed all the time. If I couldn't go to a dance once in a while, Beth, I'd just swell up and bust. You know I would."

Beth did know this. And so she tended Lyn as well as she could, day after day; and there were times when she thought Lyn seemed a little stronger. But there were other times when her sister was appallingly weak and helpless, so that Beth was torn with alternate hope and terror.

She thought it would be well for Lyn to sleep outdoors; and so she bought a couch-hammock and set it in the grape arbor in the back yard; and she put a strip of canvas across to shelter it. On fair, warm nights Lyn slept out there, wrapped in blankets, curled in a small ball, enjoying the adventure of it like a child. And sometimes Lyn's friends came in the evening and sat there with her, laughing and talking so that Beth could hear them from the front porch. When no one came, Beth herself used to go out and stay till Lyn grew sleepy, or till she actually went to sleep. And sometimes in the younger girl's intervals of strength, Lyn resumed her old gay fashion of life—went for drives in the evening, or to little dances at the homes of her friends, or to card parties, or simply to sit upon some one's porch and talk in the moonlight.

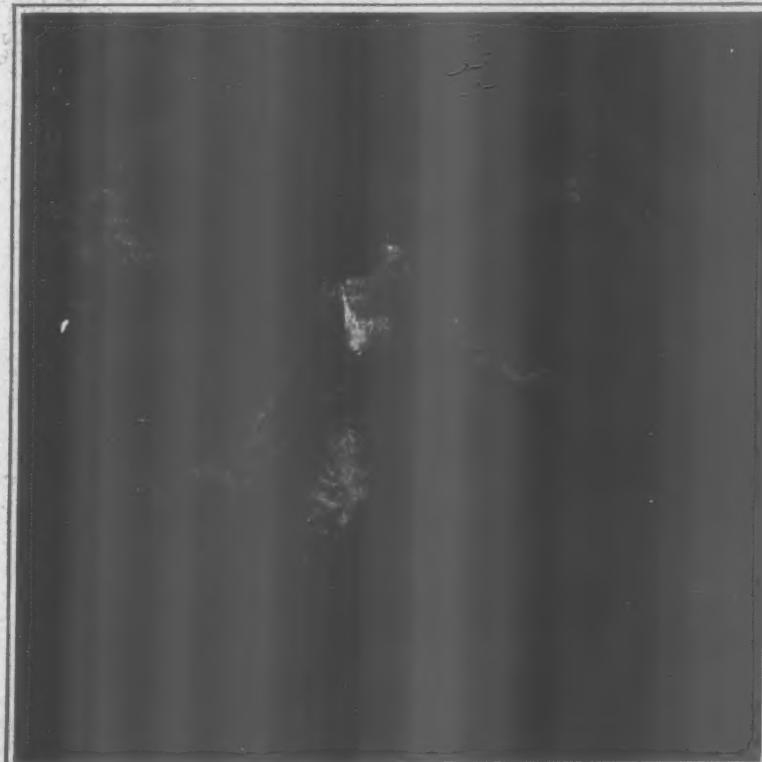
For one thing Beth found reason to be grateful. Curt Shelling was not much in town that summer. His business took him away for a week or more at a time; he was there only at intervals. Once or twice he sought to see Lyn, and Beth barred the way. Once he came, late in the evening, to sit by Lyn's hammock in the grape arbor; Beth heard his voice and went out in a cold fury and drove him away and bade him never come again. Lyn protested, in quick anger; she said she was the one to decide, and that she liked Curt, and that he might come when he chose. She told him to come again; but Beth ignored her.

The man went away good-naturedly enough. He told Beth he thought she was unreasonable. "I don't do a bit of harm," he argued. "And no one even knows I'm here."

Neighbors are all asleep, anyway. And Lyn likes to see me."

Beth was so angry that she could find no words; but her silence abashed him, and perhaps alarmed him more than words. He waited a moment for her to speak; and when she did not, he departed so swiftly it was almost flight.

Beth went back to Lyn's hammock; and Lyn told her she was heartless and cruel. "I like Curt," the younger girl cried. "I



Beth caught it up instinctively, as any man in a crisis reaches for a weapon She ran along the turf toward the arbor.

like to hear him talk. You never do want me to have a good time, Beth. You don't have to take care of me. I'm old enough to take care of myself. You let me alone, Beth, or I'll make you sorry some day."

Beth protested, almost pleadingly: "I can't bear him, Lyn. I can't bear to have him near you."

"Well, he's lots nicer to me than you are, anyway."

"Oh, Lyn, you hurt me so. You're like a child—saying cruel things because you're piqued, because you can't have everything you want."

"You don't want me to have *anything*," Lyn flared; and Beth said no more, but went silently into the house, leaving Lyn alone.

Curt did come again, though for a time Beth did not know this and did not encounter him. The Elder house stood on a large lot on the base of a triangle that was formed by two streets and by an alley that was almost as wide as a street. Curt used to run his car into the end of this alley and leave it there, and come along the back fence till he could see the arbor, and call softly to Lyn to be sure there was no one about. Lyn took a malicious enjoyment in thus defying Beth and deceiving her; she liked having Curt there, liked the ugly sort of romance that attached to the situation, liked to think that she was playing with fire. Now and then she let him kiss her; but for the most part she held him at arm's-length. Lyn could be fascinating when she chose; she chose to be fascinating to Curt Shelling. Whenever he was in town, he managed to see her; and save for that one occasion Beth had no certainty that he had come, until the last time of his coming.

That last time was toward the end of summer, a warm, caressing evening. Beth had tucked Lyn into the hammock, had stayed with her till the younger girl seemed to fall asleep. Then she went into the house and read for a while, and so went upstairs to prepare for bed.

Beth's room was in the front of the house, and its windows did not look toward the arbor. But her thoughts were always with Lyn; and before she went to bed, she was accustomed to go to a rear window and look out, to be sure that all was well. The arbor itself was in the shadow; the vine-leaves were thick. It was impossible for her to see either the hammock or Lyn, nevertheless it always reassured Beth to look out.



On this night Beth had followed the familiar routine of all her nights, removing her waist and skirt and putting on the flannel dressing sack to do her hair. She laid the square of sheeting on the floor, and stood upon it, and drew out her hairpins; and her hair fell loosely about her shoulders. It was while she stood thus, her brush in her hand, that she heard some faint unusual sound, a sound she could never have defined. She only knew that it was unfamiliar, unusual, and so disturbing.

Her first thought was always of Lyn. So now she laid the brush on her bureau and slipped through the hall to a rear room to look down toward the arbor. When she came to this window, she heard muffled voices—heard Lyn's, protesting. And she heard the rocking chair that stood by the hammock scrape on the bricks of the arbor floor.

"Oh, I can't bear it," Lyn cried. "What did you do it for?"

Beth turned and ran, ran blindly, half-frightened and half-furious. She ran through the front hall and down the stairs and toward the front door. Her father's cane stood by the hat-rack. It was a heavy black stick that Jim Elder occasionally carried. Beth caught it up instinctively, as man in any crisis reaches for a weapon; and she went out on the porch and around to the side and down to the lawn. She ran along the turf, around the house toward the arbor.

Her feet made little or no sound upon the sod, and she did not cry out. So she saw Lyn and Curt before they saw her. Saw Curt bending above the hammock, trying to gather Lyn into his arms—saw Lyn struggling, laughing softly, protesting. And she cried:

"Lyn!"

Both heard her. Curt dropped Lyn, backed away. As Beth ran in at one end of the arbor, the man turned. In this ultimate moment of his life he would have fled, would have hoped to go unrecognized, tried to reach his car in the alley, to leave Lyn to face her battle alone. He started to run.

Beth was blind with fury, with desperate and despairing hatred of him, of Lyn, of the world. She ran after him, through the short length of the arbor; and before the man could gather himself and distance her, she was fairly stumbling on his heels. He had laid aside his cap. His bald head was dimly visible in the darkness. Beth struck out at him with all the strength of her anger and her hatred. It was more a gesture than a blow. But—the heavy black cane was in her hand.

The cane fell upon Shelling's head with a curious hollow, crunching impact. And Shelling slid forward on his face, his neck curiously twisted, his head half under him, his arms and legs sprawling. Beth stumbled over him, fell to her knees beside the man.

And at first she could not rise. He was so still. The night was so still. There was not a sound anywhere. A dim shaft from the distant arc light struck the man's body. It flickered as the light sputtered and hissed. Beth knelt, unable to stir; and the stillness of the night rang in her ears.

Then Lyn came creeping from the hammock—came like a shadow past where Beth knelt, stooped

with staring eyes, but she made no outcry.

Beth stirred. She tried to lift Shelling's head, twisted it around. Her hand touched a spot upon his crown that was hideously soft. Crushed bits of thin bone beneath the skin grated under her fingers.

She sat back on her heels and said dully: "Dead!"

Lyn almost screamed, stifled the sound, gulping and sobbing.



But Beth would have none of these things, and when Trav tried to argue with her, and she silenced him, he was sullen.

She turned and ran with stumbling, uncertain feet through the arbor and on toward the house. Beth could hear her unsteady footsteps on the sod. She could hear Lyn's strangling sobs. She heard the door open and close as Lyn scrambled into the house.

She was left alone with Shelling's body.

CHAPTER X

THREE is in man and woman a singular adaptability. An emergency which in contemplation is horrible and overpowering becomes in actuality tame and commonplace. To imagine killing a man is enough to make the bones shudder, the hair prickle and the blood congeal; but Beth found the actual killing to be curiously unexciting. She had been, in the moment of discovering Shelling here with Lyn, angry to the point of madness; and when she pursued him and struck at him, she had let go all the restraints, conscious and unconscious, to which she, like other folk, was habitually a slave. But now that he was dead, she was not particularly excited, not at all angry, perfectly composed. She was so calm that she could feel this calmness like a force within her. She knelt quietly, considering what to do.

She was vaguely conscious of a certain relief of spirit. During the past months Beth had been terribly unhappy because she was terribly apprehensive. She had lived under a daily fear of what was going to happen; now there was nothing worse that could happen. Therefore she need no longer fear. This was her first reaction. It passed, as she realized just what it was that had come to pass. A dead man, on the brick walk behind her house, to be found there when the day should come!

She shivered a little, suddenly cold, and drew the flannel dressing sack more closely about her shoulders. Her hair, stirring in a wandering breath of air, touched her cheek; she braided it and flung it over her shoulder so that it hung down her back. "I've got to move him," she told herself in a whisper. "I've got to get him away from here."

She bent and laid her hands on the shoulders of the dead man's

coat and tried to drag him backward along the walk toward the gate that led into the alley. Shelling was a large man, and though Beth was strong, she found it difficult to move him. When she had gone but a step or two, she remembered also that to drag the body would leave traces on the walk and in the alley. So she released her grip and tried in a desperate, panting fashion to lift the man from the ground.

This was utterly impossible for her. When she was convinced that she could not lift him, she had a moment of despair. Why not leave him here, telephone for a doctor, for Carl Winsor, for the police? Why not tell the truth and be done with it all?

But even as she asked herself this question, she knew the answer. She could not tell the truth without involving Lyn. And she did not feel strong enough to lie convincingly. In the end she left Shelling for a moment where he lay, and walked to the alley gate and looked out, with some faint thought that she might get inspiration there.

When she did this, she saw Shelling's car standing in the end of the alley, its lights extinguished; and the sight made her heart leap with hope. If she could get him into the car and start the thing and drive away— She had never been in the car, had never driven any car; but she had seen others drive automobiles and believed she might manage this one. It was at least worth the chance.

She went back and caught Shelling's coat-collar in both her hands and began to tug and drag the body along the walk. It was terribly limp. The bare head sagged forward on the breast. She laid him down and got his cap from the arbor and put it on the sagging head, then continued her panting efforts. Little by little she worked the body to the gate, and out into the alley. The coal-shed shadowed her, and she was grateful for this. There had been a yard or two of the way from the arbor to the gate where the corner arc light struck full on the dead man's face, and this had been hard for Beth. Now that she was in the dark, she felt more secure; and she worked more swiftly, pulling with all her strength, digging her heels into the soft dirt of the alley way, gaining a foot at a time. *(Continued on page 122)*

"Now, if it had been Lyn, no one would have been surprised," they told each other. "But Beth! Well, it's always the way—"



THE DREAM BEAUTIFUL

By

WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY



He had unbuckled himself and leaped down to meet the old man.

Illustrated by

HENRY J. SOULEN

EVERY working day in the week—spring, summer, autumn, winter—at about half-past five in the afternoon, out of the office of a small-town daily newspaper up here in New England comes a moth-eaten little man in a faded blue suit, dusty derby hat and dilapidated shoes.

This little man—always in need of a clean collar, hair-cut and shave—gives a somewhat lonesome look up and down Main Street, heaves a sigh and trudges off to his supper at a big barn of a boarding-house over on School Street.

After his evening meal he withdraws silently from the table, climbs to his inexpensive room under the north eaves of the house, spends his evenings God knows how, and around ten o'clock lies down to sleep on a knobby, corn-shuck mattress—lays himself down to sleep and to dream dreams of times and places and people who have gone.

For seven years he has been doing that, apparently the most unnoticed, unimportant, mediocre person in the whole State of Vermont. Yet for all that, there is a story back of Daddy Joe Summers—in newspaper parlance “a whale of a big story,” though it is one to which only angels could do justice in books of gold. We fellow-workers in that office with him make no pretense of competing with literary angels; yet we realize the depth and breadth and beauty of that story and feel that it devolves upon us, both as a duty and as a labor of love, to record it as best we can, in case the angels forget.

The crowning, climaxing situation in the story of Daddy Joe has to do with a dream, an old tramp-printer’s dream; and we offer the whole thing for what it is worth because in a greater or lesser degree it is an epitome of humble lives everywhere, running along forsooth “like rivers that water the woodland, darkened by shadows of earth but reflecting an image of heaven.”

Daddy Joe is still living over at the old red boarding-house on School Street. Right now, tonight, as we sit here in this battered newspaper office hammering out these words on a crippled typewriter, he is sleeping on that knobby, corn-shuck mattress after a hard day’s work at the “forms,” and dreaming his dreams. But none that he will ever dream again will be more beautiful than the one he related to us the morning after he returned from the aviation exhibition down in Springfield last October. Somehow, in view of what has happened; we want to think of that particular dream as something which was true. We wish, at least, that it could have been true, though only God Almighty knows, and He won’t tell. We are prone to convince ourselves, anyhow, that the Almighty had much to do with sending Daddy Joe his dream, and if it comforts old Daddy Joe as much as it affected the rest of us when he related it, a great heart-hunger after things not of this world, but of the spirit, will have been partly assuaged.

From the day Daddy Joe came among us, he was a mystery. He arrived, we remember, just a few days after young Arthur Kolson came up from Boston and got a job as local reporter on the daily *Telegraph*. It was a balmy spring morning, back in 1908. The door of our office opened, and in he walked, the dust and grime of seven States thick upon him.

He looked not a day younger than he does now. Dandruff powdered his collar. He wore the same baggy trousers and much-mended shoes—at least it seems so. About his pudgy little bulk was the coat of faded blue; and his four-in-hand tie, hooked with a wire loop into a celluloid collar a size too large, was prone to drop off upon his bosom even as it does today.

He wanted a job. He wanted a job badly. He particularly wanted a job in our newspaper office. To get it, he would accept

anything in the way of a stipend which would furnish him with a boarding-place, be it ever so humble, with enough left over to buy him smoking tobacco and an occasional bag of candy. It so happened that we were short-handed that morning, and we tried him out.

We may set it down at once that Daddy Joe made good that morning. The amount of little types his sausage-shaped fingers could place in a "stick" in a given length of time was phenomenal and put many a younger "comp" to shame. When the end of that perfect day arrived, we told him that he would stand good for eighteen dollars of our money for as many Saturday afternoons in the future as he desired.

What his experience had been prior to his advent among us was unknown. Whether he had relatives living, or a family, was not given to us to know for many, many long seasons. But this thing we do know: having secured a decent job with equally decent treatment from his employers, he did not develop the wanderlust, like his itinerant brethren, with each succeeding season. He became a fixture in the *Telegraph's* composing-room. The weeks grew into months, and the months into years. His features lost some of their battered luster under the effect of a steady pay-envelope, and the wholesome meals served by Mrs. Eben Mathers at the School Street boarding-house went far toward filling up the deeper valleys of his awkward frame. And we blessed the day we took him on. We blessed the day we took him on because he immediately became such a welcome offset to young Art Kolson, the aforesaid local reporter. For whereas Daddy Joe was as a tree bringing forth good fruit in which the newspaper husbandmen properly rejoiced, young Art Kolson was as a weed and a tare and had not been with us a fortnight before we realized that in the great garden of journalistic endeavor we had transplanted and cultivated a branch that should be cut down and cast into everlasting fire.

ART KOLSON was "on the outs" with life, although we did not realize just how much so until some time afterward. High-strung, ultra-conscious and supersensitive, he could scarcely endure the misfortunes which had hounded him in the newspaper business. One romantic evening in July of that year 1908, he sat at his little walnut typewriting stand by the east office-window, stared moodily out into our town's main street and meditated darkly, it appeared, on the ingratitude of all humans. His employer—a long-suffering, multiple-scarred old war-horse of small-town journalism—busied himself with the State exchanges at a near-by table. The pair were alone—alone excepting that in the room with them was also a vast and overwhelming silence, portending that all was not as it should be between Art and the man who paid him his weekly wages.

"I'm telling you," concluded the latter with weary patience for the shortcomings to which youthful flesh is heir, "just to be careful; that's all—just be careful. Be sure of your facts; verify the items the people give you; remember that not one person in ten can be relied upon to report even the simplest happening correctly, and that you must run stories down to their source for yourself. *Above all*, don't carry 'copy' into the composing-room without having it edited by some one here in the front office who knows the town and its people!"

"But that's the trouble," cried the lad. "I don't want to do the kind of work that requires checking over by other people. I want to become reliable and trustworthy, but my darned luck won't let me!"

"Luck doesn't enter into it at all. It's a matter of careful, painstaking work and attention to detail. I know you want to make a good impression and get a big string of items, but where you're at fault—"

"Was it my fault that Miss Corey changed the initials in the Anderson wedding story?"

"No. I admit it isn't your fault *all* the time. But you make so many blunders that *are* your fault that we want to keep down the average."

"I'm almost ready to say 'Damn the newspaper business!'" cried the lad, arising and covering his typewriter with the big tin top. "I'm almost ready to give it up and go into machinery; sometimes I think that's my bent—not trying to become an editor."

"If you've got a better bent for machinery than for writing, by all means go into it," advised the editor. "But if I were you, I wouldn't retreat under fire. I'd master my weaknesses first and not let myself be chased out of the business."

The boy muttered something unintelligible and went out.

Daddy Joe came into the front office as young Art departed. He laid down some "stone proofs" of a big four-column ad for the Modern Bargain Store and felt in the pocket of his unbuttoned vest for matches to light his dead clay pipe.

"What's the matter with Artie now?" he inquired anxiously. "Thought I heard you bawlin' him out as I came through the entry."

"He can't write anything but the simplest three-line items without courtin' calamity," the editor exclaimed. "He jumbles his dates and mixes his names. He marries staid old community spinsters off to church deacons already much-married and sends people visiting to the most preposterous and incorrect places. It's getting terrible. It's a question in my mind how much longer I'll stand for it."

Daddy Joe got his awful pipe lighted and sat down before the cold office stove. Immediately there were indications that it would relieve the editor to pour his troubles into the ear of his senior compositor.

"When our local street-sweeper Tim Murphy died," continued the proprietor, "Art wrote in the obituary that mass was celebrated for his Celtic soul at six o'clock in the evening. It's a cinch that Art's a Protestant, but worse than that, the officiating priest had been dead a year—the boy found the priest's name in an old directory. Our Catholic clientele tried to be decent. They said that mistakes would happen. But old Tim's youngest and more sensitive relatives took thought about the troubled repose of his soul in consequence and nearly decided to string me up to the nearest telephone pole as a fitting finale for my own."

"It's too bad," said Daddy Joe in troubled voice. "Art's really a nice young feller."

"Nice enough, but bounded by a Nemesis," cried the older. He went on: "When the Freeman girl married Jack Anderson, I sent him up to High Street to get the details of the wedding the society woman being busy that night elsewhere. I read in stuff through twice to make sure there'd be no back-fire. But the new proofreader had to go and verify the names and initials by the directory, and she changed 'Jack' Anderson's name in the final proofs to 'Mr. J. H. Anderson' as sounding more dignified and refined. And J. H. Anderson is an ex-housepainter, known all over town as 'Old J. H.', who once lost a leg going to sleep on the South Main Street car-tracks fast in the embrace of the Demon Rum. When Milly Freeman's folks saw in the paper that the daughter of their bosom had been joined in lawful wedlock—at least journalistically—to the worst old boozier in Paris County, they came down here prepared to take this office apart."

"I know," replied Daddy Joe. "I know, I know!" And he sighed.

"Of course that was the proofreader's fault, but it was Art's story, and especially Art's jinx! And my hair is growing gray before its time. He got mixed up in his local families of Bakers and had Sandy Baker, the colored janitor at the Citizens Club, elected to the School Board. He got balled up on his Smiths and had the pastor of the Baptist church running a night-hitch cart down by the depot. My nerves are getting into such shape that I dread the sickening ring of the telephone every day when the paper is out."

Daddy Joe pulled the steel-rimmed spectacles from his eyes.

"After all, Samuel," he philosophized, "it's for the simple and awful little mistakes of the home paper that common folks love it."

"But I don't intend to be the community clown, and I won't have the *Telegraph* in the same class with the *Bingville Bugle*. The next bone he pulls will result in his going a long way off with his final week's wages in his pocket, and these streets of Ascalon will know him no more."

DADDY JOE puffed at his pipe for a time. "Artie's in love with that little stenographer over to the town-clerk's office. She's a nice girl. I liked her from the first time I ever saw her. She's the kind who's always carryin' home sick kittens or puppy-dogs, or nursin' an all' chicken or two in a basket o' cotton waddin' behind the kitchen range. She'd make Artie a right good wife. But if he loses his job here, all their present happiness will go to smash. Keep him on and be as lenient with him as you can, Samuel, because I'm gettin' real interested in Artie and want to see him happy."

There was a wistful note in the old man's tone that caused the editor to glance across at him in surprise.

"Joseph," said the latter suddenly, "—did you ever have a son?"

"What makes you ask that?"

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"No, no, Artie!" A girl's voice answered. "If you've got to leave and go somewhere else, take me with you!"

"Oh, something that creeps into your voice when you defend Arthur. I was just interested to know if my deductions weren't correct."

"Yes," admitted the old comp, "I had a son—once!"

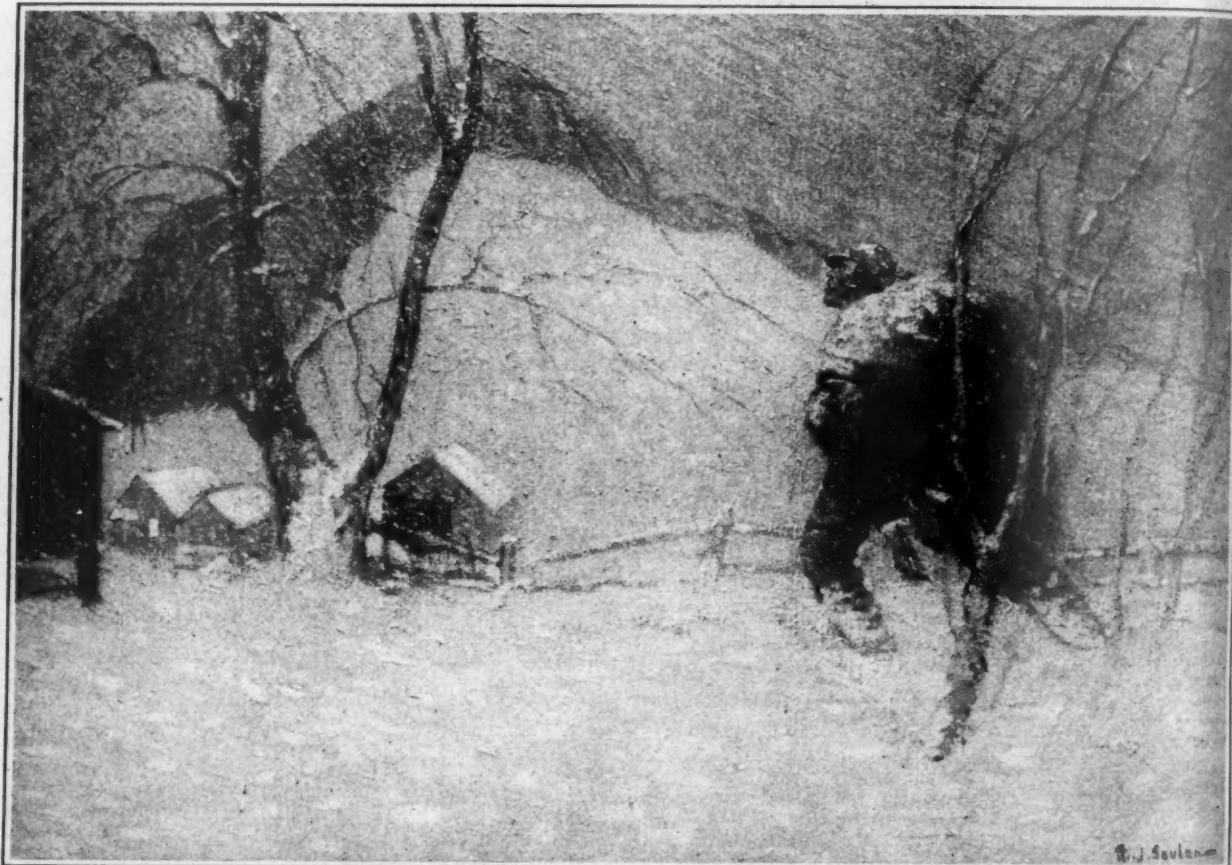
He arose and went out suddenly, before the editor could pry further into his past life.

When Daddy Joe left the office that night and trudged homeward on his famous fallen arches, he took a short cut through the park, and near the Soldiers' Monument he heard voices in the shadow of the shrubbery—voices that he recognized.

Summer had slipped away. So had autumn. The first snows of early winter were upon us.

Florence Wilson had given up her position in the town-clerk's office the first of November and gone to visit a relative up in Vergennes, incidentally "to get her clothes ready" for the greatest pink-and-gold event in any girl's life. She had ordered the paper sent to her during her absence. And that is how she saw the account of the Templeton mistake.

Sam Hod, the editor, had ridden over to Wickford for the day on business. Arthur had run along for several weeks without any



Exhausted himself, Daddy Joe picked up the boy somehow and struggled with him back to a farmhouse down the lane.

"And Mr. Hod says that if I make another mistake that gets the paper into trouble, it'll be my last." It was Arthur's voice. "And honestly, I can't help the mistakes. I was just born unlucky, at least in the newspaper business. I know another mistake will come. It's bound to. And when it does, it means I've got to leave this town and go somewhere else. And that means that you and I—"

"No, no, no, Artie!" A girl's voice answered. "If you've got to leave and go somewhere else, take me with you—please take me with you!"

Upon Daddy Joe's unshaved cheeks came a dull flush. He was ashamed of his eavesdropping and, no doubt, felt more sympathy for the lad than any of the rest of us suspected. A tubby old man trudged off to his boarding-place that night with a strange happiness in his heart. Back over the years which had flown, perhaps he read into the little romance some of his own experience. And the mellow memories made him kind. For he had overheard Arthur propose to the Wilson girl and the Wilson girl pledge herself to him after the manner of a boy and a girl since the days when the old world was young.

We put it down, however, that when the most awful of a long series of awful mistakes came in the news, again in one of Arthur Kolson's articles, we did not dispense, as threatened, with his services. For something happened immediately afterward to wipe the record clean.

really big error in his copy, and Sam left it to the proofreader to catch any wrong names or initials. But the make-up man and the proofreader both "fell down," and Nemesis took a final and terrible whack at Arthur and forthwith withdrew from his altered life.

The thing which happened was this: A badly hurried make-up man mixed two galleys—one containing Amos Haswell's obituary and the other an account of the Wickford Road runaway that sent Fred Templeton to the hospital. That night our puzzled subscribers were solemnly informed, halfway down a prominent front-page article, that:

"The deceased was borne to his last resting-place by a delegation of Oddfellows and was lowered into his grave—when the whiffletree broke and landed the whole turn-out against Noah Prescott's pasture fence!" That was the weird part of the narrative, but the part that did the worst damage was the statement that it was *Frank* Templeton who had gone to the hospital. Again Art had made a mistake in his first names. Fred Templeton, the real victim, was a farmer living over on the East Road. Frank Templeton was clerk in one of our local drug-stores, the stepbrother of Florence Wilson, Arthur's fiancée.

The Wilson girl received her copy of the paper up in Vergennes late the next afternoon and opened it to read with horror that her stepbrother was in the Paris Memorial Hospital, terribly hurt. She tried to get Paris on the long-distance, but the wire

was busy. Train time was approaching, that of the only train she could get until late that night. She refused to wait and learn over the telephone, how badly her relative had been hurt. She caught that train. And that train went off the iron near Middlebury and killed six people.

There's no need of going into the details of that awful tragedy in Art Kolson's life?

Daddy Joe was working in the back room that early winter night, finishing up another half-page ad. The ashen face of the old editor appeared suddenly around the corner of his typecase. "Joe, for God's sake take after young Arthur! We've just

"Joe, for God's sake take after young Arthur! We've just got a long-distance call that there's been an awful wreck on the road about seven miles up the line! A lot of people killed! His girl Florence was among the first identified!"

For an instant the old man tottered as though Sam had struck him in the face with a rock. But before he could find his voice, the editor continued:

"Art was taken suddenly sick when the news first came; then he started off as if he'd gone crazy. I'm going to get a livery rig and start for the wreck. I'd take the boy with me, but I don't think it's best. He's likely to go all to pieces. Look after him, Joe. I haven't time to explain. I've got to leave it to you!"

In a daze the old man pulled off his horn-rimmed spectacles and shed his apron. There were tears on his cheeks as he fumbled his arms into the big ulster hanging behind the Duplex, and tied the ear-tabs of his ludicrous old cap beneath his chin. Into the cruel, blowy, snowsifting night he plunged, however, and headed first for the house on Union Street, where Arthur boarded with an elderly widow.

There they told him that Art had not come home. So he turned and sloughed off through the sifting snow to the house of the girl's aunt on Cedar Street.

But Arthur was not there, either. Florence's aunt had just received the news and was prostrated. Old Joe could not talk with her, no one there had seen Arthur. At the moment Arthur was the least of their worries.

So the man shuffled down the Wilson steps and down the boardwalk to the gate. There, in the killing, blustering, needle-pointed gale, he tried to think what he should do next. Could it be possible that Arthur had started afoot for the scene of the wreck? Old Joe Summers' heart was raw and bleeding with something which few of us in the newspaper office ever appreciated. He was giving to Arthur something that had apparently been starved and stunted in his own life, and in turn the boy had confided more about his love-affair to the old printer than any of us knew; and with the mellow agony of the father-heart, seeking a lost boy in God's great terrible out-of-doors,—the boy who might not be responsible for what he was doing in the paralysis of his youthful sorrow,—old Da'dy Joe finally mumbled some sort of prayer and headed for the railroad. He felt that if he kept to the tracks and walked far enough, he would overtake Arthur—somehow.

The sleet stung him and the northern gale whistled through his sleazy clothes on that long trip northward. His heart pounded terribly before he had gone a mile, and he wondered with a sickening wonder if it would fail him. Once he stumbled on the ties and went down. The cold snow gashed his wrists; all the wild furies of that Green Mountain night conspired against him. But he kept on.

FOUR miles up the line he found Arthur, unconscious and freezing in the snow. The boy had slipped and in falling had struck his head on one of the rails where the wind had blown it bare.

Exhausted to the point of utter collapse himself, old Daddy Joe picked up the boy somehow and struggled with him back to a farmhouse down the line.

For twenty-four hours the lad lay in delirium. When he came to, he wanted to kill himself.

But hour after hour the old man sat by the side of his bed, and as the storm spent its fury, out of a mellow life and the philosophy of much experience, he talked to the lad and soothed him and tried to help him rebuild his world.

"But I killed her!" choked the boy. "I killed my girl with the deep brown eyes! If I hadn't made that terrible mistake about the names, she'd never have caught that train—"

"Joe ignored him.
the flats," always be the girl you left at the train, Artie," he said.
tions of exci¹ The blessin' in it. Your head'll grow gray. Your
to an unusual² You'll long lots of times for a pair o' kind

old arms to pick you up and rock you to sleep. But that girl o' yours will always be young and pretty and happy and good. There wont be no illusions nor masks. There wont be a single jarrin' line in the whole memory picture o' her. And your life'll be enriched by that memory. You don't see it now. Maybe it'll be quite some time 'fore you do. But you'll realize it some day, Artie, in older, finer, better years. And you'll be thankful. I don't go much on religion, Artie. But you can always think o' that little brown-eyed girl waitin' for you up there—somewhere—with a smile in her eyes and a kiss on her lips—waitin' for you—waitin'—waitin'—waitin'—"

If old Joe had once possessed a son, he gave to Arthur overwhelmingly what he was denied giving that boy of his own.

Anyhow, Arthur recovered. He recovered and went on a long vacation. The office folk said it was on Daddy Joe's money. For we only just began to learn then that Daddy Joe was not the poor, penniless old derelict we had thought him. Daddy Joe had saved his money all his life. He wore the rusty clothes and broken shoes simply through preference.

Also, we might just as well set it down here as anywhere that when Arthur came back, he was done with the newspaper business and was wholly absorbed in aéronautics!

And now perhaps, the kindly reader may recognize whom we are writing about in telling this story of Art Kolson—the Art Kolson of pioneer days in American flying!

OVER on the northeast corner of Paris, set far back from the road toward Foxboro Center, there is an old, dilapidated, two-story building of a weather-beaten mustard yellow that years and years ago was a woolen mill. The stream which furnished it water-power dried up. Its proprietors died. Modern machinery and better shipping facilities resulted in the bankruptcy of the company. The equipment was sold for junk; the doors fell in; the windows became sashless, and the only noise about that old building far back there in the field and choked with blackberry vines and ragged lilacs, is made by a melancholy stream of water that pours into a crazy old raceway somewhere down in its cellar.

On the second floor of this building, even to this day, there is the framework of something which should be in the Smithsonian Institution. It is Art Kolson's first attempt at building a flying machine.

When the town learned that Art had given up his newspaper job and taken an interest in flying, it declared that he was either one of two things; either crazier than they had always thought him from his clumsy errors in the *Telegraph*, or intent on committing suicide in a modern and certain way, as a result of his grief at losing the Wilson girl. Yet these opinions deterred young Art not at all. He had become possessed of the idea that flying was possible. Moreover he had a bent for machinery—a decidedly constructive bent. And off in that old deserted woolen mill he began making his experiments.

It took moral as well as physical courage to maintain an interest in aviation a decade ago. The nation was still looking upon the Wright brothers as fanatics; Glenn Curtiss was in the front-page news every week with something either very successful or very disastrous which had happened to him; Lincoln Beachey and his "loops" were yet to be heard of. Nothing was known of engines, plane material, air-currents; no one would risk a dollar on an aviator or his experiments. Yet we in Paris soon discovered that Art Kolsen was made of the same material from which the hardy pioneers of all ages are made, and though failure followed failure, he finally made a 'plane which he believed would fly.

Where did he get the money? Not for a long time afterward did we learn that. Daddy Joe Summers furnished it. He loaned it to Arthur out of a lifetime's savings. Perhaps it was because Daddy Joe had faith in the lad; perhaps it was because he wanted to pour out on some ambitious youngster the paternity he had seemingly been denied. Anyhow, Daddy Joe believed in Art and provided the cash that bought his first two-cylinder engine and the materials for his first 'plane. And evenings and on Sundays he would trudge out there to the deserted woolen mill and help him sandpaper struts and stays and ailerons, and while the town laughed, Daddy Joe enjoyed himself in a way that was almost pathetic.

Those were the days of the old 'planes with the engine behind the flyer and two propellers on each side connected with little more than a bicycle chain. One of the Wright brothers had recently made the statement: "Give me an engine strong enough, and I'll fly with a kitchen table." But the average person was still skeptical. Will we ever forget the (*Continued on page 138*)

THE LAST MOVE

By
HAL G. EVARTS

Illustrated by
FRANK STICK

EARLY observers have stated that there were other general movements in the short grass country far outweighing in significance the twice-yearly drift of the buffalo herds across the plains, that it is a fact that everything which was part of the Kansas prairies had been on the move for twenty years; and there is much to substantiate these assertions. Even today the Arkansas River shifts and cuts new channels in the sands. The taller prairie grass is reputed to have pushed westward across the plains, overlapping the short matted buffalo-grass, its advance averaging four miles a year; today, under the influence of the westward-moving rain-belt, the cultivated field has outdistanced both and has obliterated all evidence of this earlier advance. Timber has claimed the stream-beds, and the view across the country reveals an unending expanse of alternating fields and groves, where fifty years ago a single gnarled cottonwood was a landmark noted from Newton to Las Animas, and men referred to Lone Tree Spring as frequently as they mentioned Pike's Peak when designating distance or direction. In seasons of strong standing winds the sandhill country still moves as of old, the white blow-sand trickling in little streams from the higher points, reforming about some object that retards its onward sweep, settling round the bleached bones of a winter-killed cow or drifting thick in the shelter of a plum thicket, building a new dune and changing the topography of the stunted hills—everything on the move.

It was many years after the pioneers first noted these curious changes that Fleet, the young pronghorn buck, witnessed still another movement that was perhaps even more significant than the rest. Fleet was a yearling buck, content with his lot in life. He was bedded on a slight rise of ground. From this prominence the surface dipped shallowly away to end in a similar little swell that flanked the opposite side of the depression four miles to the north. The view in all other directions was similar, and on each a few antelope appeared.

Fleet had known no other land, for the pronghorn does not ordinarily stray far from familiar scenes, and Fleet's home range



Fleet whirled to strike at the dog coyote

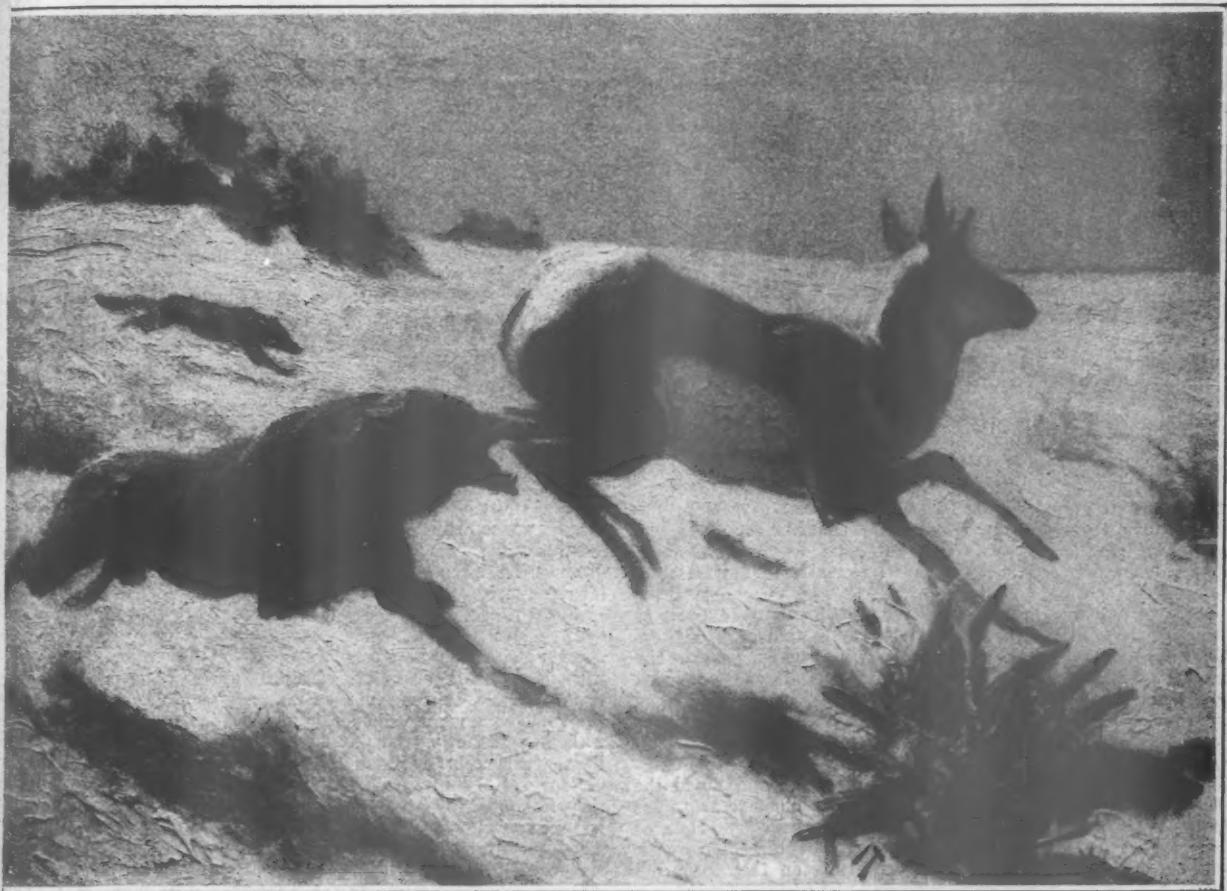
was confined within a radius of fifty miles from where he was stationed. But on this, his second spring, the pronghorn nation had shattered tradition. Many bands had formerly ranged to the east of him, holding out against the advance of the settlers, but these were now giving up the fight against field and fence, and the remnants of the bands were moving into the west. For months they had been coming, reaching Fleet's range and faring on.

A drove of thirty antelope appeared and came toward him. He rose to view this curious spectacle, for in addition to being strangers who had forsaken their own home range, they were traveling in mixed company, a mingling of all ages and sexes at a season when the pronghorn tribe should have been divided into three separate groups—old bucks off by themselves, young bucks and does together, and old does with their new-born kids. The little band bedded in a flat and rested. An hour later they resumed the march, halting on each rise to look back to the east. That was the last bunch that migrated through Fleet's range, and thereafter the antelope was mostly a rumor east of Syracuse and only a memory east of Dodge.

This general exodus was occasioned by another broad movement, a rush of squatters for land that had heretofore been looked upon as fit only for grazing cows, and this rush in turn was occasioned by fresh evidence that the rain-belt was moving west.

Precipitation had been heavy beyond precedent the previous fall, and the winter snows had been soft and sheltering. The range was green, rank with new grass. Water stood in the depressions, and low-flying swarms of ducks and geese winged northward across this land that a few years past had been an arid desert. And with this reclaiming moisture came hopeful nesters to fence and farm the range. There had been preceding waves such as this, an influx of squatters in periods of bountiful rains, some of them leaving when drouth days came again, some ~~abstaining~~ remaining, the next wave overlapping the last by fifty ^{years} horror that Nature smiled once more.

Fleet observed three old bucks on a distant ^{range}, but the wire



as the old warrior snagged at a hamstring. As the coyote darted back, the doe rose in a twenty-foot bound.

They had risen from their beds, and he caught the danger-sign. The antelope has a signal system of his own. The white rump patch is made up of long stiff hairs which bristle when he is excited or alarmed and the sun strikes a spark from the glistening hair. It was this system of pronghorn wig-wagging which was largely responsible for the survival of Fleet's tribe a quarter of a century after the last buffalo had been shot down on the plains.

The young buck rose and stamped excitedly, looking off in the direction of the three old veterans, his own rump-patch rustling in sympathy even though the cause of the excitement was not within his own field of view. Behind him others took it up, flashing the signal on from band to band that menace lurked off to the east.

A white spot pitched into view on the far flat horizon, and a prairie schooner lumbered up a wide shallow valley, coming to a halt some three miles from Fleet's stand. His telescopic eyes took in every detail of the scene. The man picketed out the horses where the grass was good, first watering them at a brackish pond. A woman and a smaller figure moved in and out of the wagon. Smoke rose from the stovepipe which protruded from the wagon top as the wife prepared the evening meal. Night shut down across the plains, and Fleet kept his eye trained on the dull glow that illuminated the canvas walls of the wagon. With the first light of morning his interest was roused afresh. The woman moved about as she had the previous day, but the man and the smaller figure were nowhere in sight.

Fleet gave a whistling snort and stamped excitedly as his eye detected movement three-quarters of a mile away in a direct line between himself and the wagon. He pranced a few steps toward the spot, and the dozen or so young pronghorns that made up the band wheeled in behind him.

The movement came again, a slow limp lifting of some shapeless object from between two mounds of a prairie-dog village in the flats, then a soft settling back to level. The shrill cacklings of excited prairie dogs announced that the village was roused to an unusual pitch. Fleet's curiosity flared, and he started off

for a better view, not straight for the object which excited his suspicion but in a wide curve that would carry him past it about the same distance, enabling him to train his powerful eyes on the spot from a different angle. After a half-mile he stopped and wheeled in to face the point, the other young pronghorns lining up beside him.

The limp flapping was no more distinct from here and he dashed off once more, followed by his band, making another quarter-turn before halting for a second look. Four times he repeated this maneuver, completing a wide circle. When he arrived near the point from which he had started, he was three hundred yards nearer the spot. Every movement in the dog town sent him off in a mad dash for a better view. Each circle lessened the distance by a few hundred yards.

From distant points of vantage old does were bristling and flashing the danger sign, but Fleet had never before been flagged, and curiosity rose above fear in him. Between the two mounds in the dog town a ten-year-old boy lay flat on his back, a saddle blanket covering him, and at two-minute intervals he raised his knees slowly, then lowered them again. Fleet's circle was now only six hundred yards from the queer moving shape. The dog holes in its immediate vicinity were apparently deserted, but those at some distance teemed with life, a dog on every mound, others moving swiftly from one to the next, the ratchet-like barking kept up without a break.

Fleet dashed past a plum thicket six hundred yards up-wind from the point of movement. There came a series of rapid flaps from between the two mounds, and he stopped to view this unusual agitation, wheeling to face it, stamping his forefeet. The other young pronghorns wheeled with him.

A puff of white smoke spurted from the little clump of stunted plum brush. A hot twinge of pain seared across Fleet's throat as a report silenced the chattering from the dog town; he heard a thud as a heavy ball struck the doe next him. She made two stiff bounds and pitched down, a soft-nose through her lungs. The band dashed off at top speed, huddled together for protection.

The reports rolled in swift succession from the plum clump, the heavy slugs ripping through the close-packed ranks of the herd. One after another fell out, tumbling end over end. Five went down. Then Fleet and the rest were out of range—and the squatter had meat in camp.

As Fleet ran, a tiny trickle of blood dripped from the slight crease across his throat and spattered his breast and forelegs. He worked westward; and by noon of the following day, he had arrived at the extreme edge of his range. Squatters were there before him. It seemed that a white-topped wagon had followed every valley. In the main the families lived under canvas, but a goodly number had built sod or 'dobe huts.

The character of the country was somewhat different in this far edge of his territory; there were fewer expanses of smooth grasslands, greater profusion of stunted sage and greasewood, vast stretches of bare soil almost devoid of vegetation—the junction of the sage country and the short-grass plains. Fleet bedded at last in a broad flat that was shared by another band, its personnel evidencing the fact that new conditions had upset the established customs of the pronghorn tribe, for here in early spring the yearlings of both sexes were traveling with old does and their kids.

After an hour of rest Fleet's muscles stiffened. He lay motionless except for an occasional lifting of his head to peer at the slender thread of smoke that rose from a sod hut far across the flat. Two shapes moved toward him, and he regarded them intently but fell asleep once more after identifying them as two prowling coyotes.

The two prairie wolves moved through the scattered band of antelope. The old does had cached their kids, and the youngsters made no move, blending well with their surroundings. The foraging coyotes were intent upon locating an isolated kid which they might kill by a sudden rush and escape before the enraged mother could reach the spot. Then later, after the band had moved, they could return to the feast. Does with kids moved over near their offspring as they sighted the marauding pair.

The dog-coyote paused, one forefoot uplifted, and nosed the wind as a shift of breeze carried the warm blood-scent to his nostrils. He traced the ribbon of scent upwind and located Fleet. The she-wolf followed her mate, and Fleet looked up from his nap to see the two coyotes sitting on their haunches fifty yards away, eyeing him hungrily. If they could cut the wounded buck out of the band, they could wear him down.

THEY haunted the vicinity for an hour, moving occasionally, one or the other curling up for a nap while the mate stood watch. Then fate favored them. A squatter's wagon rolled across the flat a mile or more to the south. The rest of the antelope band swept away for a better view.

Fleet rose to his feet but found himself stiff and sore, and so he resumed his bed. Fifty yards from him a yearling doe had risen lamely. She was small even for a yearling doe antelope, a late-dropped kid of the summer past, slender-boned, clean-cut and trim. Since earliest infancy Trim had known Fleet as leader of the band of young pronghorns to which she belonged. She was worn from the long journey, and when the young buck resumed his bed she moved a few steps toward him instead of following the rest, stood for a moment looking after them, then bedded down.

The coyotes drew in to within thirty feet of Fleet. The dog sat on his haunches, his tongue lolling out as he grinned at the victim while the she-wolf trotted nervously back and forth. The dog made a silent rush for Fleet, and the young buck bounced up to face him, snorting and stamping his forefeet. Inch by inch the dog sidled toward him but whisked away as the pronghorn leaped

for him and struck out viciously with the sharp cutting hoofs. The she-wolf darted in on him from behind, intent on slicing a hamstring, but swerved in her rush as Fleet whirled to meet her with his punishing feet. For more than an hour they kept up this team-work, luring the buck to exhaust himself by short violent rushes while they conserved their own strength. His muscles failed to respond with their usual snap. The she-wolf departed at last to nurse the pups denned a mile away, but the grizzled old dog gave Fleet no rest.

WHEN the mate returned, the worrying was resumed. A wounded antelope would soon be worn down. But Fleet's wound was merely a scratch. The exertion limbered up his stiffened muscles, and instead of weakening he grew more active. He was heartily sick of this baiting, and fled in long graceful leaps, the two coyotes hanging grimly on in the chase, their gait a smooth, sliding wolf glide and apparently effortless. Fleet turned once to strike at the dog. Again the she-wolf sidled in behind him. As he turned to run again, there sounded the tap of dainty hoofs bounding along behind him. Trim had watched the fight without concern; but an antelope, loving company, is panic-stricken at finding itself alone. Fleet was the only antelope in sight, and when he fled, she had risen from her bed and followed.

Fleet whirled to strike at the dog-coyote as the old warrior snagged at a hamstring. As the coyote darted back, the little doe rose in a twenty-foot bound, and her battering hoofs came down on his rump. He regained his feet and started off, one hip sagging limply, only to be crushed by the full weight of the buck as Fleet drove all four feet into him.

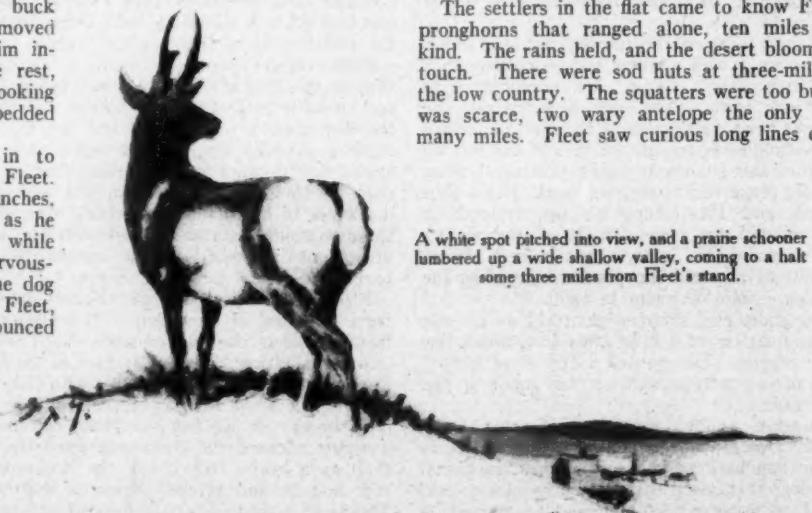
Time after time the she-coyote rushed the two pronghorns to distract their attention from her mate, but her charges were met with flying hoofs, and always they returned to the dog that was trying gamely to drag himself away. The old coyote played the game without a whimper, went down under the sharp hoofs without a sound, writhing round with his last ounce of strength, trying to sink his teeth in the feet that struck him.

Rage seethed in Fleet, and he battered the still form into a shapeless pulp. From a little distance the she-wolf watched helplessly, knowing that further intervention was entirely useless. The sun dipped behind the hills to the west as Fleet made one last leap and bounced upon the mauled coyote with all four feet. Then he trotted proudly to the crest of a little wave of ground, Trim following close to his flank. They watched another family of nesters making camp far out across the flat, the scene barely visible in the waning light, and from behind them came the lone-some call of a she coyote for the mate who could not answer.

The ground near the rise was choppy and broken, cut and criss-crossed by washes and wind cracks. For a week the two pronghorns lingered there unmolested. Squatters came day after day but avoided the breaks near the ridge. There were no other antelope in sight on the big flat. Twice Fleet saw tiny sparks in the sunlight, the flashes of alarmed antelope catching his eyes from miles across the plains. These came from the crests of ridges showing above the intervening waves of ground. The faint reports of rifle shots reached his ears, drifting across the flats from great distances, but there was no shooting close at hand.

The settlers in the flat came to know Fleet and Trim, the two pronghorns that ranged alone, ten miles from others of their kind. The rains held, and the desert bloomed under the softening touch. There were sod huts at three-mile intervals all through the low country. The squatters were too busy to hunt where meat was scarce, two wary antelope the only possible quarry within many miles. Fleet saw curious long lines of slender stakes round the edges of these fields, the fenceposts showing only as tiny rods in the distance, and he had no knowledge of what they were or of the part they were playing in wiping his tribe from the plains.

As the summer advanced, a few scattering antelope drifted in from time to



A white spot pitched into view, and a prairie schooner lumbered up a wide shallow valley, coming to a halt some three miles from Fleet's stand.



"Hello! little stranger
You warn me of danger
I'll guard all my children with care
I'll see every day
They have plenty of play
And eat Campbell's nourishing fare."



Watch the health barometer

Look out for the little warning signs—poor appetite, uneasy sleep, uncertain temper.

Nip these symptoms in the bud. Don't wait for serious trouble, particularly with the children.

See that they have plenty of sleep, plenty of play. Above all watch their appetites.

Here is where Campbell's Tomato Soup will help you most decidedly. It is rich in the tonic properties—vitamines the doctors call them—which strengthen digestion and aid the body's natural building-up processes.

Made of vine-ripened tomatoes and other nutritious materials, everybody enjoys and thrives on this delicious soup.

Serve it regularly and often. It will do the whole family a world of good.

21 kinds

15c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

time, driven on from some other range, and joined Fleet and Trim. By August there were ten of them. They held more to the broken country, avoiding the green patches and long lines of stakes near the sod houses of men. And now, with ten antelope where there had been but two, the nesters had a far better chance of securing game. Three meat-hungry settlers planned to bag the little herd.

At daybreak of a clear August morning Fleet noted a movement which was new to him. Three times in as many minutes a red object flipped upward from the banks of a wash some distance from his stand. Every antelope in the band was tense and watchful. At the fourth appearance Fleet was off, followed by the rest. He would never be flagged but once. It was known to the settlers that practically every pronghorn on the plains had seen at least one evidence of the danger of inquisitiveness during the past year, that fear had replaced curiosity concerning queer and unnatural movements on the range; so this flagging was but a tentative trial, only the first move of the meat-hunt.

All three of the men were experienced hunters and knew well another weakness of the pronghorn. The antelope, lover of his home range, does not flee directly away from his enemies but chooses a course at right angles to the source of danger, curving slightly back toward it as he runs. If this course was followed throughout, it would resolve into a circle of from twenty to forty miles in circumference. Old plainsmen say that this trait rises from the fear that a straight-away course would carry the pronghorn out of his home range and away from familiar landmarks, and that it persists from force of habit even after he has been forced to migrate far from the land that saw his birth.

The red object lay due north of Fleet, and the young buck headed straight west, curving almost imperceptibly to the north. The man with the flag dashed from the coulee on a horse and gave chase, not with the hope of overtaking the band, but to startle the pronghorns and settle them into steady flight. Five miles back of him two men sat their horses on a rise of ground. They saw the tiny white specks move westward, and without hesitation they urged their horses in the same direction, separating as one veered his mount a trifle to the north.

Fleet did not exert his full energy. The following horseman was not pressing him hard and was forced to slow down in crossing cut-bank draws of over twelve feet in width, while the pronghorns skimmed over the yawning gaps without apparent effort. The northward curve was intensified, and Fleet slowed down as the horseman was distanced. Then he made out a running horse bearing down a long smooth bench on a course that would intersect his own.

IT was foreign to Fleet's nature to turn or twist. His reliance was mainly placed in two things, wonderful eyes to detect approaching danger and the speed to outrun it, and once settled on a course of flight few things could make him deviate from his chosen route. So Fleet put on speed. The horse was running

smoothly and with a fair chance of heading him. It did not occur to Fleet to double back and leave danger behind him; instead, he exerted every ounce of driving power in a desperate attempt to cross ahead of the flying horse. He had a bare hundred yards to spare when the man pulled up his horse in a few stiff jumps and swung from the saddle.

There was no huddled bunch of frightened antelope for a target. Each one had put his best into the final spurt, and their endurance and speed were varied. They streamed past in scattered formation, individual targets skimming by like flitting shadows. The man emptied his gun. It was hard shooting, and he drew only two victims out of the band.

The pronghorns held their course. A mile farther on, one of the lines of stakes which Fleet had so often seen of late loomed just ahead of him. Beyond it a horseman was boring swiftly down to cut his trail. Again he put on speed. As he neared the line of stakes he observed slender strands stretched horizontally from one post to the next. Fleet had spent his life on the open plains. He could jump across wide cracks with the greatest ease, but never had he been forced to clear an obstacle by leaping over it. The muscular action required for this feat was unknown to him. The slender strands did not appear formidable and in his panic-stricken rush to pass ahead of the horse he darted straight into them without slackening speed.

THERE was a heavy blow on his breast, a hiss, and the next instant he was rolling end over end, carried on by the momentum developed before he struck the wire. Other shapes were bouncing near him, and he rolled ten yards before he regained his feet. As he ran on, there was a sharp pain in his chest, a ragged tear just above the junction of legs and body; one foreleg was badly wrenched from the fall.

The only thing that had saved his life was the fact that two other pronghorns had hit the wire at the same instant, and the strand had parted under the combined impact. Three pronghorns passed Fleet, others remaining behind, for the wire had taken its toll. One young buck twitched on the ground, his throat gashed nearly to the bone by the wire he had struck with all his weight and speed. Two others scrambled on after the rest, each with a foreleg wrenched sidewise till it dangled and flopped at every step. A fourth lay motionless, the head doubled back under the body, its neck broken as effectually as by the blow of an ax. The man shot down the two cripples and turned his attention to Fleet, who lagged behind the rest. Twice the balls ripped through the sage tips within a foot of him. The third scored a streak along his ribs. He struggled along after Trim and the other two does, who were all that remained of the band of ten.

The three does held tenaciously to the original course, curving slightly north of west, and at last halted, after completing half a wide circle, stationing themselves on a crest some fifteen miles due north of the spot where the meat hunters had jumped them at daybreak. Two hours later Fleet limped up to their stand.

FOR a month the four survivors ranged a limited strip of rather broken country. North of them toward the railroad the surface was rough and rolling, with only a few small valleys that had tempted the settlers. Fleet found more antelope here, and as he worked gradually northward, he found still more, mostly in little bands, and once his trail crossed that of forty old does with their kids. Water-holes were widely scattered here, and the settlers had thrown out long drift-fences in chosen directions.

There was one fence running fifteen miles in a straight line east and west, a single water-hole just north of the center. This kept the cows of the man who had settled there from drifting south, and they would not travel far enough from water to round the ends of the drift-fence, but grazed fanwise northward from the water-hole and so rendered it an easy matter to hold them.

This fence played a large part in Fleet's development and education. After a month in the locality a lone horseman jumped the four antelope. His interest in them was slight, and he scarcely gave them a glance, but the fear in Fleet was no less intense. He darted off in his usual curving flight, only to discover that he was bearing directly down upon the drift-fence. As he neared it, the fear of wire fences surged over him with the memory of that other day, and for the first time in his life he dodged, twisting back from the dreaded wire. Thereafter the young buck, having once broken away from set habit, learned to double and turn to avoid danger with as much readiness as other game.

Later the fence taught him another useful thing. Twice when wishing to cross from one point to another the fence had interfered. He had gone down on his knees and crawled under the lower wire. The third time he sized it up and bounced over the top strand, clearing it with ease, the first time in his life he had ever leaped over an obstacle. From that moment on Fleet was fence-wise and feared the long lines of wire and posts not at all.

During the late summer five young does joined the little band. In early fall the pronghorn tribe held to its usual custom of gathering in great droves. For fifty miles round they gathered, drifting together till there were almost two hundred of all ages and sexes in one big band—the last time this was ever seen on the plains. The previous fall, while Fleet had still followed his mother, the band of which he was a part had numbered five hundred head.

For two full years Nature had smiled on that section of the semi-desert where the short grass meets the sage. Rain had soaked the range in summer, and the winters had been mild. As if to make amends for this unusual gentleness, the gods of the elements sent early cold waves across the plains. Bitter frosts prevailed, and for months the mercury seldom showed above the zero mark. Howling gales shrieked across the flats and drove the cold to the very bones of all living things, and with it all there was no redeeming moisture. The few snows that fell came as fine shot driven ahead of the wind with such velocity that it



Facts about her skin that every girl should know

IS your skin a constant source of worry to you? Do you find its care continually perplexing? The clear, smooth, flawless complexion you long for—does it seem to you a special gift of nature that only a fortunate few can hope to possess?

You are wrong if you think that a beautiful skin comes merely as the result of good fortune. Any girl, by giving the skin the special care its special needs demand, can win the charm of a smooth, clear, soft complexion.

How to keep your skin fine in texture

Perhaps the pores of your skin are becoming enlarged. If so, your skin is not functioning properly—the pores are not contracting and expanding as they should. To restore your skin to healthy, normal activity and give

it back the fine, smooth delicacy it should have, begin tonight to give it this special treatment:

Just before you go to bed, dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water, and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on a few minutes until your face feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse your face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing your face with a piece of ice.

Use this treatment persistently, and it will bring about a marked improvement in your skin's texture.

Special treatments for each different skin condition are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial

"The clear, smooth, flawless complexion you long for—does it seem to you a special gift of nature that only a fortunate few can hope to possess?"

Soap. Get a cake today and begin using your treatment tonight. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use. Sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada.

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You will find, first, the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; samples of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream; Woodbury's Cold Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1712 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Never Forget How folks love Bubble Grains

The finest breakfast you can serve lacks its greatest charm without them.

There are three of them—Puffed Wheat, Puffed Rice and Puffed Corn—and each has its own delights. You can serve them in a dozen ways. So they bring to breakfasts endless fascinations.

What other cereal is half so enticing as these flimsy, flavorful grains?

At other hours

Remember what Puffed Grains are. Two are whole grains steam-exploded, one is corn hearts puffed. Every food cell is blasted for easy, complete digestion. The grains are puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size.

They are flavorful, flaky tidbits, yet they are ideal scientific foods.

Use in home candy making or as garnish on ice cream, or as wafers in your soups. Mix in every dish of fruit. Salt or butter, as with peanuts, for hungry children after school.

The night dish

At supper or bedtime float Puffed Wheat in milk. Then you have the supreme food made delightful and easy to digest.

Think of whole wheat with every food cell blasted—made into food confections. Do your folks get these ideal foods as often as they should?

**Puffed
Wheat**

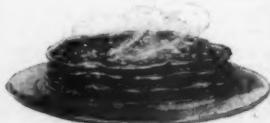
**Puffed
Rice**

**Puffed
Corn**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

The finest pancakes ever tasted

Now we mix ground Puffed Rice in an ideal pancake flour. Your grocer has it—Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. It is self-raising—batter is made in a moment. The Puffed Rice flour makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like flavor. You have never served a pancake so delicious. Try it now.



The Quaker Oats Company

Sale Makers

evaporated from its own force, leaving the range dry as dust once the storm had passed.

The settlers had little to do but hunt, and the big droves of antelope that had gathered were harried day after day. North of Fleet's range the pronghorns were hauled into Las Animas in wagons piled high with frozen meat. East across the Kansas line the same slaughter was going on, and the inhabitants of Coolidge and Syracuse wintered on "slow veal."

THROUGH two months of this persecution the herd with which Fleet ranged hung together from ancient custom, but there came a day in January when a big meat-hunt was on, every settler for twenty miles around taking part in it. When the day was over, the drove had been broken up into little bands, and never again would there be a pronghorn gathering in the land where a few years past it had been no unusual sight to see a thousand in a bunch. The settlers were elated at the success of the carefully planned hunt which had netted forty head. Old timers of the early days of Dodge compared the slaughter to the old buffalo days when the hide hunters operated out of 'Dobe Walls.

Fleet's new-found knowledge of doubling and twisting on his trail saved him many times before spring, and the little band of does that followed him benefited from his wisdom. Spring broke dry and hot, a clean jump from winter cold to summer heat with no intervening days of smiling weather. He failed to draw away by himself as was the custom when the does were mothering their kids. Instead he led the band as before. There were two yearling bucks, eight does and a dozen spring kids in the lot, the largest drove within a hundred miles.

There came a brief respite in the general cannonading of the antelope tribe while the settlers were busy putting in their crops. Then they hunted for meat and waited for the rains that never came. Meat secured from the band led by Fleet was meat well earned, for by now the wary buck had broken away from all customs which had made his kind easy victims to the wiles of man. He could not be flagged. He no longer fled along some chosen route, affording an opportunity for outlying riders to come within range. High points from which his telescopic eyes could sweep a vast expanse of country were the only spots where he felt secure. Settlers could see the white dots on lofty knolls or open ridges for many miles, but found it increasingly difficult to get within gunshot of the little herd.

From these points of vantage Fleet watched the course of events, the march of the summer of terrible drouth that dulled hope and ambition in the hearts of the settlers. Hot winds seared the range, and the water-holes dried up. Depressions which had been miniature marshes from a surplus of rainwater the summer before were now glaring chalky expanses, blighted by the white alkali sucked to the surface by standing water.

Fleet did not miss the rains. He needed but little water. A few tiny springs among the rocks which supplied a few spoonfuls at a time served his



Fresh and ready to wear at half an hour's notice—

Your flame georgette blouse, your most frivolous chemise

YOU had been away for a whole month. And when you got home you found the most wonderful week-end invitation. Only about two hours and fifteen minutes before train time and just the things you wanted to take had been worn!

At first you thought you couldn't possibly go. But then you said, "How ridiculous! Of course I can be ready. I'll just do them in Lux suds. It won't take a second."

Things you wouldn't have dreamed of leaving at home—a certain lovely embroidered gilet, your latest, smartest riding shirt, that darling chiffon blouse, turquoise

over pink with three frills, and a perfectly fascinating lace negligée to have breakfast in bed with! You tossed them into the bubbling Lux suds, swished them around, dipped them up and down, patted them a bit, squeezed the suds through ever so gently, rolled them in a towel to dry.

In no time at all they were ready to pack! Not a thread of delicate lace torn. Even the fragile chiffon as freshly smooth as new!

The Lux way is so careful, so quick. And you can wash with Lux any fabric or color that water alone will not harm. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

To wash silk blouses, underthings, stockings, negligées

—Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down. Squeeze the rich suds through it—do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters and roll in a towel to dry. Press with a warm iron. Glove silk and georgette crépe should be gently pulled into shape as they dry and also should be shaped as you iron.

To wash white lingerie fabrics—Wash in hot suds and rinse in three hot waters. Dry in the sun.

LUX



Valentine's
CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

THE exclusive character of Valentine's Oriental Perfumes and Toilet Requisites makes them unusually suitable for holiday offerings, conveying a subtle compliment to the good taste of the recipient.

To the woman whose refinement of taste demands *harmony* in her personal belongings, the gift of a group of *Valentine's luxurious toilet requisites*, which preserve throughout such cleanly, delicate, and unusual perfumes as Jafleur, Wistaria Blossom, Sandalwood, Geisha Flowers, Oriental Violet, Orange Blossom, Turkish Rose or Corylopsis, will be particularly gratifying.

A number of these Christmas groups have been enclosed in quaint wrappings made in Japan expressly for holiday remembrances.

For Sale by the Best Dealers Everywhere

Your dealer will gladly demonstrate to you the delicacy and enduring quality of Valentine's Oriental Perfumes and Toilet Requisites. Should your dealer not yet have them, write us, mentioning his name, and we will see that you are accommodated.

INCENSE Valentine's fragrant burning powder, in unique package, 75c, \$1.50, \$3.00. Burners, 75c up. Sets (Incense and Burner), \$1.50 up. Samples of Incense, only, mailed prepaid, on request. Address Dept. R.

A. A. VALENTE & CO., Inc.
NEW YORK

needs as well as a brimming river. The bawling of parched range-stock sounded day and night. Every sidehill that showed a green spot to mark a trickling seepage from the rocks was trampled flat by the frantic pawing of thirsty cows in a desperate search for water. The range was dotted with carcasses drying under the blazing sun.

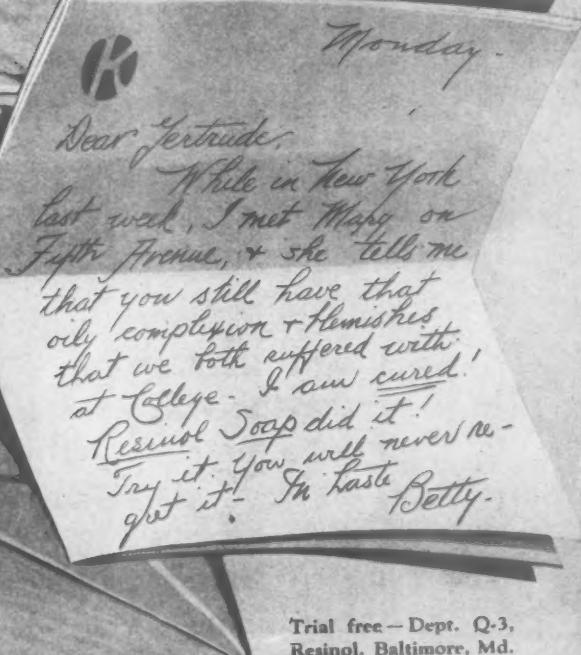
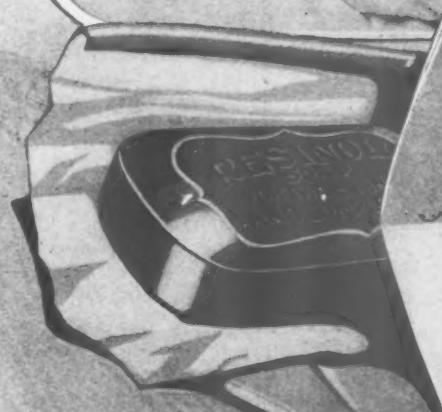
Mid-August came, with the settlers praying for early fall rains. Fleet stood one day on a knoll. Three miles away a sunbonneted figure moved in a plum thicket, a settler's wife gathering the little sandhill plums for food. Heat waves danced and wavered, lending an appearance of continual motion to the landscape, playing queer tricks to the vision. Distant cows were magnified, a mirage effect that showed them standing on the far side of a wide marsh with indeterminate shore-lines.

A few sluggish puffs of wind sprang up to relieve the torrid calm, but there was no freshness in the breezes. Instead they were shriveling hot blasts. The puffs settled into a steady wind increasing in force till all unattached articles were sucked up and shot across the baked flats with tremendous velocity. In an hour Fleet saw the beginning of another of the queer general movements of the plains.

Within a radius of ten miles from the height of ground on which he stood, the home sites of perhaps a half-dozen settlers were visible, and from each one of these a low muddy cloud streamed downwind. The plowed fields of the squatters were on the move. The soft earth, loosened and pulverized by cultivation and deprived of the original sheltering stand of sage and grass, was literally blown away. For ten days the wind tore across the plains and drove all before it. The air was murky, a haze of fine dust obscuring distant objects.

Sand and gravel, flying flat and straight before the level drive of the gale, stung Fleet's eyes and nostrils, but his discomfort was small compared to the distress in the ranks of the hapless range-stock. Huge tumbleweeds raced past, scudding phantoms in the dust-clouds, a never-ending procession driven up from the south. Before the storm had passed, the loosened soil in every field was whittled down to hardpan. Down-wind from them the dislodged particles settled in a fine film over the range, drifting as snow and piling deep in the plum thickets and heavier clumps of sage. The flying tumbleweeds matted along the fences and formed windbreaks over which the sand drifted till only the tops of the posts were visible.

WHEN at last the wind subsided, Fleet once more saw as far as his eye could reach, the white spots that were the wagons of the settlers moving across the plains—but this time they were moving eastward. All through eastern Colorado and across the Kansas line for more than a hundred miles discouraged settlers were converging toward one central line. A continuous procession filed back eastward on the old Santa Fe Trail through Coolidge, Syracuse and Dodge. Old men compared the sight to the old-time oxbows of the bull-trains that had once traveled that same historic trail. Three



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It's fun to make cocoa for lunch.

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is easily made; of delicious flavor and aroma. Aside from the fun of making it, it is a most valuable addition to a meal, as it provides a large amount of nutrition in a readily assimilable form.

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times in as many decades they had seen this hopeful invasion in periods of rainfall, three times the discouraged retreat before the blight of drouth. But each succeeding wave had seen the reclamation of a strip fifty miles or more farther west.

In the fall there was but one family on Fleet's range for every three that had called it home the previous spring, but this outpouring of humanity, seeking more friendly climes, failed to retard the extermination of the pronghorn kind. The contrary was true, for the remaining settlers hunted them incessantly for meat.

Fleet met fewer bands of antelope, and these droves were small, averaging less than ten head to the bunch. Day after day Fleet's band was forced to shift, fleeing before some ambitious hunter, and as he moved back and forth across his range, he noted that the numbers of the other little herds were diminishing. He frequently glimpsed little groups of two or three pronghorns stationed on the highest point of ground in their vicinity, one standing guard while the others fed or slept.

TRIM was always near him. She was the only survivor of the band of does that had ranged with him on the big flat to the south the preceding spring. Since fate had decreed that old customs be abandoned and that the bucks should run with the does throughout the year instead of segregating themselves as formerly, the little doe seldom strayed far from Fleet. Perhaps there were ties of old memories to bind her to him, perhaps only her reliance in the wary buck's ability to lead her safely through all the perils of the range. When they fed or rested, Trim stationed herself a few feet from the leader; and when they fled from danger, she ran close to his flank.

Fleet's black, pronged horns loosened close to his skull, and the shakiness of his headgear irritated him to a point where he shook his head savagely a score of times a day in his attempt to rid himself of the nuisance. In midwinter the loose members were shed; yet he still had horns, for the pronghorn does not shed the entire growth at the burr as do elk and deer, to be later replaced by a velvet growth. It was only the outer husk of his horns that were shed, pushed up from his skull by the pointed, hairy core that in the pronghorn is the substitute for the velvet growth of the annual shedders of the antlered tribes. This tough core hardened and grew, the finished horn with its forward-sprouting prong being heavier and of greater size than the last.

The drove which Fleet led was the largest within many miles, and of natural consequence the sought-for prize of every hunting settler. His band had fared rather better than the rest through his having abandoned every dangerous custom of his kind and so upsetting the calculations of the men who counted upon fixed habits when gunning for antelope. But it was not in the nature of things that the drove should winter without casualties. Clever stalkers twice drew within gunshot and took their heavy toll.

Trim drew away by herself in March, but this pilgrimage was only for a single day instead of the lengthy duration

How to banish the needless flaws that ruin your appearance



It is so easy to let your skin acquire bad traits

WIND and cold, you know, are ruinous to the texture of your skin. They whip the moisture out of it—leave it dry and tense. Then follow roughening and chapping.

Skin specialists say that one can protect the skin by applying a softening and soothing cream always before venturing out. Never omit this. One little slip, and your skin has had its first dangerous lesson on how to grow rough!

Of course you need for this protection a cream which will not make your

will not chap all winter long. Regardless of the weather it will become more and more exquisite in texture.

Does the powder keep coming off your face, leaving you all shiny and embarrassed?

Perhaps you are expecting too much of it. Really, it is entirely your own fault if you put the powder directly on the skin and expect it to stay on of its own accord. The finest of powders needs a base to hold it, and to keep it smooth.

For this use, as for protection from the weather, you need a cream without oil. Before you powder, take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream and rub it lightly into the skin. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened. Now powder as usual and don't think of it again. The powder will stay on two or three times as long as ever before.

When your face is tense from a long, hard day, yet you want to "look beautiful," remember that the cool, fragrant touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothed over the face and neck will instantly bring it new freshness. Do this before you go to a dance. All the tell-tale weariness around eyes and mouth will vanish. Your skin will gain a new transparency. You need never let it get into the way of staying tired.



To make the powder stay on all evening apply a powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream

face look oily before going out. Pond's Vanishing Cream is made without any oil precisely for this daytime and evening use. It cannot reappear in a shine. Lightly touch your face with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This leaves your face smooth and protects it from the weather. Do this every time you go out and your skin



One little bedtime duty you must not forget if you care about a clear complexion is the cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 115-Z Hudson St., New York

Please send me, free, the items checked:

- A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
- A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

- A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
- A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil



Whenever you want to look especially lovely, even though you are tired, you can give your complexion new freshness at a moment's notice. Pond's Vanishing Cream is famous for the eleventh hour freshening it brings your skin.

Beware of allowing your skin to cloud up and lose its clearness. When this happens, it is because minute particles of dust have worked their way too deep into the pores to be removed by ordinary bathing. Really, it means that you have been allowing your skin to go only half cleansed! To remove this deeply lodged dust you need an entirely different cream, a cream with an oil base. Pond's Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to work deep into the pores and cleanse them.

Before you go to bed and whenever you have been especially exposed to dust, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of the skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will say, "How could so much dust have gotten into my pores!" Do this regularly and you will be rewarded by a clear, fresh skin.

Every normal skin needs both these creams. Neither will foster the growth of hair.

Get a jar or tube of each today at any drug or department store. You will realize for the first time how lovely your skin can be.



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Bankers' associations have officially recommended the YALE Timelock Inspection Service.

Next time you go to *your* bank, ask to be shown the YALE Timelock, which for half a century has proven absolutely reliable.

The same character present in every YALE Timelock is found in every other design of YALE Lock, in YALE Hardware, Padlocks, Night Latches, Door Closers, Chain Blocks, Industrial Electric Trucks.

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Canadian Yale & Towne, Ltd.: St. Catharines, Ont.



of the old-time segregation of the mothering does. She returned to Fleet followed by twin kids. Every doe was now handicapped by one or more dependent offspring. These little ones were cached between spells of nursing, and the does were compelled to desert them when men drew near, as the newborn kids were unable to follow at any effective speed. Always the does returned for their young, and the wily hunters benefited by this urge which called the mothers back to the spot from which they had been jumped.

Somewhere in the semi-desert of eastern Colorado the bones of a dozen pronghorn kids, sons and daughters of Fleet, mark the identical spots where their mothers cached them that spring—mothers who sacrificed their own lives by attempting to return for their young. The rest learned to return only at night. One night in May Trim slipped back to a ridge from which a hunter had driven them at noon. One kid lay motionless, exactly as she had left it. The other twin had disappeared, a prey to prowling coyotes. All through the night she sought for it without avail.

The mothers were thin and gaunt, worn by this double exertion at nursing time, the long flights and perilous returns. When the kids were three months old, they could follow. They lacked the speed and endurance of their elders, but could distance all ordinary pursuers.

Even relaying failed to bring Fleet to bag. Many an antelope had fallen victim to the sport of relaying—men stationed here and there on fresh horses to take up the chase; for the little speedsters of the plains, possessed of incredible speed for short spurts, had not the endurance to sustain their gait on long runs, and when relayed by good horses were easily worn down and roped. But Fleet was no easy subject for this method of hunting, for he no longer forged ahead on a chosen course regardless of all else. He had learned to double and dodge with the readiness of the tricky coyote.

Eventually a new menace appeared on his range and forced him to sever the last tie that linked him with old habits of his kind. The fame of the wary buck with the wire-cut on his breast had spread. Fifty miles from his range a settler owned a pack of coursing dogs, great wolfhounds that could outrun a coyote on the open flats, overhaul the darting swifts and the long-eared jacks of the plains. He rode over into Fleet's territory to try out his dogs on the pronghorn buck.

A second summer of hot winds and drouth was well advanced. Fleet was stationed on a high ridge that afforded

a view for many miles each way. He roused from his nap to see Trim peering off at some distant specks that caused her rump patch to bristle and flash in the sunlight. A group of five horsemen rode toward him. Fleet rose and watched them come. When they were within two miles of him, the buck turned and fled, followed by the rest of the band. He ran easily and exerted no great speed.

The instant the antelope had disappeared over the sky line, the riders lifted their horses into a keen run and headed for the ridge. As they topped it, one man slipped the leashes of four hounds, and the chase was on.

Fleet saw the running horses pouring down the gentle slope a mile or so behind him, and he put on a trifle more speed. For another three miles he held the gait and was drawing away from them without effort, conserving his strength for a spurt in event of others being stationed ahead of him. A single high-pitched, eager yelp drew his attention to four smaller figures bearing down on him. He knew these for dogs, the creatures of man, for the yapping curs of settlers had often followed him.

He put on more speed, but still the four dogs gained. Faint and far through the still air the wild cheers of men reached his ears as they encouraged the hounds. He soon learned that the dogs that followed him now were not the slow, stupid creatures he had known, but stern killers, long-coupled and capable of tremendous speed. Notch by notch he increased the pace until at last he was covering the ground at a rate which seemed impossible for any other living thing to equal.

FIFTEEN terrified pronghorns had flattened out into a terrific run and were speeding with him, but the four killers were gaining inch by inch. The pace broke the hearts of the kids. One by one they fell behind. Two dropped flat and lay motionless while the hounds, coursers that ran wholly by sight, swept on past them, where a dog of keener scent would have stopped and ferreted them out. The next pair fell behind but struggled on. Fleet heard two keen, eager yelps as the dogs forged on to the kill. The next instant four giant hounds tore down the two kids and mauled them.

An hour after dusk Fleet led his herd back over the course; and two frightened kids rejoined the band. For three consecutive days Fleet ran ahead of the grim hounds and the cheering men. Each day the dogs made one or more kills. On the third night when they traveled back, Trim's one remaining kid failed to rejoin them. (Continued on page 102)

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

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The little doe held very near to the leader. When the men returned to the hunt next day, they scoured the country with glasses from every commanding knob, but no distant antelope flashes rewarded their search.

This new menace was something which Fleet could not combat. Doubling and dodging would avail him nothing, for the four great hounds were possessed of even greater speed than his own. Two hours before sunup he had led his little crew off southwest toward the rough masses of the hills.

He came to the big flat where he had ranged the spring before. This broad expanse constituted a shallow valley between the roughly rolling country toward the railroad and the first pitch of the hills. Many of the settlers had moved with the drouth, but the tongues of smoke gave evidence that man still inhabited some few of the scattered sod huts on the flats. Fleet rested on the crest of the rise that overlooked the bottoms, but only for a day, as his fear of the dogs amounted to sheer terror surpassing anything of the sort he had felt in the past. The hounds set at naught the one chief accomplishment on which he mainly relied—speed; and he wished to put all possible distance between himself and the spot where these terrors dwelt.

The following morning Fleet descended to the flats, and for hours he traveled across them straight for the Two Buttes that loomed as sentinels on the far side. The valley narrowed to pass between the knobs and he held on up the valley that led away into the hills. He turned aside and mounted the first slopes. An hour later two horsemen rode down the bottoms. A smaller speck followed them. Fleet trained his powerful eyes on this tiny dot and bristled. It was a dog! Without hesitation he led the way farther into the rough maze of the foothills.

Twice in the next two months Fleet saw other pronghorns on distant points of the hills that flanked the Picket Wire Cañon. A half-dozen times he returned to the edge of the low country. Each time he saw men and heard the distant barking of settlers' dogs, a sound which drove him back to the hills. On the last trip a trail-hound, useless in this new land but still prized by his owner from former accomplishments in a timbered country, picked up the hot trail of the pronghorns and followed it with a prolonged bellowing that struck fear to their hearts. Fleet turned his back on the low country and headed deep into the breaks of the Picket Wire.

FOR six years the pronghorn buck with the wire-cut on his breast was never seen on the plains. The little band held its own through the years, and even increased. Fleet met the graceful deer in the foothills and adopted much the same mode of life. At times he returned to the edge of the hills, but never found the courage to go down into his native range, and on these trips he often heard faint sounds which he knew for the distant reports of rifles and shotguns out across the flats.

Men made wood roads back into the hills to get out the scattered, wind-twisted



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As this message is being written, Dodge Brothers' daily, weekly and monthly production is at the highest point in its history.

The most casual sort of inquiry will satisfy you that this production is being absorbed as it is delivered.

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The interesting thing about this situation is, that it is not likely that a half a hundred people have ever bought Dodge Brothers Motor Car just because they wanted a motor car.

Of the more than half a million who have bought it—the overwhelming majority did so because of the name it bore.

It has always been treated, by the American people in particular, as an exception—always set apart and singled out, and never judged by ordinary standards.

It has always been thought of, and is still thought of, first, and foremost, and all the time, only in terms of its goodness, and the results it gives.

All of this is wonderful, in one way, and quite natural and logical in another.

It all dates back to the day when John and Horace Dodge conceived and designed and finally built the car—after warning each other, and their associates, not even to think of it in any other terms than the best obtainable value.

They began with a few almost absurdly simple principles, bluntly expressed and rigidly executed, about decency and honor and integrity—

such as most of us wrote in our copy books at school.

They reduced these old copy book maxims to a splendid and scientific system, pouring more, and more, and still more value into the car, and then marshalling all the resources of modern massed manufacture to get their products into the hands of the people at an honorable and an honest cost.

These policies and principles have never been changed, and never will be changed, by so much as a hair's breadth; and they have come to be recognized and accepted as Dodge Brothers principles wherever motor cars are driven.

It has all happened as John and Horace Dodge planned it—quite simply, naturally, and automatically, all over America, and all over the world.

People *do* discriminate, as Dodge Brothers contended they would; people *will* find out when a motor car is well built and gives good service and great good value.

Dodge Brothers market today is where they planned to locate and establish it—in the mind and the heart of every man and woman who admires good work, well done.

It will last, and it will keep on growing, as it has kept on growing for five years (faster than Dodge Brothers works could keep pace with it), as long as the number of those who believe that a manufacturer should build to serve and not merely to sell, continues to increase.

All is well with Dodge Brothers today, because John and Horace Dodge builded well in the beginning, and because their business will continue to build well until the end.

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT

pines for firewood and the sturdy cedars for posts. These wood-cutters reported that the antelope had forsaken the plains and that the last few bunches were scattered through the hills; that they grazed on the cedar-studded sidehills and bedded on the rims of box cañons much after the fashion of the deer, and that they had learned to jump over down-logs and rocks where formerly, when living on the treeless flats, they had been unable to clear an object of any considerable height.

Through all the years Fleet had been a stranger in an alien land, and the longing for the wide plains was ever with him. The region which had been looked upon as a raw new country so short a time before had become an old country almost overnight. The rains had come again, and with them had come the settlers in greater numbers than before. The stone town of Coolidge, half deserted in the last exodus of settlers, had never been repopulated as had the other towns along the Santa Fe Trail, and it now had all the appearance of a medieval ruin, the limestone buildings windowless, the roofs sagging, standing isolated and alone, a monument to thwarted, dead ambitions.

Men were already speaking reminiscently of the old days and regretting—forty years too late—that the buffalo had been exterminated. But few of them gave a thought to the last straggling bands of pronghorns crowded back into an unnatural environment in the edge of the hills. The little speedsters had been a part of a past too recent to be considered in retrospect for at least another decade. Yet even then the pronghorn kind was in far worse straits than those of the lamented bison. A concerted movement had been launched to save the last of the shaggy monsters from extinction, but his smaller range-mate had been overlooked.

A few bands fed in the broad pastures of far-sighted cowmen who refused to allow others to shoot them down. In the deserts of Arizona, Nevada and New Mexico a few herds still held out, their numbers decreasing year by year. In the Northwest a few still lingered in Wyoming, Montana and across the line on the prairies of Alberta. But the day of the pronghorn had passed.

FOR two years Fleet had made his home back in the hills a score of miles from the low country. He was growing old, for the span of the pronghorn's life is not long, and he hungered for another glimpse of his native home. In the spring of his ninth year he led his followers northeast, and for a month they lingered behind the first tier of hills. Except for the occasional rattling of a wagon along a wood road, and the few cows that grazed on the barren slopes, there was little evidence of man. Distant rifle-shots no longer sounded from the low country, and it came to Fleet that perhaps the settlers had gone from his old home range. In the early evening of a clear day in May he led his little band out to the first roll of the hills for a view of the flats.

They stopped, huddled together and gazed down upon a strange sight. Fleet had often seen mirage effects on the plains, the heat-waves bringing imaginary lakes into being. Trim drew close to him and laid her muzzle across his saddle as they looked again upon what must be a wonderful mirage; for in the valley that lay behind Two Buttes a broad lake appeared, with the ranch houses of men beyond it, and cattle gazing placidly on the green shores.

Fleet moved down the ridge that flanked the valley of visions, and the

dozen pronghorns bunched closely as they stood on a point that overlooked the big flat. The sun hung low over the hills behind them, and Fleet bristled his rump patch and stamped as he peered off to the east. It seemed that the plains once more swarmed with pronghorns, for the slanting rays of the sun struck a hundred glinting sparks. As far as his eye could reach these antelope flashes greeted him, as if a whole nation of his kind looked off to the east and bristled the danger sign.

Then the sun pitched behind the hills, and he knew that danger had indeed come from the east, that he had read his signs wrong. The reason he had heard no rifle-shots was not through absence of men, but from the fact that there was nothing left in the low country to shoot. In the queer afterglow that immediately follows sunset in deserts, distant objects loomed clear and distinct for a few brief moments after the fading of the glaring light of the sun. The antelope flashes had been but the dazzling reflection from the glass windows of a hundred houses that nestled among orderly cultivated fields.

Fleet had witnessed another general movement. Men had aided nature by driving artesian wells to water the desert wastes. Two Buttes valley had been dammed to hold back the flood waters of melting snows. The once nameless flat had seen a rush of settlers and was now the populous Artesia—a portion of the desert permanently reclaimed.

There might be other general moves of even greater significance for man; but after gazing long, Fleet made the last move of any significance for the pronghorn tribe. The old buck turned away from his one-time stamping ground and led the antelope back to make their last stand in the breaks of the Picket Wire.

THE TWO PHILANTHROPISTS

(Continued from page 37)

was the sharp reply. "I told you so when you made out the agreement."

Mr. Cray stopped his counting and felt in his pocket.

"I don't seem, somehow, to remember that," he said pensively.

He spread out the agreement, with its Somerset House registration stamp, upon the table. The faces of the two men, who stared at the spot to which Mr. Cray's fat forefinger pointed, were a study. Without a doubt the name of the rubber plantation there was Idabor, and below it were their signatures.

"It was spelt *Idabo* when I signed!" Frinton exclaimed at last.

"I'll swear it," Mr. Sinclair Smith echoed. "The agreement's been tampered with."

Mr. Cray returned it reflectively to his pocket.

"I guess you two gentlemen don't know how to spell your own names," he said pleasantly. "Now I'll just put you both wise as to what made me so plumb positive. It's this report from my broker."

He held a sheet of paper before him and read out its contents:

"Idabor Rubber Plantations: Capital three hundred thousand pounds. A fine

commercial undertaking. Full particulars in Rubber handbook, sent herewith. Present price of shares round about forty-one. Should recommend purchase.

"Idabo Rubber Grounds: A derelict concern, nominal capital sixty thousand pounds, with a large number of unissued founders' shares. Shares not quoted on Exchange, as property considered valueless."

"I got that from my stockbroker this afternoon," Mr. Cray explained. "That's why I knew for certain that it was Idabor shares and not Idabo we were dealing in."

Mr. Frinton had turned very pale. He sank suddenly into an unoccupied chair. For the purposes of any further controversy, he was down and out. Mr. Sinclair Smith made as good a showing as could reasonably have been expected.

"Mr. Cray," he confessed, "the shares we meant to plant with you were the Idabor Rubber Shares. Frinton here, and I, were stuck with them—cost us a cool ten thousand. We were the easy ones that time. We made up our minds to pass them on if we could, to another mark. We selected you."

"That seems to have been a little unfortunate," Mr. Cray observed.

"You've tumbled to it, and there's nothing more doing," Sinclair Smith continued. "Here's your two hundred and fifty pounds deposit," he added, throwing the check upon the table. "Come on, Frinton."

"Stop a minute," Mr. Cray called out.

The two men, who were well on their way to the door, paused.

"I can't see my way through quite to the end of this little matter yet," Mr. Cray explained. "By this document here you seem bound to deliver to me five thousand Idabor shares at thirty-seven and six, today's price forty-one, profit to me eight hundred and seventy-five pounds."

Mr. Sinclair Smith stared at Mr. Cray for several moments without speech. Once he opened his lips, glanced at Sara and closed them again. Mr. Frinton's rejoinder was on the weak side.

"Those were Idabos, and you know it," he muttered.

Mr. Cray shook his head and tapped his breast-pocket.

"Idabos doesn't sound reasonable," he protested gently. "They could be bought by the thousand for fourpence a share, and you were proposing to sell them to

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Camel

CIGARETTES

me for thirty-seven and sixpence. I feel sure that no one would believe it possible that you two gentlemen would make such a suggestion as that. *Idabor* my agreement says, and *Idabor* I want—or eight hundred and seventy-five pounds.

Then both men forgot the presence of a lady and began to talk. Sara leaned back in her chair with the air of a pleased and gratified audience. Mr. Cray, too, showed not the slightest signs of wishing to interrupt the dual stream of eloquent abuse. When the two men were silent at last through lack of breath, he made his first remark.

"I am not a bargainer, gentlemen," he said. "There seems to have been a little mutual misunderstanding in this deal, but the fact remains that I am entitled to the delivery of five thousand *Idabor* shares from you at thirty-seven and sixpence, or

the profit on them—eight hundred and seventy-five pounds. I am not a hard man. I will take five hundred pounds cash."

A secondary burst of eloquence was less original but more abusive.

"You're a damned sharper!" Mr. Frinton wound up.

"A low confidence-trick man," Mr. Sinclair Smith finished, with a glance at Sara, "you and your—"

Mr. Cray took a step forward. Mr. Sinclair Smith did not finish his sentence. He took a step backward toward the door. Mr. Cray threw it open and stood there. He was still smiling, but his smile had qualities.

"At nine o'clock," he said, "my solicitor is looking in on me for a friendly chat. A check for five hundred pounds any time before that hour will be all right. You'll

find the lift round to the right. So long, boys!"

Mr. Cray returned to the room with beaming face.

"Sara," he said, looking toward the sideboard, "give her a shake."

AT a quarter to nine that evening, while Mr. Cray and his daughter were dining at a corner table in the grill, a note was brought to him. He tore open the envelope. Inside was a check for five hundred pounds. He thrust it into his waistcoat pocket, produced the one which he had written for two hundred and fifty pounds and passed it to Sara.

"Your share, my dear," he said. "Let us drink the health of those two philanthropists."

"You dear, clever Dad!" she murmured enthusiastically.

A DAUGHTER OF THE RICH

(Continued from page 70)

which it is not possible to pass anybody, in which you crawl ahead a few yards, stop, wait, go on.

At last the traffic lights changed and they shot ahead into the comparative freedom of the upper Avenue. She watched, out of the corner of her eye, the stiff movement with which Richard shifted from first to second, from second to third. They were running fifteen miles an hour, well inside the average pace in the upper Avenue, but she was not sure whether Richard dared go faster or not. For the moment he was blocked by the cars ahead. Her eye roved far ahead, looking for the promise of an open space. The car at the right, ahead, turned off into Sixty-second Street. The car at the left swung toward the curb.

There was the deep-mouthed blare of an old-fashioned bulb horn behind them. Mary stiffened. Was he going to let the car pass them? Richard's hand grasped the lever, she felt the faster hum of the motor, doing twenty miles an hour in third, and then the click as the gears meshed in fourth speed and the car leaped ahead.

They shot past the car in front, past another and another, swung wide to pass a fourth in the middle of the road and had to do forty miles an hour to swing in front of the down traffic.

MARY smiled and looked at Richard but there was no answering smile. His whole body was set. He couldn't drive seventy-five miles that way—no man could. She realized that she too was sitting bolt upright. With an effort she relaxed, let her weight fall against the cushions. Perhaps if she relaxed it would help him to relax.

They stormed up the ramp of the Hamble bridge, swung round the familiar turn at the railway station, and were away toward the Grand Concourse. They were doing forty-five miles in the Concourse when a policeman raised his hand. Mary gave a little gasp. Richard kicked the cut-out open and stepped hard on the gas—too hard. For a moment the big

motor coughed and then, taking the gas, it roared down the boulevard at fifty miles an hour. Mary stole a look at Richard. She could see a white line along his jaw where the muscles were contracted; his hands gripped the wheel till the knuckles stood out; he sat stiffly.

Mary looked back. People on the sidewalk had stopped and turned to look after them. She would have a flock of summonses but there wasn't much chance for a policeman to stop them as long as the way was open. You can't jump on the running board of a car going fifty miles an hour.

They were lucky at New Rochelle, slipping through somehow without hitting anything. The bad piece of brick pavement at Port Chester slowed them down but nobody tried to stop them until it was too late. They went down the long hill into Darien at fifty-two, struck the straightaway at fifty-five, and then the Francia sang—sixty, seventy, seventy-nine. They made four miles in a trifle more than three minutes.

They slid halfway down the brick hill into Norwalk on smoking tires. The traffic policeman changed his signal just as they bore down on the crossing. Richard dropped into third and threw in the gas. The cop dodged. A delivery truck blocked the way. Richard swung the car across the street, shot to the left of a car coming toward him, and got away up the hill.

The car went round the turn at the top with two hops and a jump, roared down a bit of straightaway, made the next turn on two wheels. Mary looked again at Richard. His jaws—his hands—his body were still set. It was nervy, but it wasn't nervy enough. Unless he could let go, she had lost. He might conquer the conditions she had set him, but he hadn't conquered himself until he drove easily, as of old habit, sure of himself.

Her eye sought the speedometer. Sixty miles an hour! She looked ahead—there wasn't, for the moment, a car in sight. She felt the roadster leap over a hump in the road and land on all four wheels

at once. The speedometer marked sixty-five. It was still clear up the long hill ahead. They had only a dozen miles more. In a few minutes it would be too late. . . .

A hay wagon swung in on the black track of the Post Road with a terrifying slowness; a car was coming on the left. On the right was a stone wall. Instinctively Mary pushed with all her might against the floor-boards—as if she were putting on the brake. She wondered which would throw them higher—the hay wagon or the stone wall. The next moment they crashed through the fence at the left, the car pitching like a frightened animal, finding its wheels, rolling on. They were back on the road.

Richard grinned at her. The car was jumping from thirty to forty miles, from forty to fifty, as if nothing had happened. But the man beside her was different now. He was leaning back and smiling as he watched the black track ahead. The whole attitude of his body had changed. The extra tension had gone out of it.

They went roaring up Green Hill to the Wilkinson gates. Mary prayed that Holt would be there, that he wouldn't forget his lines, that Richard would ask no questions. Holt was there. He was running toward them. She touched Richard's arms.

"Stop!" she said.

The car sent the gravel flying as it pulled up.

"How is he?" she cried to Holt.

"They've taken him to Bridgport, Miss," Holt shouted, "to Maynard's Sanitarium."

Richard swung the car round. Holt gave Mary the address. They were off again.

Mary shut her teeth. The first act was over. Would the second, with so many more complications, go as well? Would Richard come through?

They drew up at the hospital. Dr. Fillmore came forward without waiting to be introduced.

"I'm glad you made it, Dr. Horton," he said. "I was afraid I might have to



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do it myself. We'll have him ready in five minutes. Will you go right up?"

Richard stole one quick questioning look at Mary. She looked gravely back into his eyes and nodded. Without a word, Richard turned and followed Dr. Fillmore into the elevator. Mary went into the waiting-room and sat down. Dr. Martin came in.

"Everything all right?" he asked.
"Absolutely."

Martin disappeared.

Mary looked at her watch. It was just half-past three. They had done the last forty miles in fifty minutes—on the Post Road, in mid-afternoon. She got up and walked to the window. A State policeman came up on a motorcycle stopped and took the Francia's number. Mary wondered how far he had followed them, and wondering, smiled. A nurse in starched gingham came in.

"You're Miss Wilkinson?"

"Yes—"

"Dr. Martin asked me to tell you that the operation took three minutes and twenty seconds."

MARY sat down; she felt dizzy; she felt suddenly a desire to cry. But she would not. The third act was still to come. And for that she had no plan; she could have none; she would have to improvise. She waited fifteen minutes and when she could wait no longer, Richard and Dr. Martin came back. They were smiling. Mary tried to smile.

"Well," said Richard, "I hope you two are satisfied with your little joke."

"Are you angry, Richard?"

"No—I guess not—I won't be when I've had a chance to think it out—I—you know," he paused. "Where did you dig up the patient?"

Dr. Martin grinned.

"It isn't hard to find a man who will let you take out his appendix—free," he answered.

"I see," Richard said. He walked over to the window, turned his back to them, stood looking out.

"I—" he began. Then he turned and faced them. "I hope you understand I'm not sore at you two. I—I—" Mary saw that there were tears in his eyes. "I am so grateful to you and so sore at myself and—well, you see—don't you?"

"Won't you come with me, now, Richard?" Mary asked.

They went down the steps together. Mary accepted the State policeman's summons.

"I'm going to drive," she said. "I've had enough speed for one day."

She drove on out of Bridgeport toward New Haven. Richard sat beside her without speaking for ten miles. Mary stole a glance at him. He looked hurt—like a little boy who has been hurt and who will not cry. She turned off the Post Road and up a country lane. She stopped the car.

"Richard," she said.

He sat looking straight ahead. Mary patted his arm. She caressed his cheek.

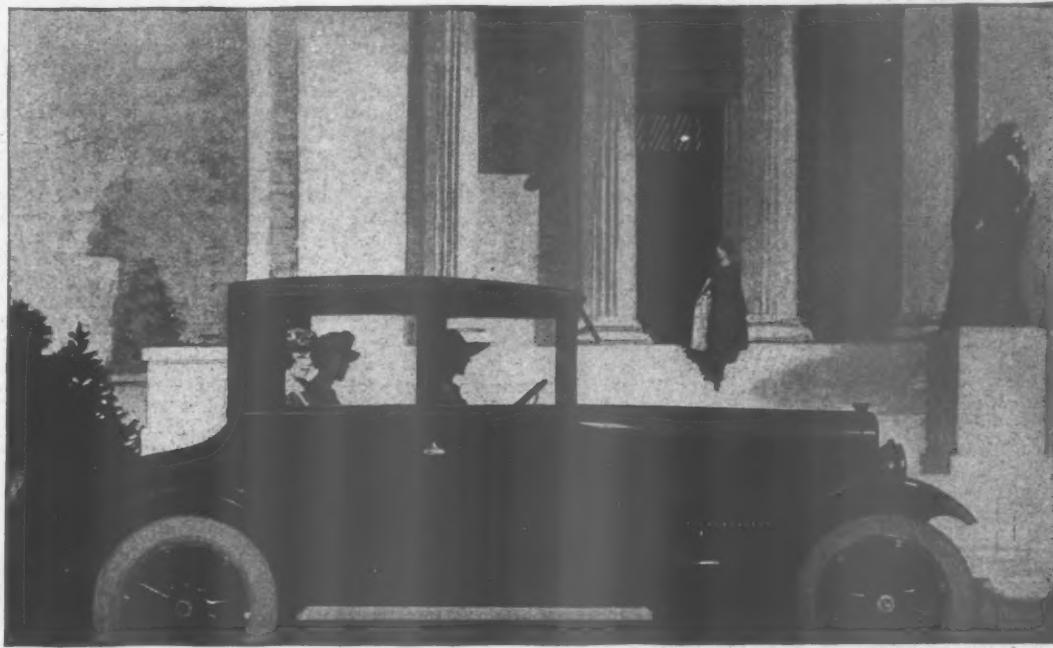
"Richard, will you marry me now?" She put her cheek against his.

"Will you?"

She took his hand in hers. His fingers gripped hers.

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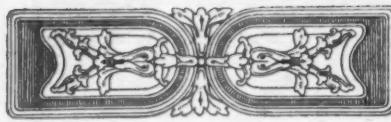
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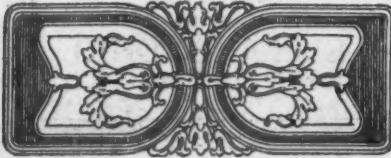
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Richard looked at her.

"Do you know what was the matter with me?" he asked.

"No—not exactly. I just figured out that if you did the things you thought you couldn't do—just once—you'd be yourself again."

"Yes—I did them this once because you were with me—because you asked me to. And now I can do them again. But why couldn't I do them myself? Why did I ever lose my ability to do them?"

"I don't know."

"I was a baby," Richard said bitterly. "A perfect baby. I actually went to the best man I knew and had my wrist examined. X-rays and all the rest of it.

"What was the matter with your wrist?"

"Nothing. I just thought something was. I just wanted to think something was."

"But—"

"When I was a little boy—perhaps ten—the teacher shook me and threw me down. I broke my left wrist—I'd always been left-handed. My mother took me to the doctor. It was the first time I'd ever been to a doctor. He happened to know his business. I admired him immensely, I remember. I suppose that's when I first thought of being a doctor. And I remember how tender my mother was, so tender that I was glad I had been hurt. The teacher had to leave town. I was a hero. It was the first time in my life I'd ever received any attention from anybody. Do you see, Mary?"

"Not yet."

"Think," Richard went on. "Circumstance taught me that a broken wrist was the way to my mother's heart and the way to fame. Ever since that wrist has been my reliance whenever anything went wrong—when life seemed hard. I used to wear an elastic bandage on it and then a thick leather strap—to support it! Once—I must have been twelve or thirteen—I went to a birthday party. I thought it a very fashionable party indeed. I was ashamed of my clothes and my manners. I insisted on passing things

to everybody. I wanted to be polite and I thought that was the way and then, just as I was passing a big dish of ice-cream I realized I had taken the waitress' job away from her and all the children were staring at me. I dropped the dish and splashed ice-cream all over everything. I ran home and told my mother my wrist had gone back on me. And she petted me and told me it didn't matter.

"When your father turned on me, and made me out a fortune-hunter, I wanted sympathy. I felt so sorry for myself. I wanted you to come to me and tell me you believed in me. You didn't."

"I couldn't, Richard."

"And why should you? Why should I have expected it? I was a child. I got to dreaming a terrifying dream. I would dream I was in the operating room. And just as I made the incision my wrist went back on me. I couldn't go on. Everybody shouted at me. But I couldn't. And then you came and told me it didn't matter. I dreamed that dream over and over again. I quit operating because I was afraid it would come true. Within—unconsciously—I must have wanted it to come true. I must have felt that if it did come true it would bring me your tenderness as it had brought me my mother's. What do the neurologists call it? Hysteria, I suppose. I was really afraid the wrist would fail; I was horribly afraid; and yet I must have known it wouldn't unless I wanted it to. I wouldn't tell Martin about it. I wouldn't tell anybody about it. I must have suspected myself. Do you see?"

"Sort of," said Mary Wilkinson gravely. "But—it doesn't matter now, does it?"

Richard put his arm around her and kissed her.

"Nothing matters, now," he said, "except you."

"But, Richard, do you know that I'm guarded by detectives? That they can't be half an hour behind me—now? That my father will—" She paused—smiled. "What are we going to do about that?"

"Find a minister," said Richard.

S N O W-B L I N D

(Continued from page 32)

"Thank God. Perhaps, though," he added half-grudgingly, "in a few days you'll see again."

She smiled. "I'd just love to see you. You must be wonderful!"

"What makes you think that?" he asked, his warped face glowing.

"You're so strong and young, such thick hair, such finely shaped hands and such a voice." Sylvie's associates had been of a profession that deals perpetually in personalities. "If I'd been blind a long time, I suppose I could just run my hand over your face, and I'd know what you look like. But I can't tell a thing." She felt for his face and brushed it eagerly with her fingers, laughing at herself. "I just know that you have thick eyelashes and are clean-shaven. Is Bella your wife? And that big little boy your son?"

He started. "No, she's a faithful thing, the boy's nurse. And the kid's my

young brother—a great gawk of a boy for his age, a regular bean-pole."

"It's so hard to tell anything about people if you can't see them. I wouldn't have thought he was so big. Is he about fourteen or fifteen? He speaks so low and gently; he might be any age."

"And a man's height—pretty near too big to lick, though he needs it."

"And Bella, what's she like?"

"A dried-up mummy of a woman."

The kitchen door creaked. Hugh started and shot a look over his shoulder. Bella stood on the kitchen threshold with an expressionless face and lowered eyelids.

"Why did you jump?" asked Sylvie nervously.

Hugh wet his lips with his tongue. "Nothing. The door creaked. Go on. Tell me more, child," he urged.

"No. I want to hear about you now. Tell me your story."



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Hugh clenched his hands and flushed darkly. He glanced over his shoulder with a furtive look, but Bella had gone. "No one else rightly knows my story, Sylvie. Will you promise me never to speak of it, to Bella, to Pete, to anyone?"

"Of course, I promise." Her face beamed with the pride of a child entrusted with a secret.

Then, lowering his voice and moving closer to her chair, he began a fictitious history, a history of persecuted and heroic innocence, of reckless adventure, of daring self-sacrifice. The girl listened with parted lips. Her cheeks glowed. And behind the door, Bella too listened, straining her ears.

The murmur of Hugh's recital, rising now and then to some melodramatic climax, then dropping cautiously, rippled on, broken now and again by Sylvie's ejaculations. Behind the door Bella stood like a wooden block, colorless and stolid as though she understood not a syllable of what she heard. But after a rigid hour she faltered away, stumbled across the kitchen and out into the snow.

There, in the broad light of the setting sun, Pete rhythmically bent and straightened over his saw. The tool sang with a hissing, ringing rhythm, and the young man drove it with a lithe, long swing of body, forward and back, forward and back, in alternate postures of untiring grace. The air was not cold. There was the cloudy softness premonitory of a spring storm; the sun glowed like a dying fire through a long, narrow rift in the shrouded west. Pete had thrown aside his coat and drawn in his belt. The collar of his flannel shirt was open and turned back; his head was bare. The bright gold of his short hair, the scarlet of his cheeks, the vivid blue of his brooding eyes, made shocks of color against the prevailing whiteness. Even the indigo of his overalls and the dark gray of his shirt stood out with a curious value of tint and texture. His bare hands and forearms glowed. He was whistling with a boy's vigor and a bird's sweetness.

BELLA caught Pete's arm as it bent for one of the strong forward sweeps. He stopped, let go of his saw and turned to her, smiling.

Then—the smile gone: "What's wrong?"

Her eyes flamed in her pale, tense face. "We've got to stop it, Pete," she said. "It's horrible!"

"What? Don't stand out here with those bare arms, Bella." He was pulling his own shirt-sleeves down over his glistening bronze forearms as he spoke.

"We can't talk in the house," she said, "and I've got to talk. I—Do you know what Hugh's doing—what he's telling that girl? What he's letting her believe?"

Pete shook his head, but at the same time turned his blue eyes away from her towards the glowing west.

"Lies," said Bella. She laughed a short, explosive laugh. "He's got his ideal audience at last—a blind one. She thinks he's young and handsome and heroic. Pete, she thinks he's a hero. She thinks he's buried himself out here for the sake of somebody else. Oh, it's a regular romance, and it's been going on for hours—it's still going on. By now he believes



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it all himself. He's putting in the details. And Sylvie: 'Oh!' she's saying, and 'Ah, Mr. Garth, how you must have suffered! How wonderful you are!' And—look at me, Pete—do you want to know what we are—according to him—you and I?"

He did not turn his eyes from the west, even when she shook his arm.

"I'm a dried-up mummy of a woman—faithful?—yes, I'm faithful—an old servant. And you're a child, an overgrown bean-pole of a boy, fourteen or fifteen years old."

The young man stood tall and still,—a statue of golden youth in the golden light,—the woman clutching at his arm, her face twisted, her eyes afire, all the colorlessness of her body and the suppressed flame of her spirit pitilessly apparent.

"Look at me, Pete."

"Well," he sighed gently, "what of it?" He looked down at her and smiled. "It's the first good-time he's had for fifteen years. You know we don't make him happy. I don't grudge him his joy, Bella, do you? It can't last long, anyway. Fairy-tales can't hurt her—Hugh believes—almost—in his own inventions. She'll be going back—her friends will be hunting for her. I'll let her think I'm a bean-pole of a boy if it makes him any happier to have me one. And why do you care?"

She drew in her breath. "Oh, I don't suppose I care—so much," she said haltingly. "But—think of the girl."

His eyes widened a little and fell. "The girl?"

"She's falling in love with him!"

Pete threw back his head and laughed aloud. "Oh, Bella, you know, that's funny!"

"It's not. It's tragic. It's horrible. You'll see. Watch her face."

"I have watched it," He spoke dreamily. "It's a very pretty and sweet face."

"Pete, Hugh's robbing you."

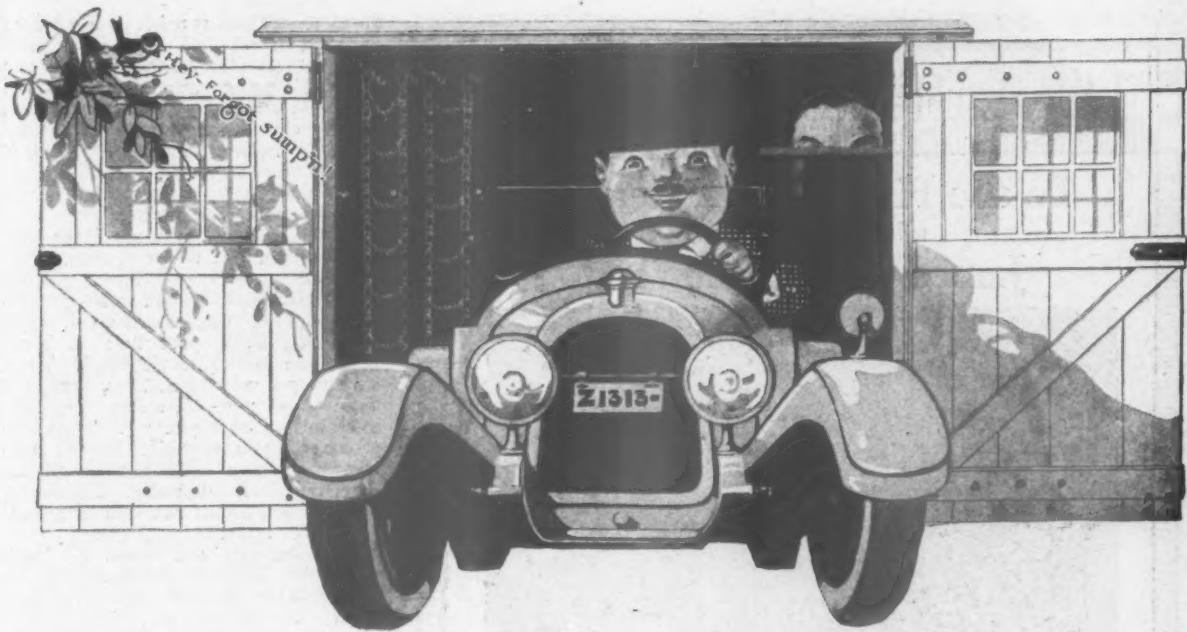
"Me?"

"Yes, you're young. You're ready for loving. This child—God sent her to you, to get you out of this desolation, to lead you back to loving and living, to give you what you ought to have—Life."

It was as though she had struck him. He started and drew himself away. "Shut up, Bella," he said with boyish roughness and limped past her into the house.

CHAPTER V

IN these days Hugh must have known that his magic-making, as he led the little blind girl through the forest of his romancing, was at the mercy of those two that knew him for what he really was; except for queer, wild, threatening looks now and again, he gave no sign. He played his part magnificently, even trusting them to come in with help when they were given their cue. He had dominated them for so long that even they and the picture of him that they held in their minds were not so real as his dreams. It was a queer game, queer and breathless, played in this narrow space shut in by the white wilderness. And as the slow days went by, the low log house seemed to be filled more and more with smothered and conflicting emotions. A dozen times the whole extravaganza came near collapse; a



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dozen times Hugh saved it by a word, or Pete and Bella by a silence. Their parts were not easy, and although Pete still smiled, his young clear face grew whiter and more strained. Sylvie treated him always as though he were a child. She would pat his head and rumple his hair if he sat near her; once, suddenly, she kissed him lightly on the cheek, after he had moved the chair for her.

"You're a dear, quiet boy," she said. "I frightened you to death, then, didn't I? Hasn't anyone ever kissed you before?" His cheek burned so that, touching it with her fingers, she laughed. "I've made you blush, poor kid! I know. Boys hate petting, don't they? You'll have to get used to it, Pete, because I mean to pet you—oh, a lot! You need some one to draw you out. These two people snub you too much. Boys of fourteen aren't quite children, after all, are they? Besides, interesting. I know. I was fourteen myself not such ages back. You're not cross, are you, Pete?"

His eyes were misty, and his hands were cold. He could not understand his own emotion, his own pain. He muttered something and got himself away. She called him "sullen" and was angry with him, complaining to Hugh at supper that "Petey" had been "a bear" to her. Hugh simulated a playful annoyance and began to scold; then a sort of nervous fury came over him. He stamped and struck the table and snarled at Pete. The young man rose at his place and started at his brother silently. There were two smolches of deep color on his cheeks. Sylvie protested: "Don't, please, be so angry with him. I was only teasing, just in fun. Bella, tell Hugh to stop. I had no business to kiss Pete. But I just wanted to pet something."

HUGH'S threatening suddenly stopped, and Pete sat down. In the strained silence Bella laughed. Her laughter had the sound of snapped bow-string. Sylvie had pushed her chair back a little from the table and was turning her head quickly from one to the other of them. Her mouth showed a tremble of uncertainty. It was easy to see that she sensed a tension, a confusion. Hugh leaned forward and broke a good-humored rattle of speech, and as Pete and Bella sat silent, Sylvie gradually was reassured. Near the end of the meal she put out her hand toward Pete.

"Please don't be so cross with me, Pete! Give me a shake for forgiveness."

He touched her hand, his eyes lowered, and drew his fingers away. She laughed.

"How shy you are—a wild, forest thing! I'll have to civilize you."

"Leave him alone," admonished Hugh softly, "leave him alone."

As he said this, he did not look at Sylvie, but gazed somberly at Pete. It was a strange look, at once appealing and threatening, pitiful and dangerous. Pete fingered his fork nervously. Finally Bella stood up and began to clear the table with an unaccustomed clatter of noisy energy.

"How long are you going to keep it up, Pete?" she asked him afterward. "He was helping her wash the dishes, drying them deftly with a piece of flour-sacking.

"Since we've let it begin, we'll have to

go on with it to a finish" he answered coldly. "After all,"—he paused, polished a platter and turned away to put it on its shelf,—"he's not doing anything so dreadful—just twisting the facts a little. I am an ignorant lout. I might as well be fourteen, for all I know."

"And I am a mummy of a woman?"

In pity for her he made to put his arm about her. "Don't be a goose, Bella," he said, but she flung his hand from her. "Why does it make you so sore and angry?" he asked wistfully. "Hugh is not pretty to look at, but perhaps Sylvie sees him better than we do—in a way; and if she learns to love him while she's blind, then when she sees him, if she ever sees him—"

"Chances are she never will. If her eyes don't get better soon, they likely never will."

"Isn't it horrible?"

"You don't seem to think so. So long's she has Hugh to paint pictures for her, what does she need eyes for? What's to come of it, Pete? She's falling in love with the fine figure of a hero he's made her believe he is. But how can he marry her?"

"Couldn't he go off somewhere else and marry her and start again? Honest, I think if Hugh had some one who thought he was a god, he'd likely enough be one. He—he lives by—illusion—isn't that the word? It's kind of easy to be noble when some one you love believes you to be, isn't it? That's Hugh; he—"

Bella threw down her rag, turned fiercely upon him and gripped his shoulders.

"Are you a man or a child?" she said. "You love this girl yourself!"

"No!" he cried and broke from her and went limping out into the frosty night with its comfortless glitter of stars.

AS soon as his ankle was stronger, Pete spent all day and most of the night on his skis, trying to outrun the growing shadow of his misery. Hugh's work fell on his shoulders. He had not only his accustomed chores, the Caliban duties of woodchopping and water-carrying, the dressing of wild meat, the dish-drying and heavier housework, the repairs about the cabin—but he had the trapping. In Hugh's profound new absorption he seemed to have forgotten the necessity for making a livelihood. During the first years of their exile they had lived on his savings, ordering their supplies by the mail, which left them at the foot of that distant trail leading into the forest. Thence Hugh, under shelter of night, would carry them—lonely, terrible journeys that taxed even his strength. When Pete grew big enough to lead, he was sent to the trading-station, and Hugh became an expert trapper. The savings were not entirely spent, but they were no longer touched; the pelts brought a livelihood.

Pete had had his instructions concerning his behavior at the trading-station; many years before, he had stammered a legend of a sickly father who had died, who was buried back there by the lonely cabin where he and his "mother" chose to live. Bella and Hugh had even dug up a mound for which they had fashioned a rude cross. It could be seen, in summer, from the living-room window—that mock grave more terrible in its sug-

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gestions than a real grave ever could have been. There was also a hiding-place under the boards of the floor. No one had ever seen the grave or driven Hugh into hiding. It was not an inquisitive country, and its desolation was forbidding. Pete had learned to discourage the rare sociability of the other traders.

Now, however, the young man had not only to trade his pelts but to trap them, and for this business of trapping which was distasteful to him, he had not a tithe of Hugh's skill. His bundle of pelts brought him a sorry supply of necessities. He was ashamed, himself, and having dumped the burden from his shoulders to the kitchen floor would hurry into the other room, not to see Bella's expression when she opened her bundles.

Tonight Pete was tired; the load had not been heavy, but the snow was beginning to soften under the mild glowing of an April sun, and his skis had tugged at his feet and gathered a clogging mass. His body ached, and there was a sullen and despairing weight upon his spirit. A mob of rebels danced in his heart. He watched Hugh's face, saw the flaring adoration of his eyes, thought that Sylvie must feel the scorch of them on her cheek, so close. In his own eyes there showed a brooding fire.

BELLA broke into the room. "Look here," she said, "you'd better get to trapping again, Hugh Garth. Pete's pelts don't bring a quarter of what we need—especially these days."

Sylvie quivered as though a wound had been touched. "Oh, you mean me," she said, "I know you mean me. I'm making trouble. I'm eating too much. I'll go. Pete, has anybody been asking about me at the post office, trying to find me? They *must* be hunting for me." She had stood up and was clasping and unclasping her hands. Hugh and Pete protested in one breath: "Nonsense, Sylvie!"

And Pete went on with: "There hasn't been anyone asking about you, but—so much the better for us. You're safe here, and comfortable, aren't you? And—Hugh, *you* tell her what it means to us to have her here."

It was more of a speech than he had made since Sylvie's arrival, and it was not just the speech, in tone or manner, of a fourteen-year-old boy. There was a new somber note in his voice, too—some of the youthful quality had gone out of it. Sylvie took a step toward him to thank him perhaps, perhaps to satisfy, by laying her hand upon him, a sudden bewilderment; but in her blindness she stumbled on the edge of the hearth, and to save her from falling, Pete caught her in his arms. For an instant he held her close, held her fiercely, closer and more fiercely than he knew, and Sylvie felt the strength of him and heard the pounding of his heart. Then Hugh plucked her away with a smothered oath. He put her into a chair, crushed her hand in one of his and turned upon Bella.

"Go back into the kitchen," he ordered brutally; "trapping's not your business. You mind your cooking."

"Be careful, Hugh!" Bella's whisper whistled like a falling lash, "I'll not stand that tone from you. Be careful!"

"Oh," pleaded Sylvie, "why do you all



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quarrel so? Off here by yourselves with nobody else to care, I'd think you would just love each other. I love you all—yes, I do, even you, Bella, though I know you hate me. Bella, why do you hate me? Why does it make you so angry to have me here? Does it make your work so much harder? I'll soon be better; I'm learning to feel my way about. I'll be able to help you. I should think you'd be glad to have a girl in the house—another woman. I'm sorry to be a nuisance, really I am. I'd go if I could."

THE lonely, deep silence always waiting to fall upon them shut down with suddenness at the end of her sweet, tearful quaver of appeal. For minutes no one spoke. Then Pete followed Bella out of the room. She had not answered Sylvie's beseeching questions but had only stood with lowered head, her face working, her hands twisting her dress. She had run out just as her face cramped as though for tears.

When the other two had gone, Hugh captured both of Sylvie's hands in his. "You don't mean that, do you?" he asked brokenly. "You don't mean you'd go away if you could, Sylvie!"

At Hugh's voice she started and the color rushed into her cheeks. "If I make you quarrel, if I'm a nuisance, if Pete and Bella hate me so!"

"But I," he said, "I love you." He drew her head—she was sitting in her chair again—against his side. "No don't smile at me like that; I don't mean the sort of love you think. I love you terribly. Can't you feel how I love you. Listen, close against my heart. Don't be frightened. There, now you know how I love you!"

He rained kisses on her head resting droopingly against him.

"How can a man like you love me?" she asked with wistful uncertainty.

"A man like me?" Hugh groaned. "Ah, but I do—I do! You must stay with me always. Sylvie, somehow we will be married—you—and I!"

"Now it frightens me," she whispered, "being blind. It does frighten me now. I want so terribly to see your face, your eyes. Oh, you mustn't marry a blind girl, a waif. You've been so noble, you've suffered so terribly. You ought to have some wonderful woman who would understand your greatness, would see all that you are."

"Now," he sighed, "now I am great—because you think I am; that's water to me—after a lifetime of thirst."

"Hugh, am I good enough for you?" She was sobbing and laughing at the same time.

It was too much for him. He drew himself gently away. He whispered: "I can't bear being loved—being happy. I'll go out by myself for a bit alone. Sylvie, Sylvie! Every instant I—I worship you!" He threw himself down before her and pressed his face against her knees. She caressed the thick grizzled hair. He stood up and then stumbled away from her, more blind than she, out of the house into the gathering night.

The next installment of this fascinating story will appear in the forthcoming January issue.



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THE IMMEDIATE JEWEL

(Continued from page 80)

There were houses near by on every hand, but Beth dared not consider the possibility that some one might come to a window of one of these houses and look out, and see her. She did not look toward the dark windows at all; she ignored them. If she were seen, that would be the end. There was nothing she could do to avoid this danger; therefore she accepted it.

IT was perhaps fifty yards from the alley gate to where Shelling had left his car. Beth made this distance without rest or respite; and she was groaning with her own exertions before it was done. She had concentrated all her faculties on her task, ignoring the car, and did not know how near she had come to it until she felt the forward mud-guard touch her back. She turned, then, and loosed her hold on the dead man's coat, and wiped her arm wearily across her forehead. The braid of her hair had fallen forward over her shoulder as she bent in dragging the body; she threw it back into place now, and drew deep gasping breaths, her lungs swelling.

When her strength began to return, she opened the side door of the car; and then she returned to the body and dragged it around to that side and tried to lift it up into the machine.

And she knew, at once, that she could never do it. The dead man was too heavy, too terribly limp for her to handle. When she was sure of this, she laughed a little, in a queer mirthless way. "All right," she told herself. "That's all I can do."

She wondered if Lyn would come out to help her. It never occurred to her to summon her father; she knew Jim Elder too well. He was a broken reed, not fit to lean upon. He would talk, but it was not likely that he would do anything more than talk. The man was not constituted for anything but conversation.

In the end, Beth turned slowly back to the house, turned with a hopeless droop of her head, and with dragging feet. But when she had gone a little way, she began to hurry, and when she had gone a little farther, panic overtook her and she broke into a run.

This run carried her to the alley gate, carried her to the arbor. She paused there, instinctively snatched up the cane, her father's cane, with which she had struck the blow. Then she ran on, slipping silently around the house and in by the front door. In the front hall she paused, gasping for breath, listening with all her ears.

There was no sound in the house, nor any light. Beth took the cane upstairs with her. In the upper hall she looked toward Lyn's door. It was closed. Her own stood open, and her gas-jet was burning. She looked into her familiar room, idly, in a stupid, dazed fashion. Then she crossed to Lyn's door and knocked lightly; and when no answer came, she called:

"Lyn! Lyn!"

Her voice was so low that at first she thought Lyn had not heard, and she called again, a little louder. This time Lyn answered. Beth heard her sister crying in horror-stricken tones:

"Go away! Oh, go away!"

Beth smiled a little, wistfully, and turned back toward her room. Then she realized that she still carried the cane, and she went with it to the bathroom, and lighted the gas, and inspected the black stick to see if it bore any trace of the deed which it had done.

She could detect nothing definite; nevertheless her imagination marked the cane indelibly. She turned on the water and took a cloth and soap, and scoured the stick till she was sure it was clean; then she dried it gently with a towel, took it downstairs and put it in its place again.

When she returned to her own room, the flare of her own gas-jet terrified her, and she turned it out and began to undress in the darkness. But her thoughts were in the alley, where she had left Shelling's body; and after a while she had a terrible hunger to go out and look upon the scene again.

But she lacked the strength for this. She dared not.

HER room, as said before, was on the front of the house; and the arbor where Lyn's hammock swung could not be seen from its windows. But Beth presently remembered that by leaning out of the side window she could see the spot in the alley where the car stood; and when she remembered this, she crossed at once and pushed up the window and tugged at the stiff screen till it too slipped upward. Then, leaning out a little way, she looked toward the car.

There were apple trees in the side yard; and because of these trees she could see nothing clearly, could only see, through the lower boards of the fence, the form of a wheel and a spoke or two. But even this much fascinated her; and Beth stayed where she was, watching it, for long minutes on end.

She was still there when the lights of the car were abruptly turned on. She saw their radiance fall along the alley; and her breath caught in her throat, and she was paralyzed with fright. There was a faint scratching and stirring on the window-sill beside her; she looked down and saw that it was her right hand, clasping and unclasping nervously. She watched it as though it belonged to some one else, as though it were not under her control at all.

Then she heard the engine of Shelling's car start, with a soft roar that was instantly stilled. She saw the lights move, and swing. For an instant, as the car backed out of the alley and turned, they struck through the leaves of the intervening trees full upon her window; but Beth was not conscious of this. She made no move to avoid the illumination. Her eyes were wide and her lips trembled.

The lights swung past, moved on; the car was hidden behind an intervening barn.

She heard its engine for a moment longer; then the sound was lost in the silence of the night. The car was gone.

BETH did not stir. She could not stir. Tears began to roll down her cheeks, though her face was still and calm. She tried to think, but thought was impossible for her. She could only know—know that she had left Shelling's body against the very running-board of his car; know that now, within ten minutes' time, some one had started the car and driven away. The wildest fancies raced in visual form before Beth's eyes. She saw Shelling himself climb into the car and drive away—and was near screaming at the sight because his face was a dead man's face as he drove. She knew this was madness, that the thing could not be. But it so obsessed her that she could frame no other possibilities; and this vision of dead Shelling driving his car through the still streets of the town hung with Beth that long night through.

For she did not sleep. Once or twice she got into bed, wished she might drift into slumber; but each time she knew it was impossible, and each time she got up again, moving softly to and fro, listening at Lyn's door, listening for a脚步 about the house, listening for a knock, or for the shocking clangor of the telephone.

Now and then she heard Lyn coughing in her room, and knew that her sister was awake; but when she knocked, once, Lyn called in a voice like a smothered scream and bade her go away, go away.

So Beth walked the house that night like a ghost; and there were moments when she thought she would go mad with the picture of dead Shelling driving his car away. And there were other moments when she was near praying for the sweet relief that madness would bring.

Yet old Jim Elder slept peacefully through the night, and she heard him snoring now and then; and in the houses all about her, other folk were sleeping. When she knew by Lyn's coughing that the other girl was awake, Beth from sheer loneliness crouched close outside her sister's door; but when Lyn had been so long still that Beth thought she must be sleeping, she felt terribly alone again, and moved restlessly here and there through her room and through the upper hall.

She undressed for a while, but dressed again long before the first touch of dawn, and went downstairs, and out to the porch, and came back in again. She could not be still, but wandered here and there, not fully knowing what she did; and it was only when the east at last turned gray that she was able to think again, and to plan what she should do.

WHEN it was light enough for Beth to see, she went out through the kitchen door to the arbor. Her composure had returned to her. In the arbor and about Lyn's hammock she searched for any trace or object that might hint what had happened the night before. She found nothing; and when she was sure



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there was nothing to be found, she moved out into the alley. From the end of the brick wall to where the car had stood, the marks of what she had done were all too plain. The earth was scratched and smeared; the impressions of her heels were deep in it. She followed the trail to where the car had been, sought there for any sign that might tell her who had driven it away the night before. There were footprints; but these might have been made by Shelling himself. She could be sure of nothing.

However, the marks in the alley must be obliterated. Beth went back to the coal-shed and got a garden rake. The alley was somewhat littered with rubbish; and she began to rake this rubbish into a pile. At the same time, and with every stroke, she scored the earth as deeply as she could; and in this wise she covered the whole way from where the car had stood to the alley gate. When she was done, she had a pile of rubbish; and the marks of the dragged body were obliterated. She ran into the kitchen for a match and set fire to the rubbish heap; and while it burned, she tended it with the rake, moving here and there occasionally to make more certain she had scratched out every sign of that which had passed here the night before.

It was still very early, so that the neighbors were not yet astir; but even if they had seen her, there was nothing unusual in what she was doing. Alleys had to be cleaned; and alley bonfires were common enough. Beth was known to rise early, all the year around. No one would have been surprised.

When the sun rose, Beth left the smoldering heap of embers and went into the house. The coming of the sun, the bright light of day, had lent an atmosphere of unreality to the tragedy of the night. Beth found it hard to believe that the thing had really happened. The matter-of-fact occupations of the morning enfolded her like a comforting embrace. She waked her father after the familiar formula, then returned to the kitchen and prepared breakfast; and when he came down, they breakfasted together, and Jim Elder remarked, as he always did, that it had been a great night for sleep.

"Finest kind of a night," he repeated, stirring his coffee, "not too warm, nor not too cold. I did think we might have some rain, though. Looks like we was due for some. Still, we don't really have to have it. But I guess it wouldn't do no harm."

"I'm glad you slept well," Beth said idly; and her father nodded his head and declared he didn't know as he had ever seen a better night for sleeping. Jim Elder loved his sleep; but Beth found something terribly ironical in the fact that he had been able to sleep this night that was just gone. It did not seem to her that she would ever sleep again.

When he was gone to the store, she dusted and cleaned and made beds after her accustomed habit; and when her morning tasks were done, she went again to Lyn's door, and listened there. She was hungry for a word with her sister; it required all her strength to hold her hand from the knob. But there was no sound in the room; Lyn might be asleep. Beth, smiling wistfully, hoped this were so, hoped Lyn might sleep for hours.

At a quarter before eight, she started for the Furnace. There was nothing else for her to do.

CHAPTER XI

WHEN Beth started for the Furnace that morning, she felt as though the town must read her secret in her countenance; but the half-dozen people with whom she spoke on her way seemed to see nothing wrong. None of them had heard of the tragedy, or at least none of them spoke of it to Beth. Thus she was given time to steady herself for the ordeal ahead, to fit herself back into the grooves of life. Before she reached the laboratory, she was half ready to believe that the whole thing had been only an ugly and appalling dream.

Trav Hartley was not there when she reached the laboratory, but he came a little later, hailed her cheerfully, tossed his hat into his locker, dropped his hand on her shoulder in a gesture not infrequent with him, and asked:

"Well, how's the world using you this morning, Beth?"

She smiled and said the world was using her well. He told her she looked as fresh as a daisy; and she told him that he seemed uncommonly cheerful about something. "Have you had some good news?" she asked.

He shook his head. "No—except that the world's a pretty good place. Takes a day like this to make you appreciate it. Almost an Indian-summer day, Beth."

"It is cooler, isn't it," she agreed.

"You'll see the leaves begin to turn in a week or two," he declared. "I tell you, the fall is the best time of the year."

They went about their work together with the steady industry that was characteristic of them; and Beth was able to put the night before even further out of her thoughts. She had almost forgotten it by mid-morning. And then one of the Furnace foremen, a man named Donnell, stuck his head in the door as he passed the laboratory and asked cheerfully:

"Heard the news, Mr. Hartley?"

Trav turned from his bench and asked: "What news?"

"About Shelling," Donnell told him; and Beth, at her desk, felt an icy hand clutch her throat. She waited till her breath came more naturally before she looked toward the man in the door.

"What about him?" Trav asked cheerfully. "I don't think anything that could happen to Shelling would interest me a whole lot."

"He's dead," said Donnell.

"Dead?" Trav clapped his hand on the bench, looked at Beth and back at Donnell. "What are you talking about?"

"They found him this morning," Donnell said, "—out on the south road, past here. That car of his tried to root up a telephone post. Sometime last night, I suppose. Car's smashed, and so's Shelling."

"Good Lord!" Trav exclaimed. "Beth, do you hear that?"

Beth nodded, because she could not speak. Her face was white and haggard. Trav cried: "What's the matter? You're sick, Beth."

She shook her head slowly. "I—sur-

prised," she said brokenly. Donnell was staring at her; and Trav crossed to her side and touched her hand.

"Brace up, Beth," he told her. Then, to Donnell: "You ought not to spring a thing like that so suddenly."

"I didn't figure it would hit her so hard," Donnell apologized.

"You didn't figure at all," Trav told him—then said more amiably. "Never mind. No harm done. Where did this happen, did you say?"

"Just this side of Harrison's, a couple of miles out."

"They just found him?"

"No, some farmer driving in this morning saw him, and saw he couldn't do anything, and came in and telephoned for Doc Learing. But Shelling had been dead half the night, Learing says. Must have bucked that post about midnight. It's off the road by the bridge, there, down at one side. People coming along in the dark might not have noticed him at all—if anybody came along!"

"Lord," said Trav. "I saw him yesterday. Stone dead, was he?"

"Oh, sure."

BETH'S thoughts were racing, racing back through the night. She had not, till this time, been able to think at all; she had not even been able to conjecture; but now a thousand possibilities leaped into her mind. Some one knew. Some one had found Curt beside his car in the alley and lifted the man into the car and driven him away. Some one—some one who was friendly and who must know—know not only where Curt had been killed, but how and why; else whoever it was would simply have called the police, would never have risked moving the body. Beth tried to guess who this some one might be, and dared not.

When she was conscious of her surroundings again, Donnell had gone, and Trav was saying: "Didn't like the man, of course. But this is tough, just the same. He always was a reckless bird in a car, though; and he was probably half drunk. Bound to get it some day. I—"

Beth's thoughts smothered his words; she remembered that Donnell had merely said that Curt was killed in the wreck of his car; and a fierce hope leaped to life in Beth's breast. People might think he had been killed accidentally. There was a chance, a chance that no one would guess the truth. Then her hopes sank.

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again. For some one knew, some one who had driven the car out of town the night before. Some one would always know. Beth for an instant glimpsed a long perspective of years through which she must live, knowing always that some one shared her secret. She felt that she could not bear it, that she could not endure her silence. She wanted to scream.

Trav's hand on her shoulder quieted her; she heard him saying: "—Don't take it so hard, Beth. I know it's awful; but there's no reason why you should take it so. We're all sorry for the poor devil, but the man had it coming to him, Beth. Shelling had it coming to him. Don't you bother, now. There's nothing to bother about. It's all right. Don't you take it so hard—"

Lyn came into Beth's thoughts; and at memory of Lyn, she got swiftly to her feet. She must go home at once, see Lyn, warn her; she must tell Lyn what had happened, so that the younger girl could, if necessary, play her part through what was to come. She was possessed by a desperate sense of haste; and when Trav urged her to sit down, rest, wait, Beth cried:

"I've got to go home, Trav. I've got to see Lyn. Please. I'll be back right away."

"I'll take you home," he told her. "I'll take you out in my car. You sit down, Beth. You're tired. This has been tough on you. You wait till I go get the car."

She shook her head. "No, no, I'll walk. Please, Trav. I'll be back right away."

"Why, you mustn't hurry," he reassured her. "You'd better let me drive you."

"No, no." She had taken her hat from her locker, was swiftly adjusting it. "Let me go alone, Trav. I'll be back right away." She reiterated this promise, over and over, as though it were vastly important to reassure him. She hardly knew what she was saying.

He let her go; and she walked swiftly homeward. Once or twice she met people who would have stopped her to discuss the news that all had heard by this time; but Beth, managing some degree of composure, exchanged a word or two with them and hurried on. Behind her she knew there would be whispers, knew that this would revive the old tale of how she had gone with Curt to Chillicothe; but she put this realization aside as of no consequence. The tragedy had wiped out all the past.

AT home Beth found Lyn still in her room, the door locked; and at her knock, Lyn cried shakily:

"Who is it?"

"Beth."

"Oh—"

"Let me in, quickly, Lyn. I've got to talk to you."

There was a moment's delay; then Beth heard the key turn in the lock. She opened the door, stepped inside, closed it. Lyn shrank away from her toward the bed; and there was terror in the younger girl's eyes. She cried:

"Have they found him?"

Beth said: "Yes. Listen, Lyn. You must listen!"

"Oh, I can't bear it," Lyn cried. "I can't bear it, Beth. What did you do it

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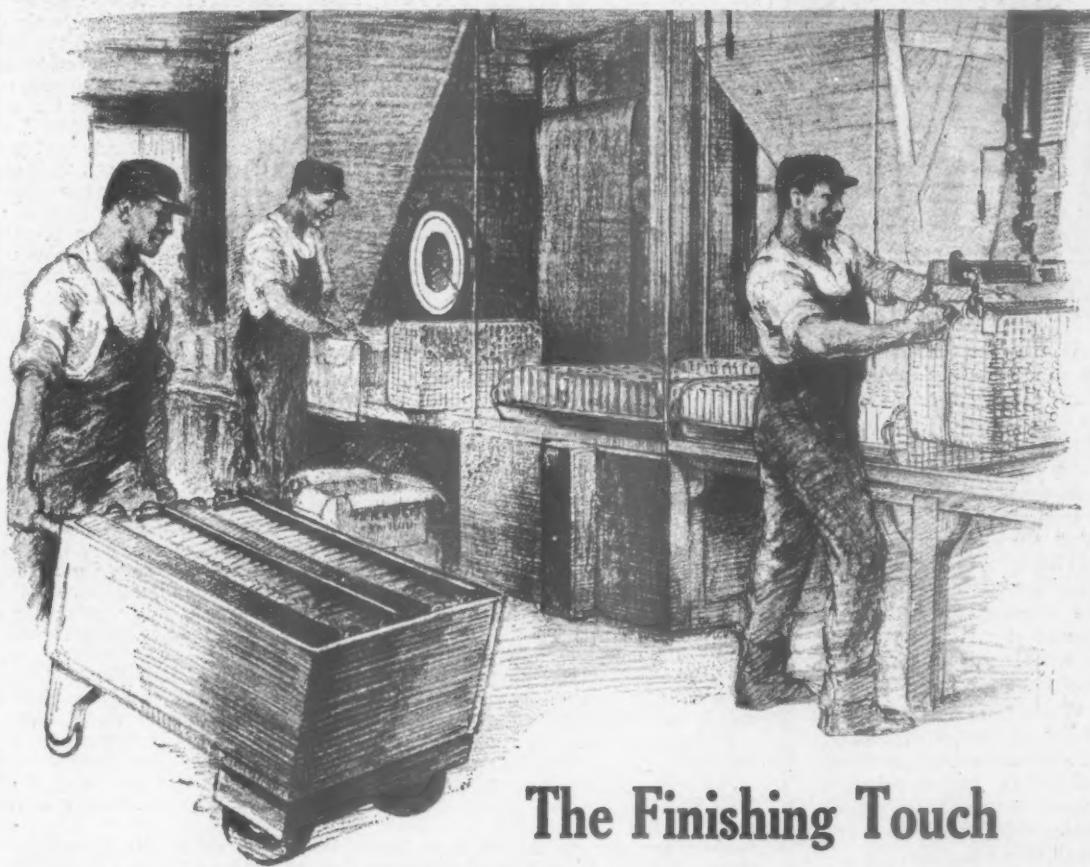
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for? What did you do it for? Oh, it will kill me, Beth. What did you do it for?"

Beth hushed her sister, made her sit down, said slowly: "You must listen to me, Lyn. Something has happened." Lyn began to cry, so that Beth wanted to shake her into silence. She went on, forcing the younger girl to give attention: "I—moved it out to his car, Lyn—after you came in. And after I'd come into the house, some one came and got it, and put it in the car—"

Beth's quick hand was just in time to smother Lyn's outcry. The younger girl was in a panic of fright, utterly irresponsible. It was a matter of minutes before Beth could force her to some measure of composure, force her to listen to the rest of the story. But gradually she did win Lyn's attention; and when she had told what had happened, Lyn, with a new hope in her eyes, cried:

"Why, then they'll never know."

"They think he was killed in the wreck of the car," Beth agreed.

"They'll never know he was here at all."

Beth could not forget that there was some one who did know; but she would not remind Lyn of this, for Lyn had found so much of comfort and reassurance in what Beth had told her. She was in Beth's arms now, crying and sobbing with her great relief. "Oh, I never could have stood it, Beth," she protested. "I'd have died if they had found out. If anybody ever knows, it will kill me, Beth. It will—"

Her sobs did set her coughing; and Beth saw that the girl was shaken and weak and sick. She made Lyn lie down, soothed her and quieted her, bade her sleep. And when Lyn's fit of coughing passed, she did drift into a doze; and Beth slipped away and went downstairs.

SHE turned to the kitchen to get something to eat before starting back to the Furnace; and while she was thus in the rear of the house, she heard the front door open and close. The sound made her stand still for a moment, in a rush of sickening apprehension; and she was still standing thus when she heard her father's voice calling to Lyn. She slipped into the front hall then, hushed him, told him Lyn was sleeping; and he came to the kitchen with her while she prepared dinner for them both. "Hear about Curt Shelling?" he asked in the eager tone of one who wishes to be the first to bring sensational news. Beth said she had heard, but her father paid no heed to her answer. He told the story again, and Beth had to listen while she worked.

"Pretty near under the bridge, out by Harrison's," he ran on. "Butted right into a telephone pole. Car smashed all to pieces; and him too, they say. But I wouldn't want to be in the girl's shoes."

Beth wheeled in dismay, cried: "Girl?"

"Sure," said Elder. "Didn't you hear? Why, yes, there was some girl with him. Nobody knows who it was; but they saw her, all right. It's a miracle she weren't hurt too; but she couldn't have been, or she couldn't have got away. She must have left him there and run for it. Don't blame her a mite, either. Must have been good and scared. She—"

"Who says there was a girl with him?"

Beth asked. "Who saw her?" She could hardly believe her ears.

"Two or three did," Elder stoutly declared. "They was talking in the store this morning, and Tom Morgan said it was funny there wasn't anyone with him, said it was funny Curt would go out that road all alone. And it was, too. And I was saying that come to find out, we'd probably find there was some one with him; and then Charley Shay came in, and he said he'd heard a girl was seen in the car—heard it just before he come in. Poor kid! She must have got shook up when the car went over that bridge."

"Over the bridge?" Beth echoed. "Did it?"

"Oh, yes—tumbled right off! Landed wrong side up, with Curt underneath. Smashed him bad, they say. She must have jumped, or fell out, or something, and got away."

HE talked almost without pause, throughout the meal, elaborating his story of the tragedy; but Beth was silent, wondering how much of what her father had heard was true, and how much was false. The story of the girl puzzled and appalled her; it was incredible. But that Shelling had been caught under the car was somehow reassuring. There would be left no evidence—

Elder hurried back uptown to the store, talking steadily until he left. Beth finished the dishes quickly, found that Lyn was still asleep, and so started to return to the Furnace. When she reached the street that would lead her almost directly to her destination, Carl Winsor overtook her.

She was afraid of him, because he was the prosecuting attorney. It was almost as though he had been a policeman; and though she managed to greet him easily enough, she could scarce breathe for the weight of her apprehension.

She saw that his face was sober; and after a moment asked: "What's the matter, Carl? You're ever so glum today."

"Shelling," he said. "You've heard about him?"

She nodded, was slow in answering. "Yes," she said, "I've heard. Father says there was a girl with him."

Winsor shook his head. "That's gossip—not true."

Beth said: "Oh!" She might have known, she told herself. No girl could have lifted him into the car. And because she could not bear to be silent, she asked:

"But why are you—so worried? You weren't particularly good friends with him, were you?"

Winsor shook his head. "No."

"Then—why?"

"I've got to get the man that killed him," Carl told her, and there was something hopelessly weary in his tone.

"Killed him?" she echoed, half whispering. "But I thought he was—smashed—under the car."

"Under the car? Oh, no. It didn't turn over. Just butted into a telephone pole. He wasn't even thrown out."

Beth felt that she was choking; she asked huskily: "Then how—what killed him?"

He looked down at her. They had reached the intersection of two streets; Carl's way was to the left—Beth would go

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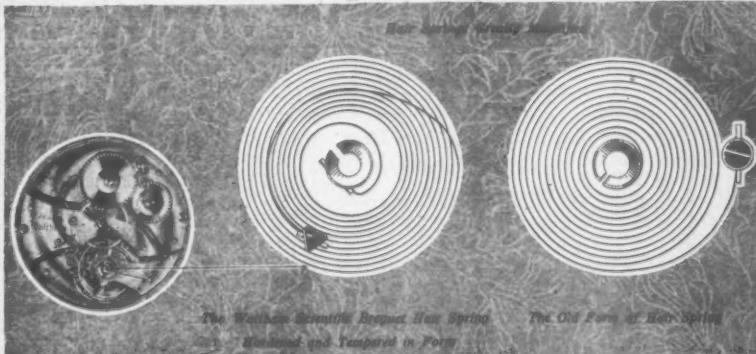
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straight ahead. He said swiftly: "Don't tell this, Beth. But—he was dead when the car went down into the ditch. His skull was fractured—by a blow—from behind."

Something like panic swept her; she felt that she must speak; she clutched at a straw.

"But mightn't he have hit it when the car bumped down into the ditch. Hit it then?"

"He was sitting behind the wheel when we found him," said Winsor huskily. "There was nothing his head could have hit. And—the back of his clothes was covered with dirt. He'd been dragged."

"Oh!" Her hand clutched at her throat. He touched her hand.

"Now just forget it, won't you, Beth. I'd no business to tell you. Don't tell anyone, will you?"

Beth shook her head slowly. She could not speak. He lifted his hat and turned away.

After a moment Beth went slowly on toward the Furnace.

CHAPTER XII

TRAV was in the laboratory when Beth got there; he looked toward her with some solicitude and asked:

"All right, now?"

"Oh, yes," she told him. "I was foolish to get so—so worked up."

"No, you weren't. Donnell's blurting the thing out that way was enough to upset you. Besides, you're tired, anyway. You look tired. You haven't had a vacation this summer, Beth. Why don't you take one?"

She shook her head, smiled at him. "Oh, no; I'm all right. I wouldn't know what to do with myself if I couldn't come to work every day."

"Take a trip somewhere."

"Oh, I want to be with Lyn. She doesn't seem to get any better."

"Take her along," he urged. "It would do her good."

Beth shook her head again. "I'm all right, Trav. Don't worry about me."

No more was said of Shelling at the time; and the dead man's name was not mentioned till mid-afternoon. From the windows of the laboratory, they could see the street that ran past the Furnace and turned into the south road, on which Curt's body had been found. More than the usual number of automobiles were going and coming along this street, and Trav remarked on it.

"Going out to see where the thing happened, I suppose," he told Beth.

"I suppose so," she agreed, and smiled in a twisted way.

"It's an ugly form of curiosity, isn't it?"

"I—shouldn't care to go out myself," she told him.

He remained by the window for a while, watching the occasional passing cars; and Beth went on with her work. Presently he said:

"That's funny!"

Beth, a little startled by his tone, looked up and asked: "What's funny?"

"Why, Sheriff Brant and Carl Winsor just drove past together. Of course, they may be going somewhere else."

Beth got up and came to the window. Her face was white. "They went out that way?"

"Yes." Trav looked puzzled. "Don't just get the idea," he said. "No particular reason why they should be interested because Curt Shelling was fool enough to run into a telephone post."

Beth looked at Trav sidewise, hesitated, then touched his arm. "I know why they're interested," she told him.

He looked down at her. "Why?"

"Because Curt was killed."

Trav took both her hands in his. "Now, Beth," he said urgently, "don't get that idea into your head. You've thought about it so much that you don't know what to think. That's the trouble with you. Curt's car ran off the road and smashed him up. That's all there is to it. Don't go to imagining things."

"I'm not imagining things."

"There's not a soul in town that has even suggested he was killed," Trav told her. "You're just trying to find something to worry about."

"Yes, there is," she said.

"Is what?"

"Some one who thinks he was killed."

"How do you know?"

"He told me so."

"Who?"

"Carl Winsor, Trav."

Trav stared at her intently. "Beth, what are you talking about? When did you see Carl? What did he say?"

"He caught up with me, on my way down here," she told him. "He said Curt wasn't even thrown out of the car, and that he was killed by a blow on the head."

Trav laughed reassuringly. "Why, that's easy. He must have bumped his head against something when the car hit the post."

"And Carl says his clothes were all dirty, where he had been dragged along the ground," Beth insisted.

Trav's eyes hardened; he made an impatient gesture with his right hand, and for a moment said nothing. "So you see," Beth added, "that's why Carl and the Sheriff have gone out there."

Trav snapped his fingers, laughed again. "Now, Beth, you're seeing things," he advised her. "Carl ought not to have told you that. You know, there's always talk like that when some one gets smashed up. People always wait for a while that it was murder. It's the same way with this. You'll see. They'll decide that it was an accident, before they're through."

Beth turned away without answering, because she had no answer to make to him. After a little, Trav also returned to work. Thereafter there was no mention of Curt, during the afternoon, except when Trav called to her to come to the window and see them towing the wrecked car into town. They watched it pass along the street, trailed by a little cavalcade of cars full of curious people. They saw no more of Carl and Sheriff Brant.

When Beth got home, Lyn was dressed and sitting on the front porch with Kit Wells; but Kit left almost as soon as Beth appeared. Beth had gone into the house; and when Kit was gone, Lyn followed Beth upstairs to her room and flung herself on the bed, and cried hotly that Beth had got them both into a terrible mess.

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Beth's head was aching; the heavy coils of her hair seemed to tug at the nerves upon her temples. She had loosened it and was trying to adjust it in a less trying position, and she paid no particular attention to Lyn's fretful protest. Lyn elaborated her theme, and in the end Beth was forced into speech.

"Oh, Lyn, please!" she cried. "I didn't know what I was doing. I was so furious at seeing him, at his coming there, and at his trying to kiss you. Why did you let him come, Lyn? Why did you let him come?"

"I liked to have him come," Lyn said perversely. "Besides, I could have taken care of myself."

"But Lyn, I heard you pleading with him,—from the back window,—begging him to let you go."

"Well, he would have."

"He hadn't, when I got there."

"I don't see why you had to come out there, anyway!"

Beth smiled wistfully. "I suppose it was more or less instinctive, Lyn. I've always—felt that I ought to look out for you. Since Mother died!"

"Yes, I know you have," Lyn snapped. "Just because you're a little bit older—"

"Please, Lyn!"

"So you've always interfered, and nagged. And you just did it because you were built that way, Beth. You couldn't bear to see me have any fun, or any pretty clothes, or anything."

"Lyn!"

"If you don't quit saying 'Lyn' at me, I'll scream, Beth. You did—you know you did. Why, you even made an excuse to take my brand new coat and tell people it was yours, and wear it all the time."

"Lyn, you know I had to do that."

"Why did you have to? I hadn't done anything wrong. I didn't care what this old town said. You were just glad of an excuse."

Beth said wearily: "You were anxious enough for me to do it at the time, Lyn. You seemed grateful. Goodness knows, I didn't want to."

"I was scared; and you just grabbed at the chance."

Beth had arranged her hair after a fashion; she said gently: "I'm going down to get supper, Lyn."

"And now you've made it worse than ever," her sister cried.

Beth nodded. "I know. I think I'll go to Carl Winsor and tell him the truth. I'm sick of lies."

LYN'S eyes widened with a sudden flood of terror; she flung herself across the room, caught her sister's arms. The abrupt exertion made her cough so that she could not speak; she held to Beth with both hands, and shook with coughing. Beth put her arm around the younger girl; and when Lyn could speak, she cried through her tears:

"Beth, you mustn't. You mustn't ever tell, Beth. It will kill me if you do, Beth. You don't want to kill me, do you? It will kill me if you do."

Beth held her close, and her eyes stared over Lyn's head, fixed and weary. "No, Lyn," she promised. "No, I won't tell."

She tried to persuade Lyn to lie down; but the younger girl insisted on accompanying her downstairs to the kitchen,

and sat by the kitchen table while Beth began to get supper. In the mercurial fashion that was characteristic of her, she was transformed from tears to smiles; and before Jim Elder came home, Lyn was laughing, teasing Beth, gay as an irresponsible child.

At supper, Jim Elder had news for them. He had a new version of the tragedy of the night before; the girls listened, watching each other; and Lyn's terror returned upon her.

Elder said that there had been two people with Shelling. "They found it out this afternoon," he declared. "Four or five different people saw his car last night. Funny part of it was, no one saw him in it. But some saw a girl in the car, and some saw Trav Hartley. Trav was driving."

Beth whispered, half to herself: "Trav Hartley?" And Jim Elder nodded unctuously and babbled on.

"Yeah, Trav! Trav was driving, and the girl was sitting by him. But Curt wasn't there. Anyways, no one saw him. And no one saw the girl plain enough to know who it was. But they saw Trav fair enough. Dick Berry saw him, under the arc-light by the fire-engine house—saw him plain. Trav drove past there a mile a minute, Dick says. And Joe Reed saw him, down by the Furnace—saw him driving. The girl was on the seat with him, sort of cuddled down. Couldn't see much of her—looked like she might have been asleep, cuddled down that way. Top of the car was up. Skimpy little affair—you know what kind that top is, Lyn. But it made shadow enough so they couldn't see who the girl was. Funny they didn't see Curt, either. Nobody saw him at all. Tell you, this town never was so stirred up, Lyn. Everyone a-talking about it."

He was eating steadily while he talked, but with no pause in his words. He drifted pleasantly on with his story now, and the two girls listened, so paralyzed with terror that they could scarcely breathe.

"Another thing, too," Elder explained: "It looks right bad for Trav Hartley. He had that fight with Curt, you know; and everybody knows they didn't like each other. Trav was always sore at Shelling. Sheriff Brant says it looks bad for him. He told me Carl Winsor won't listen to him. Says Carl don't believe Trav had a thing to do with it. Brant says if it was him, he'd have Trav in jail. He says how it looks bad for Trav to him."

Elder went over this ground again and again, tirelessly reiterating his gossip; and when he was through eating, he got up and drifted into the hall and took his hat and went away up town, leaving the two girls together.

When he was gone, Lyn fled to Beth's arms and clung there, sobbing like a child. Beth tried to comfort her; but there was only one comfort in the world for Beth herself. She clung to the fact that her father had said Carl did not believe Trav was guilty.

She knew that she must find some hope to cling to. Any other way lay black despair.

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THE PROTECTING INSTINCT

(Continued from page 52)

stand on platforms talking to other people while Stephen wanted me at home?"

"He'll want you none the less for having to wait a little for you."

"Oh, we are long past those tricks, Uncle dear."

"Nobody is past those tricks, my child. It isn't in order to heighten Stephen's wish for you. I'm sure that's there. It's for your own dignity as a woman. Do you think in similar circumstances Stephen wouldn't telegraph you that business detained him?"

"His business *would* be more important than this ridiculous tour of mine."

"That is what so many men contrive to make women think."

He made no impression on her; his theories about the position of women seemed to have but little to do with her own unique relation to Stephen. She started on her long journey home that very night, leaving her uncle to explain to the impresario that she would pay him anything he said, but that he would never see her again.

Professor Joyce's actual explanation was not quite so sweeping. He said that his niece had been called home by sudden illness, but that she would be back as soon as possible. He thought he might follow this with news of a death in the family, and so reduce the financial penalty of such femininely irresponsible conduct.

CLARA had not sent a telegram announcing her return, for she knew that her husband would not be in any uncertainty. But when she arrived at the Grand Central, she looked enviously at the kissing couples whom her train had reunited. At her own house the man who opened the door, said that Mr. Scarth had not come in yet. She was almost relieved to have an instant to get accustomed to her surroundings once again. The man added that Miss Scarth was in the drawing-room, and there she found Emily in hat and gloves, sitting behind Clara's own tea-table. She sprang up with a cry of surprise.

"Clara! Where in the world did you spring from?"

"Stephen did not tell you he had sent for me?"

"No, but I haven't seen him for a day or two. I knew he was worried. I saw something was stirring in his mind. And to think what you have been doing! Didn't I tell you. I have so often thought of that school valedictory and my own brilliant prophesies."

The New York papers, it appeared, had been giving a somewhat over-colored account of the lecture-tour—of the immense audiences, the riotous applause, the doors closed to men. Clara was glad to be able to put Emily right on these points. Of course, it had been fun. She found her sister-in-law very sympathetic, as sympathetic as she could have found anyone whose absence she ardently desired. At last she sent Emily away. Miss Scarth rose reluctantly.

"I want to hear ever so much more,"

she said. "You know I approve. I approved even when it all sounded so black."

Clara understood her tone.

"You mean that Stephen didn't?"

"You couldn't expect him to be pleased. You know the great masculine terror."

Clara smiled. Emily's vein was so unchanged. "No, what is it," she asked.

"That their womankind will make fools of themselves in public."

When Emily was gone, she moved about the beloved room, touching the familiar objects, for which she had been so homesick. She had hoped that to be alone would calm her, but instead she became more aware of the miracle about to happen—Stephen would presently be there.

By the time she heard him on the stairs, she had reached such a state of emotion that she could not speak, could hardly look at him. She flung herself into his arms and huddled her face against his shoulder. There at least was solid comfort,—worth crossing a dozen continents for,—the tangible fact of him with his arms about her.

For perhaps a minute—for sixty brief seconds—she knew perfect peace and joy.

She looked up at him.

"You have missed me?" she said.

He smiled gently. "It would be odd if I hadn't."

She was conscious of a little chill, but the next moment considered that she was taking the whole thing too emotionally. She moved away from him, wiped her eyes, sat down in her accustomed chair, and felt for her knitting-bag, which was hanging just where she had left it when she went away.

And at that moment the servant came in to say that Mr. Scarth was wanted on the telephone. She saw Stephen hesitate an instant, and then go to the telephone on the desk. She knew it was Frieda, even before he spoke.

As he turned from the telephone, she saw that he was ruffled.

"You won the suit?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, we won it. It gives her a large sum—not enough to live on. The firm would like to do something for her, but she's determined to earn her living."

"Is not that a laudable desire?"

"I suppose so. I want her to study kindergarten,—a position in certain schools or even in some families as governess,—but she will not hear of it. She knows a little stenography, and she is absolutely fixed on going downtown."

"I think I agree with her."

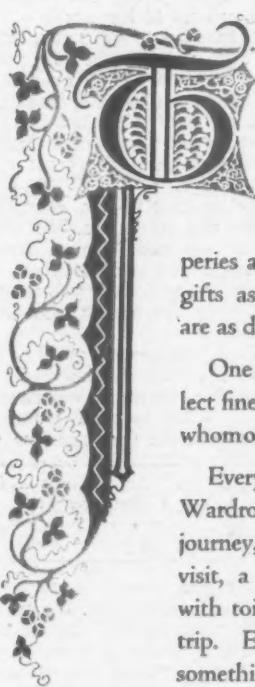
"My dear, you are very ignorant of business life; a girl is absolutely without shelter—"

"Oh, Stephen, there are terrible dangers for women who choose to be sheltered."

"Women go into these adventures like blind babies on a battlefield," he went on, "and some man who loves them has to stand by with his hands folded."

Clara stood up. "Are you thinking of me?" she said.

"Of course, I'm thinking of you," he answered. "Oh, my dear, it's all over



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E. W. 12-20

now, but have you ever thought of me all these months?"

"Have I thought of you, Stephen? I've thought of nothing else."

"Then you must have some conception of what I've been through—a thousand miles away, and knowing that my wife, inexperienced and innocent, was standing on a platform, saying any damned thing that came into her head!"

"Is that why you telegraphed for me?"

"Isn't that enough?"

"Stephen, you broke your word. You promised to send for me only when you wanted me to come."

"I did want you to come. I never opened a newspaper without a terror that something hideous might have happened to you."

"You used my love for you to make me do what you thought best?"

"I was justified in using any power I had, Clara."

She looked at him for a long time; then she said. "I shall go back and go on with what I was doing."

"Clara, you don't think I am trying to use my authority over you? It isn't that. I am thinking only of you—of what is best for you."

"I shall go back," she repeated.

"You want to leave me?"

"It kills me to leave you, but I cannot live with you just because you think I will be safer at home. I cannot stay with you unless you love me, Stephen."

"I do love you, Clara," he answered in one of the many tones that can make the phrase mean the exact opposite of what it says.

She walked to the door, and there turned and faced him. "I love you so much," she said, "that I cannot accept something you give to Frieda, to Emily, to almost any woman you meet. I must have your *love*, not your instinct of protection."

"I don't understand you," he said. And again his tone expressed the opposite. Some new conception was dawning in his mind. While he stood wondering at it, she opened the door and went out.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE

(Continued from page 61)

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have not come to reprieve this man who is about to die. I have given to this case an extraordinary amount of time, wholly disproportionate to that which the executive of this State should give to any matter save the greatest problems of our common existence. And yet there are hundreds of people in this instance whom I have not been able, or even willing, to see. In every case of an impending execution, the same circumstances arise. The governor is besieged, for weeks before the appointed day, with harrowing, heart-rending appeals for mercy. If it were only a question of saving the breaking hearts and souls of wife and child and father and mother, I would—I would do anything under heaven! But it is not! The sovereign majesty of the law, the protection of society, the welfare of this commonwealth is the supreme consideration."

He paused, and his eye sought the clock. It pointed exactly to the hour.

"I have therefore come tonight, from the capital, not because I have in any way changed my mind—for I have not, and this execution must take place; but because I conceive it the duty of the chief executive of the State to know once for all what this dread thing is that transpires, when the State, that is above us all, takes the life of one of its citizens. I will confess that I have come also because I may in some sense lighten the great burden of my young friend Cameron. And now I ask each one of you to regard me simply as one of you—a witness. Let no indication escape you, in the course of this—this occurrence—that the governor of this State is among you."

THEY sat, thirty men, in two long rows, facing the square-built, sternly upright, rigid Chair. Ears were strained to catch the first steps in the corridor, when the door from the death-house should open, and the little procession be on its way.

It came. First the warden and the principal keeper, then the prison doctor—the man himself, tall, almost huge, dressed in black, face pallid, neck without a collar, head shaved at the back, trousers slit at the calf of the leg. And beside the man, the priest.

Charley Hansen faced the Chair. His body seemed to straighten as his eyes rested contemplatively upon it. He looked at the two guards, as if to ask whether he should seat himself in it. When they took him by the arms to lead him forward, he seemed to wish to brush them aside, but he desisted. So the three walked to the Chair, and then Charley Hansen faced about—faced the two long lines of silent men, faced the eyes and eyes and eyes of other human beings, eyes that stared fixedly at him.

The voice of the warden sounded as from a long way off. "Charley, if you care to say anything, you may do so briefly."

The Swede's eyes moved slowly toward the place where the warden stood. Comprehension seemed impeded in the tortured brain. Then, marvelously, as he understood, there came into his face a smile!

"I can say something? All right! Then I say, say to everybody, all the world: My wife a good woman! My wife never was bad, like what Joe Wilson said! My wife she true to me—true to me!"

The voice of the man had risen to a shout. He extended his arms to the breathless rows of other men before him.

"Tonight—eight o'clock—the first time I am sure—I know! My wife, she got yesterday a letter from Joe Wilson's sister. Joe Wilson's sister, she write my wife, to comfort her, what she know. Joe Wilson's sister say that all what Joe Wilson said to me that night I kill him, about my wife, was a lie, a damn lie! She say in the letter that that night before Joe Wilson come to me, and we play

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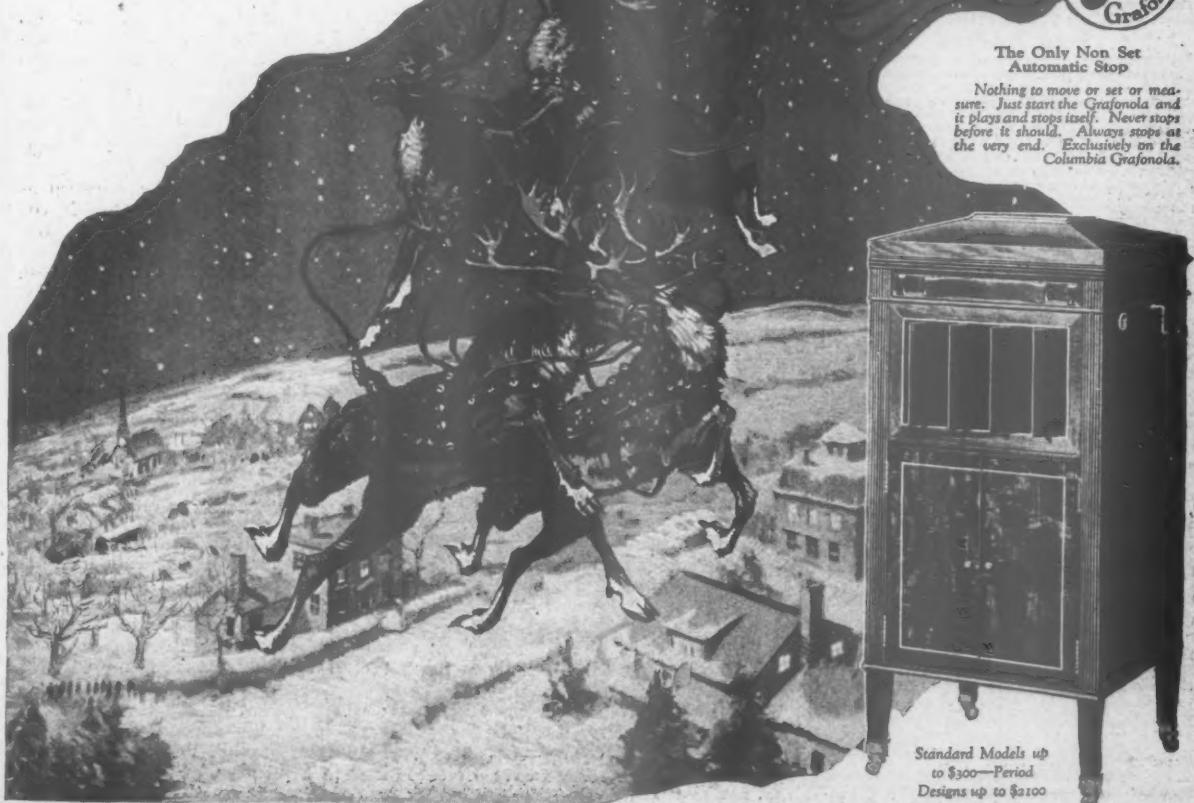
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cards, Joe Wilson tell his sister he been lying about my wife, and nothing to it, he said to his sister!"

Great beads of sweat stood out on the man's forehead. His face was contorted with the effort to make himself intelligible.

"When Joe Wilson play cards with me that night, he say suddenly: 'Your wife and me, we been all the time together when you gone away!' I get mad, and he laugh, and say it again, and then I grab his throat, and try to tear his heart out! My wife, I never tell her what Joe Wilson say to me—I believed all the time she was good woman; but if I say on the witness-stand—what Joe Wilson said about her, then people they all begin to believe anyway she bad, and always say she bad even if I get second degree instead of Chair. . . . My wife is a good woman! Now I know! So I die game, Warden!"

"Stop!" From the front row rose the chief executive of the State. His right arm, outstretched, motioned to the kneeling keepers. The man with the mask paused. The clumsy giant, in the Chair, blinked dully at the strange man standing there before him.

"Undo those straps!" The straps were unbuckled. Strange sounds of suppressed emotion rose from the witnesses. The lips of the condemned man quivered; his hands shook, and his great mouth opened. The governor stepped forward, almost to the Chair itself.

"Charles Hansen—you—are reprieved

for—for the space of one month!" The eyes of the governor of the State and the eyes of the man in the Chair clinched.

From the lips of the latter issued a half-articulate wail, as the import of the governor's words pierced his benumbed brain.

"And if what you have said just now is proved, I shall commute your sentence to a—lessor degree."

The man in the Chair staggered to his feet. His hand went into the left-hand inner pocket of his black coat. The governor's hand closed upon the letter held out to him. Charley Hansen clutched the arm of the warden.

"Who—is—he?" gasped the Swede in amazement.

"The governor, Charley!"

The great body of the fair-haired giant sagged slowly, then slumped to the concrete floor, directly in front of the Chair. "He's fainted," said the doctor, kneeling before him.

The governor turned to the witnesses, his face harrowed with emotion. "Gentlemen, the—I—the State has had, perhaps, a very narrow escape from making a terrible mistake! Any man who loves his wife, and—and—"

The witnesses rose hurriedly, noisily. Charley Hansen was half-carried, half-dragged, from the room. . . .

Behind the Chair the man from the electrical company detached slowly the instrument that was to have measured the capacity of shock resistance of a human body.

THE DREAM BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from page 85)

day, therefore, back in 1910, when Pinky Price, who had succeeded Art as our local reporter, burst into our newspaper office with eyes distended and hair awry to shout:

"Art Kolson's gone up in his flying-machine and smashed all to hell in Berwick's pasture! His machine's all wrecked, but *she flew*—he went clean over Bancroft's hill and over the Hell-Hollow schoolhouse before he tumbled! What do you know about that?"

"It explains why old Daddy Joe wanted this afternoon off," commented Sam Hod an hour later when news came that neither Arthur nor his precious engine was seriously hurt. "The old chap's affection for that young scatter-brain sure is queer—queer but wholesome. Wonder what Artie will do now."

"Build another!" cried Pinky. "Build another and a better on the strength of his mistakes. I heard him say so myself!"

"Bully for him!" declared Sam. "That sort of grit is all-American; if flying is ever made practical, it'll be because of it."

Sam spoke more truth than he realized at that moment.

The next spring Art had built another. He crashed in it several times but never so seriously that the entire 'plane had to be scrapped. And for it all, Daddy Joe paid.

Then suddenly Art went to Chicago

and stayed away for over a year. We learned he had joined the Mills Aviators, that he was flying one of their machines at conventions and county fairs. Word came back occasionally that he had tumbled and been hurt. But his hurts were never serious. He always bobbed up cooler than ever before.

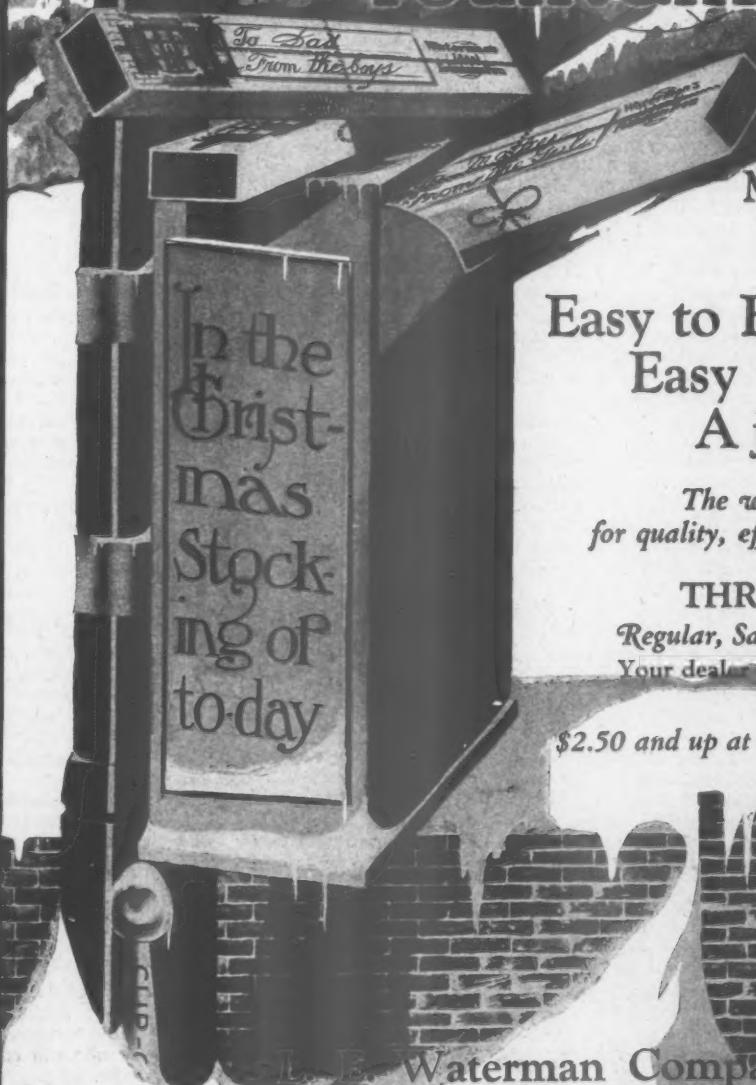
And during that year old Daddy Joe's loneliness was almost heartrending. We realized then just how much he loved Arthur—as a real father might have loved his own son.

"He's gettin' away with all them fancy stunts because he don't give a damn whether he breaks his neck or not," said a type salesman to us one afternoon when we mentioned that Art Kolson had formerly worked on our newspaper. "I can see now the reason for his daredeviltry. Lost his girl and had just as soon blown out as not. Not for me, though! I've never yet seen the skirt that was worth it!"

DURING 1911 and 1912 Art flew mostly for exhibition purposes and to earn money for further experiments. In the first part of 1913 he went to the Coast, and for the first time perfected his "sidewise roll." Then in August of that year Daddy Joe came into our office excitedly one morning.

"Art's comin' back here—goin' to fly back here," he announced. "He says he'll fly for nothin' at the Paris County Fair in September, and he's goin' to try

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for an altitude record—right here in Paris!"

The news was duly printed in our paper. The town talked of little else all the rest of the month. We knew then that our particular county fair would beat every other fair in Vermont. The event was duly advertised. And sure enough, Art arrived on schedule.

We knew he was only twenty-four, and yet there were lines of a man of middle-age about his mouth. He was hard as iron, physically, and tanned from much outdoor exposure. His speech was terse, his manner quiet and reserved. But there was little reservation about the way he embraced Daddy Joe that epochal morning after his machine had been sighted high over Haystack Mountain and in a series of graceful spirals he had dropped to the meadows over behind the fairground, unbuckled himself and leaped down to greet the old man.

There were tears on the cheeks of Daddy Joe. All he could say was: "My boy! My boy!" For, you see, the old compositor was the happiest man in seventeen counties that morning. And as the 'plane Art was using rested on the meadow as lightly as a bird about to take wing, the old printer walked about and patted it and smoothed it as if it were alive.

Art's mechanicians had come by train. They spent a considerable portion of that day tuning up the machine, testing wires, trying out instruments, making all ready for the success of the thing the young man intended to do that day—acquire the world's altitude record and let the town of Paris have what fame might come if the experiment proved successful.

When he finally came onto the field in his picturesquely dressed, his face seemed a little more sober than usual. And most of us in the *Telegraph* office knew the reason why. That morning he had visited the Wilson girl's grave in the little cemetery on the hill—a tiny little plot half-hidden under the money-plant and briar-bloom.

"I'm sorry," he confided to Daddy Joe just before he hopped off, "that Florence couldn't be here today. I'd like her to go up with me." That was all he said, excepting to call out a last cheery good-bye to Daddy Joe above the roar of the propeller.

Finally all was ready. The engine was singing steadily. The blocks were knocked away beneath the wings. The mechanicians let go. Louder and fiercer the engine roared—as if straining to be off. Then with a lurch the machine started forward. It gathered momentum down the field—took the air. Upward it tilted. It banked and turned. Higher and higher Art shoved its nose. Around and upward he urged it. Very soon the far-flung crowd was but a sea of upturned faces. Then a cloud hid Art Kolson. We saw him come out of it. His machine was behaving beautifully. Onward and upward into the very firmament he rode, up into the reaches of space. And below we waited.

It was half-past two when Art "took off." How long it would take to make his altitude record and return we had no means of knowing. But for a long time after another cloud hid him, we

stood there transfixed, straining our eyes, reluctant to move, wondering what his sensations must be so high above the earth.

We waited—and waited. Across the open field blew the blare of the concession booths and the flat monotones of the side-show barkers. The trotting races for the afternoon were called. But they were poorly attended, seemed somehow flat and lifeless—now. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes—a half-hour went by. We strained our eyes into the blue heavens where the white clouds floated so lightly. But we saw nothing of the blue speck again.

At the end of an hour it was plain that Art's mechanicians were worried. When another hour had passed and it was already mid-afternoon, they were frantic.

"You don't think anything's happened to him?" cried Daddy Joe, who had hardly moved from the spot where he had watched Art "take off."

"If he's comin' down in this same field, he ought to have made it a long time ago," was the answer.

Five o'clock arrived, and our newspaper office was besieged by a small mob. Still we waited. Every ring of the phone we expected would be the announcement either that Art had landed safely in some other township—or that he had crashed.

But such word never came.

ART KOLSON went up into the blue from our local fairground that September afternoon, just as the newspapers over the country have described many times since, and disappeared in the clouds. But what became of that lithe new 'plane and its noted aviator, where he came down to earth again—for all that goes up *must* come down—is still a secret that only God in his heaven knows. The fate of Art Kolson became the great mystery of American aviation.

Some contend that he flew northward and dropped into Lake Champlain, although there is no record of anyone seeing him fall nor any evidence of his machine being found. Others say he must have crashed in some lonely, inaccessible part of the Green Mountains.

But Art Kolson gave his life for aviation that day after visiting Florence Wilson's grave—as truly as any ace who ever went down to a glorious death behind the battle lines of France.

That evening, in the north eaves-bedroom of the old red boarding-house on School Street, when it was certain that Art was gone, a broken little old man lay almost lifeless on his corn-husk mattress. The little chamber was crowded—with town notables and folk from the *Telegraph* office, while Dr. Johnson worked over Daddy Joe.

"He died—if he is dead—in the progress of science," Sam Hod comforted. "He was trying to get new information about the skies for those who will come after. He is a martyr to human progress. He is a hero, Joe—beyond the homage of any, even the greatest of us!"

But old Daddy Joe refused to be comforted.

"He was just like my own boy, David," he moaned, "—just like David would be if he hadn't been taken away! He'd

filled Dave's place so completely I'd grown to think of him as Dave."

And this was all the information we were ever given about the past of Daddy Joe.

Perhaps this narrative might stop here. But it doesn't. There is an aftermath—a very important aftermath.

What became of Art Kolson has never been discovered. Undoubtedly off in some lonely mountain gully or swamp there is the wreckage of a 1914-type flying machine, so covered with forest débris or grown about by briars that hunters and loggers pass it by unseen. Near it somewhere is undoubtedly all that may be left of the boy who gave his life that a new science should reach perfection—the boy loved by an old tramp printer. But we do know and can never forget what happened down at Springfield this past month of October—and especially what came afterward.

JUST who originated "Carberry Day" at the New England States Exposition is immaterial. The idea was to honor the famous Connecticut flyer who had brought down more German machines in the Great War up to the time of his death, than any other American ace. In commemoration of his services to his country, it was proposed to hold an aerial tournament in Springfield on the fourth day of the great exposition—the machines flying from Springfield down to Carberry's former home in the Nutmeg State and dropping roses from the skies—afterward returning in time for the exercises on the exposition grounds, the principal feature of which would be an address by Governor Cooley.

The attendance was heavier on that fourth day than at any time since the exposition opened. The spectacular feature of forty-four planes being in the air above Springfield at one time, finally heading off southward in gigantic battle formation with Lieutenant Manson, Springfield's own ace, in the lead, had much to do with it; Springfield was not unaccustomed to airplanes, for one of her factories had turned them out in quantities during the war, but the concentration of so many for such a dramatic purpose, every machine perfectly handled, not a slip nor an accident anywhere, each machine returning and finding its own landing-place successfully—constituted an event which all those thousands of New Englanders who witnessed it will not soon forget.

It was immediately after the machines had been sighted, returning up the Connecticut River, that Governor Cooley began his memorial address. It would be folly to attempt to repeat here the whole of that eloquent oration in which he paid tribute to the flyers who had given their lives for democracy high in the skies of France, to their relatives who had borne their losses so nobly, to all those whose interest in aviation had made this department of the war service so vital in its successful outcome. All we need set down here is a single paragraph in which the Governor referred to one whose sacrifices and discouragements in the early days of flying blazed the way for that success in the far-off days of the beginning.



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"My friends," declared the Governor from his high platform, facing thousands of people, "the great American, whom we are honoring by this spectacle today, was trained by one whose name is now but a memory—and that memory at times almost forgotten, excepting perhaps by a father or mother heart—and God. The great Carberry to whom we pay homage today might never have accomplished what he did, had not that brilliant but ill-fated young pioneer Arthur Kolsen, whose mechanician Carberry was, risked his life again and again in exploration of that science which is today established as almost exact. For that pioneer is equally a hero with him whom we honor today, and in the Great Roster of the Immortals the name of none other is writ more indelibly than his!"

indicated at last his soul was at peace. "I always wanted to know—you understand that. And last night, after what I heard down to Springfield, my prayer was answered. I was showed, Samuel—in a dream!"

"A dream, Joseph? What do you mean?" For a moment Sam thought the old man's grief had finally unbalanced him. But whether or not this was so, the kindly reader may determine for himself—as Sam and the rest of us have had to do. All we can vouch for is that in his sunset years Daddy Joe believes in his dream absolutely—and perhaps, thereby, the Almighty has given him an Award of Merit which a world of careless human folk could not give him because it could never know how much he deserved that recognition.

"I had a dream last night, Samuel—a beautiful sort o' dream. Now, as a rule I don't go much on dreams—most always the effect of a disordered stomach, says I. But this dream was different. It was so awfully different that I know it was more'n a mere dream; Samuel, *it was a vision!*"

"Go on," urged the editor kindly. "We're real interested, Joseph."

"You know there's been times, especially in the winter when the winds was roarin' up through the mountains, or in the autumn when the sad rains was fallin', when I been just frantic to go off an' search and see if I couldn't find some remains o' Artie and fix 'em up in a regular cemetery so folks could pay 'em a little bit o' tribute. It's been awful sometimes—terribly awful!—to have lost Artie like that. And I kept wonderin' and wonderin' and wonderin' whatever happened to the boy, way up there in the clouds that last day—wonderin' so hard that I guess it must o' been a sort o' prayer. And last night—last night—that prayer—was answered!"

"How?"

"Last night I dreamed a dream. It seemed as if I took a ride up into the clouds in one o' them arriplanes myself. I don't remember leavin' earth. I just seemed to find myself up there—way up!—with the earth all spread out below me like a little toy world and everything all around, quiet and full o' freedom and peace."

THE old man's gaze grew hazy. His voice was soft and mellow. He spoke as though from his subconscious mind, not realizing his own words.

"On and on and on, up around there in the blue," he droned, "and pretty soon as I drifted there, it came to me: 'Why, this is the very place that Artie come up into, the day I see him for the last time.' Yet it seemed as if I hadn't been separated from him hardly any time at all—just a little while—as though I'd just come up from the fairgrounds below and was given to seein' a vision."

"A vision of what?" demanded the astonished editor.

"A vision o' Artie—and what become of him! As I floated far up there above the dust and hurry o' the world, all of a sudden I heard the purr of an arriplane engine. Soft at first, it was, then growin' louder and louder. I looked down and see one o' them machines commin' up—

WE country newspaper men from Vermont, attending the exposition that day on passes exchanged for advertising, turned when the Governor spoke those words and searched the crowd. And there, right down in front of the speaker's stand we saw him—old Daddy Joe Summers! A week before, he had asked for the first vacation he had taken in many years and this was the way he chose to spend it.

He wore a new suit—but somehow it had managed to fade, like all of his clothing. His derby hat was dusty and dented. In the effort of "doing the exposition" his collar had wilted, his necktie was unhooked; he needed a hair-cut and a shave. He was just a moth-eaten, unnoticed, unimportant, mediocre little old man, a mere unit in that mass of humans that the Governor confronted.

As we watched him in that moment, a fragment of the little man's own philosophy came to us: "It aint the things we've won and possessed that fill the coffers o' life to overflowin'. It's the things we've lost—the things that make for sweet memories. That's the sum and substance o' life that endures—memories and their lessons."

Yet somehow Daddy Joe was all broken up and old when he finally came back from Springfield after the exposition and took up his place in the ad-alley of our paper again. He was only human after all, and the bitter-sweet ordeal had not been without its price. Hundreds of times in the past four or five years he had said that if he'd only been able to give "his boy" a decent burial "and a monniment," he would not have minded his passing so much. But the remains of Arthur and his ill-fated machine had never been found. There was no grave for Daddy Joe to decorate on Sunday afternoons. Judge, then, our startled astonishment when he came to us the day after his return from Springfield with a queer look on his old, lined face, and a wonderful gentleness in his voice.

"Samuel," he announced to the editor of our paper, "I've found out what become o' Artie!"

"You've found out what?" the editor demanded.

Daddy Joe sat down beside the office stove and clasped his grimy hands between his knees.

"I know positive-sure what's become o' Artie," he reiterated in a voice that

comin' up to where I circled and drifted and floated, waitin'. Higher and higher, nearer and nearer it come—and then through a cloud it plunged and straight on toward me. I saw it plainly. I saw it so plainly that I recognized its pilot, Samuel! *It was my Artie*, lookin' exactly as I'd seen him a few minutes before, down on earth. Only his face was a bit more serious. He seemed half-interested in climbin' up there, and half-interested in his own thoughts—thoughts maybe o' the girl he'd loved and always said he'd killed by one o' his silly little mistakes when he was workin' here on the paper."

"Yes, yes!" urged Sam Hod.

"I called to him when he flew right near me. But he was too busy with those thoughts o' his to pay me much attention; besides, his engine was making too much noise. It was workin' hard—terribly hard—that spunkin' little engine! So Artie passed right close without never turnin' his head, and went on up—and *I followed*."

"You followed?"

"Seemed so. I don't know how I managed it. Maybe I wasn't in an airplane o' my own at all. Maybe I was just a spirit. But I followed on up after him, and it warn't no effort at all, either. Higher and higher and higher Artie went in that glorious sunshine, and the earth grew fainter and grayer and more blurred below—with me sort o' trailin' after—sort o' watchin' him to see that no harm come to him. It seemed so, anyway, in my dream."

"And how did the accident happen?" Tell me how did it come about that he crashed?"

"Wait a minute, Samuel. I'm comin' to what happened! He was my Artie, a good boy that had loved a girl and lost her, and then got interested in somethin' else, like a healthy boy should. He'd applied his life to a great science and—what happened was beautiful, Samuel. Higher and higher he went, with me sort o' floatin' on peacefully behind, waitin' and watchin' and managin' to keep up somehow in case I was needed, same as I'd always tried to do on earth. Up, up, up—until we'd both sort o' lost track o' the earth entirely and it commenced to grow dark. Up and on and out into the great stark spaces between the worlds, we was, Samuel. But never once did I lose sight o' him. He was always just a little way ahead, only a little way ahead—and me watchin' and wonderin' and prayin' that he'd get back to earth all right, and that nothin' would go wrong to make him fall. And then, Samuel—*then it happened!*"

"Then what happened?"

"It happened, I'm tellin' you! All of a sudden I'd looked ahead, for I noticed it wasn't quite so dark. There was some sort o' powerful light just beyond a veil o' what seemed like cloud—only it wasn't any damp, wet cloud at all—just a veil, sort of. And Art went right through it, urgin' his engine on higher and faster. Then it burst upon me!"

"What burst upon you?"

"The sight! From end to end of the vault of the sky I saw thousands of great beams shootin' up like a battery o' powerful searchlights, fifty to a hundred miles long. And higher up against them, higher

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than the last veil and cloud or the last sight o' earth—was a city, Samuel—a city!—yes, there was! It was a city o' great vaulted roofs and domes and spires—millions upon millions of 'em, stretching pile on pile as far as the eye could see! Mammoth buildin's, radiant with brilliant lights and a bigness to it all that stunned the brain and took away the breath! And around all that wonderful city was a wall—a great high yellow wall—might o' been made out o' shinin' gold or solid sunshine, Samuel! And in that wall was a gate—a gate with closed doors—a wonderful gate, too, Samuel—higher and grander than the portals o' any buildin' or cathedral anywhere in all the world. And straight toward that gate Artie was headin' in his arriplane!"

"And you think he—"

"I wondered if he saw it and would turn before he crashed. And in them few seconds, Samuel, I saw—I saw—that on ahead o' Artie—just a short way ahead o' his propeller—was *some one!* Artie wasn't alone up there; yes, there was even some one beside me! Where or

when it had come to be there I couldn't say; I hadn't noticed. But it was there—some one who knew Artie—some one in long white robes like the statues o' old Greek goddesses. A girl, Samuel, *a girl with wonderful eyes!* She was just ahead o' his arriplane, laughing and callin' to him in an almost sobbin' joy o' meetin', her happiness was so big. Always ahead o' him she kept, without no effort whatever—and her pointin' with one slender hand all the time to the gate in the wall ahead."

"And you think he crashed—"

"Higher and higher and faster and surer, Art drove that engine. Up and onward he lifted—and then, just as he was about to crash, he banked, Samuel. He banked and rose. He made a last great effort and—over the golden and jasper and pearl-studded walls he went, Samuel! And that's where Artie is now and why he never returned. He flew so high that he cleared those golden walls and made a last safe landin' beside the girl he loved, on the broad smooth reaches o' the blessed floor o' heaven!"

BEAUTY

(Continued from page 42)

take possession of the town. Fifth Avenue was now his own private Appian Way. As the sky flashed and sketched in dramatic cornices and porticos, he felt quite the conqueror.

The new signal-towers gave a gala splendor to the occasion. The long yellow beam clearing the way for the north and south traffic ran down to Lerrick's cab in a tape of gold spread across the striations of light on the wet pavement. Suddenly a red ribbon ran alongside it, and then the gold blinked out, and the green lights, releasing crosstown traffic, drove away the red. Lerrick's cab came to a stop as if checked by an invisible hand, though there was no officer on duty there except a ghostly discipline.

A mail-truck lumbered across the avenue and vanished. A curious exultance filled Lerrick's frame, as if the electricity charging the air had found his nerves. When a big limousine drew up slowly and stopped alongside, Lerrick cast it a glance across his shoulder and felt oddly like a lion. He became a man at once, as he made out a woman alone in the other car. She gazed idly at him across the little promontory of a left shoulder under a summer fur. She looked as if she felt like a lioness. There was a strange sense of animalism at night in a jungle. A torch of lightning blazed stagily like powder lighted in the wing of a theater. Lerrick was agreeably shocked, for he recognized his neighbor of the moment as Miss Nancy Fleet.

He had thought of her so much since she had challenged him with her comments on his silence and his dancelessness, that she seemed to have followed him here as if to a tryst for a duel. An impulse of cowboy impetuosity, *vaquero* vanity, shook him and dared him. He lifted his hat. She scowled, then stared. An obliging lightning disclosed him to her and flickered in her eyes.

He called out "Howdy, lady!" but she could not hear him through the glass. She shook her head and laughed.

She might be a Mexican girl mocking him darkly through a gridded window.

He thrust his hand into his pocket, pulled out a wadded bill,—he hoped it was only a dollar, but did not care enough to make sure, for he rather wanted the Cyranic gesture of an extravagance,—swung open the door, and stepped out, reached around the clock and tapped his driver on the shoulder, shoved the bill into the outstretched hand and slammed the door after him.

Then he stepped on the running-board of the other car. Miss Fleet's chauffeur, watching for the green light to give way to the red and then to the yellow, had paid no attention to Lerrick. He threw off his brake and let in his clutch, and the car was in motion when Lerrick opened the door and flung himself in at Miss Fleet's side, repeating his desert hail:

"Howdy, lady!"

CHAPTER XXIV

MISS Fleet was not too long out of college to be able to say:

"Who's all this? Leander just out of the Hellespont? I'm Hero, I suppose."

Lerrick had not the faintest idea what language she was talking—French probably. But he saw that she was laughing, and that was enough. He said:

"Where I come from we don't care what you call us, so long as you say it with a smile. And you're wearing some smile, believe you me."

He was rash enough to snuggle close at this, and she edged off a little, protesting.

"Get away, Fido, you're all wet."

He sighed: "I'm lonesomer that I am wet. I must be awful good for I was

just prayin' for a sight of you, and here you are."

She spoke warningly. "You must be awful good, or I'll put you out! Where are you bound for? I'll drop you there."

"I'm bound for wherever you're bound for, and you can't drop me at tall."

"But I'm due at Mrs. Roanree's for cards, and I'm late, at that."

"Then I'll protect you that far and walk back."

"Walk back in all this rain?"

"Oh, Lordy, honey, if you could know how sweet this rain sounds to me after a year in that extra-dry desert. It hurts me to see it wasted, though. It's just like emptying barrels of champagne wine into a crick. The rain is only a nuisance up here, but down there—we'd be holdin' our hats out to catch it. Rain is one of the finest inventions there is, but the distribution is mighty poorly managed, looks like to me."

"So you're from the desert," she said. "How fascinating! I think I should like it."

He proffered her the freedom of the wilderness.

"Come along on down and try. I'll give you the key to Texas."

"Are you going back soon?"

"I wasn't, but I will in a minute if you'll pay me a visit."

Nancy laughed at his impudence. He had the ingratiating of a child whose slyness is too transparent to be offensive. She would have slapped the face of almost any other man who lolled so close, but Lerrick disarmed her. And yet he was more perilous than he seemed—and she also.

NANCY (unfortunately or fortunately) was a siren in spite of herself. She had an intelligence so shrewd that it made her an intellectual—in life. She read a great deal too, mainly fiction and memoirs, and social scandal, but she was wise in the world.

As certain flowers have a color, a savor, a something that draws the fertilizing insects and rewards them with honey or with death, so Nancy had a look, a manner, a presence, that was provocative. Her parents had been afraid for her (with good reason). Girls distrusted their lovers and wives their husbands in her presence with good reason; for Nancy tempted helplessly and not always reluctantly.

She hated the quality when it drew to her adventurers or cads whom she disliked, and they found that she could cruelly rebuke the mood she had instilled. It humiliated her when she saw men in whom she wanted to inspire respect, higher admiration and comradeship, approaching her in a flirtatious humor. She suffered acutely and experienced an almost ludicrous yearning to be homely and highbrowed and bookish.

She welcomed Lerrick because she thought that he would be a harmless playmate, a denatured flirt at worst. But suddenly she found that he had taken her hand and was fondling it. She was a little amused and not at all offended. She had never met just such a man.

By the time rough outsiders of his sort had worked their way to the circle

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even as she fainted under the ruthless brutality of a kiss almost more of conquest and discipline than of passion, a kiss that said: "Now will you admit that you're whipped?"

Lerrick had kissed a hotheaded Mexican flirt that way once and had caught her hand reaching for his revolver. When he let her go and fell back, she snatched a knife from her belt and slashed at him.

Such an assault on the lips made a woman either a wild enemy or an abject slave. Lerrick was afraid to let this strange aristocrat go till he found out which she would be. As he clenched her, waiting for some hint of her response, he noted that the car was slowing down and stopping under a street-lamp.

HE was dizzy with his own ferocity, but his sanity was not quite gone. He relaxed his arms and restored the girl to her corner, stammering:

"I'm sorry. You kind of drove me crazy, honey."

To his stupefaction she spoke quietly, not to him but to the chauffeur:

"Robert, I'll not get out in all this rain. Just drive me home, please."

The chauffeur touched his cap without turning his head. The car went on, and making a wide circle, moved north again.

Lerrick felt a new guilt. He whispered.

"Gawd-a'mighty, has that fella heard everything I've said?"

Miss Fleet shook her head with a dreamy smile. She was still a bit giddy as she explained.

"He only heard me because I pressed this button. It connects the dictaphone. He can't hear otherwise."

Lerrick mopped his brow with relief. There was a silence. Then he seemed to feel that he ought to resume the battle. He reached for her hand. She said:

"No more of that, I beg you. It was all my fault, I suppose. But I never dreamed you were so—overpoweringly sudden."

"It's you that's that," he answered. "You came over me like a cyclone. You had me locoed. But why didn't you get out where you were getting out?"

"I couldn't. My hair must be a sight. My gown's a wreck. It's easier to explain over a telephone."

"You could have blamed it on me going crazy."

She laughed sadly:

"Mrs. Roantree would hardly have been convinced. Women haven't many illusions about women."

Lerrick was downcast.

"Aw, that's tew bad. I've spoiled your evening and your game of cards."

"You'll have to be very entertaining to make up for it."

He was delighted. He put his arm out to collect her again and renew the entertainment. She rebuked him in a tone there was no mistaking.

"I said 'entertaining,' not 'impossible.' What's the desert like? I've never been that far West."

"Well, I swore I never wanted to see it again, but the jailbird gets homesick for the penitentiary, they say, and when I'm all by myself in the hotel or feelin' lonely in the crowd on Fifth Avenue, I find I'm hankerin' for a good hoss between my knees and the old sagebrush all

A Thief— She?

And yet with a shiver she told him all the sordid story! The stage life—the nights of drunkenness—the days of remorse for her sin—all was poured out in the desperate tale. But he loved her in spite of all, and—then came the astounding truth—the unexpected twist—that makes O. Henry the most eagerly read of American story tellers.



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around. There's not enough room up here. The sky is just slices. I'm used to the whole thing the whole time. Besides, I can't get used to so much walkin' and automobilin'. I was brought up in the saddle. Do you ride?"

"Yes, I was brought up in the saddle too. I was nearly born there. Mother got home just in time. I've ridden to the hounds ever since I was able to sit a pony. I love it."

"I'd admire to ride with you sometime."

"Let's get a couple of horses at Durland's and go round the Park. My own horses are in the country."

"No, thank you," he said. "I'd make a holy show of myself in the Park. I've seen those swells doin' the merry-go-round on these liverpad saddles and risin' and fallin' like they were in the Piscopalian Church. But I don't belong. I hate a trottin' hoss like I don't hate a rattlesnake. You come along on down into the desert, and you'll think you're ridin' in a limousine. Our hosses, when they're not buckin', skim along as easy as this car."

"What's the desert like?"

"Well, it's hell in the sunlight, of course. It kind of fries you. But at night, when it's so cold you want to light a fire, and the smoke goes straight up and somebody lets the stars down on strings and the coyotes are the choir, and—oh, I don't know—it kind of gets you. I used to be almighty lonesome sometimes, used to keep myself company sometimes by imagining there was a girl sittin' crosslegged on a blanket by the fire, and me rollin' a cig'ret with one hand and holdin' onto her with the other."

"Was she a purely imaginary girl?"

"Always."

"It sounds wonderful. Roll me a cigarette with one hand wont you?"

"And the other holdin' on to you?" he ventured.

"Is that absolutely necessary?"

"Yep."

He was in such a comradely spirit now that she had no misgivings.

He whipped out the makings, which he always kept at hand, sifted the tobacco into the paper, put up the sack and then thrust his right rm out for her.

She flung bac, and the tobacco was shaken to the floor.

"Aw!" he began. She laughed as at a child and bent her neck to the yoke of his arm. The lightning made a long stay, and she watched the deft business of his fingers while his left hand, with a kind of autonomy, achieved a perfect result. "You smokin' this?" he said.

"Yep."

"Then you seal it up."

He held it to her lips and she ran her tongue along the free edge of the paper. Then he handed it to her, got out his pouch and paper again, and made himself a cigarette while he held a lighted match to hers and caught a light for himself just as the flame reached the end of the wood.

She drew in a long smokeful breath, and exhaled it in a cozy murmur.

"And now that we're in the desert, what are you going to say to me to pass the long evening?"

"I wont need to say anything. Just—"

He drew her to him so sharply that she choked on her smoke and fought away from him.

"A little of that desert goes a long way."

He would not release her, but she was out of the mood. The lack of dignity, to say nothing of the mad folly of it, offended her common sense. She put her hand over the button in the wall of the limousine, and said.

"Do you want Robert to hear the rest of this?"

It was a more effective weapon than a pistol would have been. He put his hands up in surrender. She sighed:

"I'm afraid the desert is not for me. I'm afraid I'd grow restless. New York bores me to death as it is. What would I do with nothing but sagebrush?"

He spoke very earnestly.

"Wouldn't love make any difference?"

"It never has made much with me."

"You been in love before?"

"Always. Haven't you?"

"Well, not really. I've thought I was, but I wasn't."

"Isn't that what everybody says?"

"But there comes a real love finally, don't you think?" He said it anxiously, like a child afraid of the dark.

"I'd like to think so!" she sighed. "I suppose we've got to go on thinking so. But—well, here's my home. Good night."

"My God, you're not leavin' me like this?"

She laughed at the desperate sincerity of the compliment.

"We can't sit out here in the car. And I don't suppose you'd come in?"

She really did not suppose that he would. But he did not know enough to understand the rebuff in the invitation. He said.

"Sure will I."

Before she could protest, he had opened the door, backed out and was rushing her through the light shower.

CHAPTER XXV

NANCY was furious with Lerrick, not because the dash through the rain had spotted and ruined her gown, but because he was putting her at the mercy of her servants.

In the car she had realized in fitful flashes of reason across the dark sky of flirtation that her chauffeur was fully aware of the fact that some man had stepped into her car. He might have caught sinister reflections from the glass of the windshield, or from the mirror in front, of the goings-on inside. She almost swooned now with shame at the thought of what such glimpses and suspicions would mean to her chauffeur and of what stories he would tell the rest of the servants, and they the whole town.

This was not the first time she had run such risks and been talked about. She had even been told about being talked about, and had curdled with wrath at herself. But when a chance to flirt presented itself, she always lost her common sense. She grew as helpless as a leaf in an eddy, and if she floated out it was rather to the current's credit than her own. She had not always floated out. But she had kept her head up with all

the more haughtiness and had trampled the gossip under. She felt herself a bluffing hypocrite, but she despised her critics too well to let them wreck her life. In her conscience, though, she found her private hell.

She was enraged at Lerrick now, and would have dismissed him if she had known how. The only thing that saved him from having the door slammed in his face was that a servant opened it, and Nancy would not give him the luxury of seeing her snub a cavalier.

So she marched in, and Lerrick followed. He was so startled by the splendor of the hall that the servant had some difficulty in extracting his hat from his hand.

Lerrick had never entered a palace, and the Fleet home was one of the show-places of New York. Lerrick had not the faintest idea of the period or plan of its architecture. (And neither have I. Such details must be left to the interior-decorator novelists who rival the auction catalogues in their gorgeous descriptions).

Lerrick found himself in a somberly majestic space as awe-inspiring as a cathedral-nave (if he had ever been in a cathedral-nave). Lights smoldered on carved things, on moldings and capitals and on column-shafts, on rugs and consols and a marble floor. And an imperial stairway worthy of ambassadors and royalty marched away to unseen magnificences.

Nancy flung off her thin wrap, unpinned and tossed aside her crumpled violets and paused before a mirror (which Lerrick had supposed to be another room) to rearrange her disheveled hair. For the sake of the second man she said to Lerrick:

"I'm almost blown to pieces with the wind."

If the second man realized that there had been no wind, he did not correct her.

Nancy walked from the hall with a carelessness that stunned Lerrick, into a drawing-room that was even more overpowering than the hall. She motioned him to sit down on a chair that seemed to have been made for the Kaiser in full uniform.

As if the room were not crushing enough to have prevented Lerrick from any attempt at love-making, there was an old gentleman asleep in a chair at a remarkable table in the next room.

LARRICK felt that he had happened upon *King Lear* taking a nap, and he would not have been surprised if Nancy had knelt and addressed him in blank verse with a "Hail, parent revered." Instead she went up to him and kissed his bald crown and said:

"Dad, you poor old thing, get up and go to bed. You'll catch your death."

King Lear snorted and started and rose dizzily with a sheepish smile.

"Hello, baby. I was waiting up for you. Your cousin Louise has been telephoning every few minutes. She is in great trouble and wants to come over to see you the moment you're home, however late. You are home, aren't you? Or are you on your way out again?"

"I'll call her up in the morning."

"She's most anxious. She wouldn't tell



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pathy for another's woe. Lerrick felt a new pang in his heart. His hand went out to her writhing fingers and clasped them. She lifted her head and looked into his eyes with the longing of a wounded hound. She wanted some protection from the hideous cruelties of the world. He bent his head and kissed her trembling lips with a kind of priestly solemnity. But it did not look priestly to the servant who had gone to the door unnoticed and who now looked in to say:

"Mrs. Coykendall is here, if you please."

He fell back, and Nancy in a tumult of wrath and confusion at being delivered once more to downstairs comment, leaped to her feet and ran out to meet her cousin.

Lerrick, doubly trapped, stood up and wondered how to escape.

He could not help overhearing what Mrs. Coykendall was gasping to Nancy in the hall. She had evidently held her emotions back till they could no longer be controlled even by the habit of discretion. Nancy tried vainly to hush her, but her shrill whispers cut the air.

"Oh, Nancy, Nancy, Roy is going to sue me for divorce."

"Sue you! How can he?"

"Oh, he has evidence enough."

"Evidence! Louise! You couldn't—
you haven't!"

"Oh, no. I'm innocent—all too innocent; but nobody would believe it in the face of the proof he has. It would convince any jury. What am I going to do now? Why wouldn't you let me die when I wanted to? What am I to do now?"

Lerrick heard Nancy murmur:

"Louise, darling. I'm not alone." But the frantic victim of too many sorrows rallied at caution.

"What difference does it make who hears me? Wont it be in all the papers?"

"Come up to my room, dearest, and tell me all about it. You'll stay here tonight."

Lerrick heard them moving along the hall. As they passed the door, he saw Nancy glancing across her cousin's shoulder and forming the words, "Good night!" with her lips.

She did not run back to ask him to keep the secret he had stumbled on. He was glad of that. He paused a moment, then stole into the hall, found his hat and let himself out at the great door.

His farewell glance at the superb chamber, whose nobility had so humbled him when he entered it, caught the picture of the two sad figures climbing the palace steps.

All this wealth, so royally squandered, had not built a citadel strong enough to keep out poverty or terror or disgrace. There was something Grecian in the slow ascent of the tall woman in black who rested her muffled head on Nancy's shoulder. Nancy was yet taller, and one long bare arm went about her cousin's shaken form to help and support her. It was like an arm of marble.

Lerrick found that it was raining hard again outside. And he was glad of that.

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THE ROCKS OF AVALON

(Continued from page 75)

"Flirt with Guerdon, then."

"Can you imagine flirting with the Rock of Gibraltar at sunset?"

"Gibraltar! How absurd you are, Elsa!"

"Am I? I wonder. I suppose it was a perfectly silly impression. Yes, I suppose it was."

"What was?"

Elsa gazed thoughtfully upon the suddenly opened perspective of St. John's as the *Avalon* slid through the Narrows.

"Why, I don't think you'd quite understand, Aunt Julie. I don't know that I understand, myself."

"Well, then, of course—"

"There had been fog for two days—"

"Two days! Forever, wasn't it? Elsa, never in my life have I been so utterly bored—that clammy fog penetrating everything, that foolish whistle going incessantly, the yacht lurching on the sickening swells! Did you ever know two persons with such vile tempers over cards as the Bob Coes—particularly when they're losing? I'm sorry I had Mr. Guerdon ask them. And Guerdon's a perfect bore—utterly inarticulate. Rich he may be; but he's a bore."

"Is he? I was going to tell you about my impression. This morning as the fog was beginning to break, I decided to brave the holy of holies and go up on the bridge. Mr. Guerdon was there at the wheel, alone. I don't know where the mate or quartermaster was. Anyway, as I came to him, the fog opened just as though some one had torn it apart. It was perfectly gorgeous, Aunt Julie. Right before us rose a great cliff, reddish brown, I think—rose way up into the skies, which were colored with a brooding light. I can't describe it. It was grim, it was stern, it was awful—awfully beautiful. The waters were lashing at the base, breaking among the crags. It was a great moment for me, Aunt Julie."

Elsa laughed and shrugged, as though throwing off a mood.

"You missed it, of course. All of you did. You were playing cards. I have often wondered why you ever go on a boat, Aunt Julie, I've never seen you out of a cabin, frowning over a card-table—except, of course, when you are in the saloon dining, or in your berth. But I haven't finished telling you of my impression."

"I think I've heard quite enough."

"Listen, please. Do you know as I looked at those cliffs and thought of this fearful coast, it struck me that there was a sort of similarity between Guerdon and this region. You know he comes from here. I can't explain it. He stood there at the wheel, strong and silent like a creature of the cliffs and the sea and the lonely crags. It was a new impression of him."

Elsa paused, gazing upon the harbor.

"Isn't that beautiful ahead? Thoroughly exotic. Well, to get back to the impression. As I watched him, he pointed the *Avalon* directly at the cliffs. Really, I was getting ready to do a high dive, don't you know. And lo and behold! A narrow opening in the wall.

And here we are. It was tremendous, the whole thing. I don't think I can flirt with Arthur any more. It would be too much like coming down to earth after walking with the gods."

"Silly girl."

"Am I not. Yes, I really am." She laughed excitedly. "And I have the most fiendish temptation now to do something foolish to my sea god, trip him up, or make him ridiculous, or something. Some one will have to pay for that mood; it left me full of the old devil."

"Don't be so ridiculous. At all events, you'll have to hurry. We're not going back on the *Avalon*."

"Not? Aunt Julie!"

"My dear, I simply couldn't stand any more fog. My nerves have gone to pieces. Lizzie Coe won't hear of it. And I'm not quite sure, but I think Guerdon and your uncle have concocted something about Wall street; I'm sure I don't know what. At all events he seems in a hurry to get to the city."

"Who does?"

"Your uncle, of course. Mr. Guerdon, I expect, will sail the *Avalon*."

"Glad to be rid of us, no doubt."

"Well—" Mrs. Welles looked judicial—"I don't think I should call it a most successful party." She smiled at the girl. "Perhaps if you had received your great impression earlier—" She raised her eyebrows.

"Nonsense, Aunt Julie," said the girl sharply.

WHETHER because of the environment, or because he was soon to be alone with his boat, Guerdon's de manor at luncheon, the yacht riding easily at anchor in the harbor, showed something of a change. He was more talkative, was interested in having the party see St. John's. They were to go ashore after the meal and dine at the hotel.

"And tomorrow," he said, "if you'd like to, we'll motor over to the little place where I was born. You might be interested in the villages, as well as the place itself."

It proved to be a rough, wind-blasted hamlet on the grim ramparts of a fiord wherein lay sturdy fishing-craft at anchor. The rime of the sea was upon the place. The people came out to greet Guerdon as a benefactor—which, indeed, he was. The little church, the library, a community building, all were his gifts. To men—rough creatures whose lives were spent on the veiled, heaving seas, who knew the sounds of grinding floes and the crash of bergs,—to their women, to their children, Daniel Guerdon stood as a god. Yet come from the great world though he might, he was one of them.

"Sort of a naive pride in bringing us to see it, don't you think?" smiled Arthur Keep, whose pencil was busy in sketching certain character notes. Keep had a marked graphic facility.

"I don't know." Elsa, fighting down something in her throat, followed Guerdon as he walked a few steps toward the little cottage in which he had been

born. He stood alone, gazing out to sea, his eyes soft, apparently with memories. Perhaps he saw a little boy in a fishing boat, a mother waiting for him to come home.

"Would you like never to have left here, Mr. Guerdon?" Elsa touched him slightly upon the arm.

"No. It's a—a—" He paused. "No, I'm glad I went away. It's a place where women wait, just wait, then wait a while longer, then go on with what's left."

"How horrid! Yet there is more to life than waiting—yes, even here. Life can be as real here as anywhere."

He bore on with rugged singleness of mind.

"Yes, more than waiting, even here. But there is much waiting. I saw my mother wait for my father, for my two brothers. It's the way of the sea and the rocks. . . . There is no woman to wait for me."

NO woman! Elsa's heart went out to him suddenly—not in pity, nor compassion, but in an outgiving of emotion born of a mind wrestling with the basic facts of her nature. She had never seen his sort before; he stood there clear-eyed, strong, so typical of the crags and the winds that sang among them.

"Mr. Guerdon,"—Elsa placed her hand upon his shoulder, letting it lie there gently for an instant,—"Forgive me."

"Forgive you?"

"Yes, for many things."

"I have nothing to forgive," he answered. "Can I tell you that you fill my mind always? Will you think of me in that way? I mean as holding you high—"

"Why do you hold me high?"

"Because I know you. I read you. I see so much that maybe you don't see."

"You may be mistaken."

"I am not mistaken."

"I say, Elsa—" Arthur Keep's voice came from behind. The girl turned to him, as it seemed, eagerly. The two walked away together.

"Elsa, old girl, what's the matter with you on this cruise? You've lost all your stuff."

"What do you mean?" She knew what Keep meant, and the question was perfunctory. Ordinarily among her own set Elsa Channing had never any difficulty in devising the thing that was startling, unique, strikingly unconventional, nor any hesitation in carrying it into practical effect. Yet aboard the *Avalon*, with a burning desire to confuse or confound or amaze her host, she had been able to achieve nothing but a few impertinences and a silly flirtation with the man at her side. Never had she felt so futilely girlish, so incompetent to express herself. Keep did not bother to explain.

"Let's you and me have an understanding, Elsa," he said. "You and I are pals, always have been. We don't love each other, never shall. Go to it, then."

"Go to what, Arthur?"

"Why, Guerdon. He wants you. That's easy to tell. He's an acquisitive duffer. Gets what he wants, I fancy."

The girl stopped short, flushing. Her reaction from the little scene with Guerdon had left her quivering. She had



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felt the man's influence from the very first. But whereas in the beginning this had irritated her, she had at length come to regard it as interesting, but not disturbing only because of its impersonal nature. It had been as though she were feeling, mildly enough to be sure, the spell of some natural force. She had expressed it to her aunt in her Rock of Gibraltar analogy.

But today in this little village, the home of his birth, with so much that was suggestive of the man as a human being, he had come upon her with all the potency of his rugged, simple personality. And he had spoken meaningfully. It but required the sharp contrast of Arthur Keep to make her situation concrete.

"Cave-man stuff," he drawled on. "Rather thrilling to observe. He has marked his woman—"

"Oh, Arthur, shut up, do."

"Well then, Siegfried and Brunnhilde."

For once she had no repartee available. Her eyes were angry, her lips drawn tight. Seeing this, Keep hastened to divert her thoughts.

"I made some rather interesting sketches," he said. "Think I'll spend the afternoon making a picture."

She smiled slightly, but made no reply. Her mood was not conversational.

KEEP, filled with his idea of making a picture, spent the rest of the day in his stateroom. Guerdon and Welles were ashore with several of the great men of the province. Elsa lounged upon deck with novels she had picked up in the city; the others were at cards.

Shortly before time to dress for dinner, Keep came down the deck bearing the result of his labor. It was a black-and-white sketch carefully done by a clever hand. The main figure was a comical caricature of Guerdon, smug of feature, eyes sanctimoniously uplifted, while at his feet the villagers made grotesque obeisance. The main object in the background was Guerdon's home, with the library and other buildings presented by Guerdon limned in. Cupids flew about bearing, laboriously, huge dollar-signs. Each face in the picture was a character sketch done with an effect of craven sycophancy. The whole impression was one of lucre—adulation purchased by the dollar's worth. As a point of view, graphically set forth, it went beyond a mere drawing. It was a living satire. Elsa's eyes sparkled; her face burned. She caught the artist's every intention, caught it as though Keep had drawn her there on her knees before Guerdon, her hands uplifted for the bag of gold he held.

"Oh,"—her voice was feverish, rising above the laughter and approving exclamations of the rest,—"don't you love it! I want that, Arthur; I must have it."

"What do you want with it?"

"I just want it. Sign it and let me have it, like a dear."

"Wait." Keep held up his hand. "It isn't quite finished yet. I have another idea. It'll take only a few moments."

"You'll give it to me?" Elsa held it away from him.

"Yes, sure. Look out, Elsa; you'll break it."

"I get it. It's a promise, Arthur. I

tell you Mr. Guerdon and my uncle will be back any moment. Put it in my stateroom, will you? As soon as you finish it? Don't anyone say anything about it. I have a surprise for our farewell dinner tonight."

THE dinner was elaborate. On the morning Guerdon's guests were to leave by train for Porte aux Basques and thence by ferry to the Intercolonial Railway at North Sydney. There was a general easing on the part of everyone toward Guerdon, who for his part was more talkative than at any time on the cruise. This gave Elsa an occasional opportunity of catching him up rather cleverly. Taking cue from their host, who received the shafts good humoredly, the party more than once rewarded the girl's wit with laughter. She was tense, brilliant—never more so.

With the coffee Travers Welles arose and very gracefully expressed appreciation not only of Guerdon's hospitality, but of the man personally. Guerdon's acknowledgment was brief but sympathetic. Elsa leaned toward Arthur Keep, who sat at her left. He had been drinking a bit more than he should have.

"Did you put that picture in my room?" As he nodded, she addressed the table.

"If you'll excuse me a moment— But no." She turned to the steward and whispered to him. The man hurried from the room, and Elsa faced the table. "Mr. Guerdon, we have felt—I have felt, I should say—"

"We all have felt," came the jovial chorus.

"Well, we all have felt that this very pleasant interlude in the dull late summer season should be marked, don't you know, with something substantial, something more valuable, more—more—choice,—you hush, Arthur Keep; I'm making this speech,—something more choice than pleasant words, even such pleasant words as my uncle so happily—"

"Enunciates," supplied Keep, comfortably sunk in his chair.

"So happily phrases. As consequence, at great outlay of artistic labor and mental travail, there has been produced—Ah, here it is!" She took the cardboard from the steward. "Thank you so much, Simmons. There has been produced this memorial of the—the crowning incident of our journey. Take it, Mr. Guerdon. Frame it. Keep it always." With a curtsey she handed the drawing across the table to her host, who accepted it with a smile.

Turning it right side up, he glanced at it, still smiling. Then as his eyes fell upon a detail of the drawing, he stiffened slightly. Swiftly he glanced over the picture, not at Keep, but at Elsa. She caught the surprise in his eyes—and the deep hurt. He looked at the picture again. The ruddy glow seemed to have crept out of his cheeks. He let the drawing fall to the table. His hand went slowly to his forehead. Then he smiled. It was a smile such as Elsa had never seen before on a human face—a smile that suggested light flooding some lonely cañon after a storm.

"Thank you," he said. "The launch will leave here to connect with the train at eight-thirty. I want to say good-by

to you now, as I shall sleep late to gain energy for the sail home. The barometer is falling. It'll be nasty weather probably. Welles, I'll see you in New York. Good night."

Abruptly he turned and left the saloon. For a moment there was silence. Elsa leaned forward and picked up the drawing. She gazed at it a moment, her figure growing rigid, the color leaving her face.

"Arthur! Oh, Arthur, how could you?"

In the zeal of carrying on his conceit, Keep had placed on either side of the caricature of Guerdon two figures, shadowy save as to the faces. One was a woman, a toothless old hag with a tattered sunbonnet; the other a man, a preposterously disreputable old seadog with a bulbous nose and straggling chin-whiskers. Both were gloating upon the central figure. One was labeled *Mother*, the other *Father*. And at the bottom was the caption. "Bought and paid for."

Desperately the girl tore the drawing in two—tore it again. She threw the pieces to the floor. She stood straight, unseeing. Her lips were moving.

"I never thought to look," she muttered. "I wanted to irritate him, if I could. I didn't want to hurt him—that way! I—I—" She paused. "Arthur why didn't you tell me?"

Keep, low in his chair, giggled.

WHEN a sealer leaves St. John's, the women often come down to see it go, following the ship with their eyes until the rocks have closed upon it. Their faces bear a monotone of expression, easily read. The face of the few women from Guerdon's village who had come with their men to see the *Avalon* leave the harbor were similarly cast. A storm was brewing outside, and the *Avalon* was sailing out to meet it. The men had asked Guerdon to wait, but he would not. It was the way with the Guerdons. So the *Avalon* sailed out of the harbor through sunlight that bore a sinister copper tinge, amid silence that seemed filled with portent.

There was a moan to the sea outside, the breath of the gathering sou'easter. Astern, the metallic light brooded over the stark cliffs, but ahead lay deepening gloom. Guerdon had set only the two lower sails, reefed, and a strip of headsail. The wind hardly served to fill them. Mainly the *Avalon* was relying upon her engine. She was headed straight out for the open sea.

In an hour the darkness gathered her in. The swinging waters rose and fell; waves broke with increasing venom. The foresail and mainsail had been lowered; only the little jib remained. The yacht became a thing of voices, subdued accompaniment to the great voice rising in the dark.

Elsa Channing hurried along the deck from her cabin, mounted the few steps to the bridge and touched the shoulder of the man bending over the wheel.

"Daniel Guerdon!"

He started, glanced swiftly at the girl.

"Miss Channing!" He gave momentary attention to the wheel—twisted it a spoke or two. "Why have you done this?"

"Why?" Her voice rose excitedly. "I

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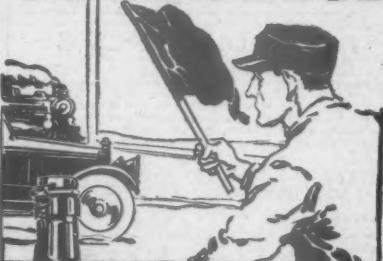
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—I don't know. I think because I had to—because of something about you that I have fought since I first saw you. It—hurt my pride to feel as I did. That is—why I was so horrid. But I didn't want to hurt you. Oh, I didn't. I couldn't let you go out into this storm, hurt—by me, I couldn't. That is all I know now, all I can feel. I want to hear you say you forgive me. That is all."

"There is nothing to forgive. You've done a terrible thing, Miss Channing, in coming here alone."

"I—I couldn't help it. I fought for hours. I said: 'It is nothing.' But it was something. Then fear came. Your father, your two brothers—you sailing out into the storm. I had to come. I wrote Aunt Julie a note, hired a rowboat to bring me to the *Avalon* and hid in my stateroom until you were too far out to sea to—"

Moved with sudden determination born of her words she came close to him, placing her hand upon his shoulder.

"I know what you are thinking of. I won't go back to St. John's, Daniel Guerdon. I won't. I'll jump overboard first. Ah, I want to work it out, Daniel—want you to work it out with me. I mean, you and me. What is this thing I have felt? I want to know. Is it—is it—" She paused, staring at him, wild-eyed. "Am I your woman?"

There came a shock of wind that made the yacht quiver. It came with a shriek, departed with a growl.

"Elsa, girl!" There was a caress in Guerdon's voice. "Go into the chart-house and stay there." She nodded. She was perfectly at peace now.

It was so warm, so genial in the little apartment, so bleak outside. She settled upon the cushioned chart-locker in almost languid ease, watching the driving blackness blowing out the stars, listening to the wind against the glass. She felt no fear now.

Presently she arose, pressing her face against the porthole glass, watching Guerdon, standing tense and motionless outside.

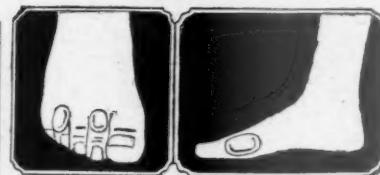
Ahead sea and sky were blotted out. Something beyond her control took her again out on the reeling bridge.

"The storm is increasing, Daniel." The wind swept her voice away. He did not hear it. Intent upon his occupation, he did not even mark her presence. The storm had indeed increased. A hurricane was abroad upon the lonely waters. The voice of it was like the full deep peals of an organ. The wind had hauled from southeast to dead east, blowing straight on shore, with a strong tide setting in.

GUERDON bent his back to the wheel, and the *Avalon* swung down the coast. Mr. Samuels, the mate, came on deck, and the two exchanged sentences she could not hear. In the glow from the charthouse she could see Samuel's head shaking slowly.

"What is it, Daniel Guerdon?" He turned to her, took her outstretched hand, led her into the charthouse.

"We're going down the coast, about fifteen miles out. The wind is onshore; the set of the sea is onshore. Samuels thinks there's a pretty bad slip to the propeller—"



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"Slip?" She placed her hands upon him for support and then sank upon the chart-locker.

"I mean the propeller has too much play, doesn't take all the power the engine is putting on it."

Elsa gazed at him steadily. She herself had noticed a lack of that impression of indomitable forward drive which one receives aboard a powerfully engined craft.

"What does that mean?"

"Don't want to run inside of Cape Race instead of clear of her!"

"Could we go farther out to sea?"

"We could. Icebergs have been reported out there, I've had the breath of them already."

"Daniel Guerdon, are you keeping in because of me—because you think I'm afraid?"

"No, not because of you." He turned to the door.

"Are you angry with me because I'm with you? I know why I came now. The women of this region, they wait. Do you remember, you said so. They wait with dull yearning, with the resignation of grim hills. I'm—I'm not of that fabric. I couldn't wait." She went on with gathering force. "Can't you see? It's the call to my soul. That is the answer of it all. I love you. Daniel Guerdon, I'm your woman."

As she stood before him, swaying with the yacht, her face exalted, uplifted, he caught her by the shoulders and drew her toward him. He stood for a minute, searching her eyes. His arms relaxed.

"Elsa! I—I—" He turned toward the door. "When we pass the Cape—"

He lifted her hand to his lips, dropped it lingeringly, hesitated, then walked out to the bridge.

Through the porthole she saw the two men, both at the wheel now, peering ahead into the riot of the elements—peering into blackness. For there was nothing to see, nothing but a black void in which driving clouds gave some impression of movement.

Midnight came. The girl still was at the porthole, silent, watching the two men outside. Their problem was clear to her. Undoubtedly the *Avalon* was making toward the coast-line, but the headway of the yacht and her distance out to sea were counted upon to offset the shoreward drift and to clear the dreaded Cape. She saw Guerdon glance toward the charthouse. Would he come to her? She held her breath. She was smiling bravely as he opened the door. "We should be hearing the Race whistle," he said. "There's a bell there, too."

"I want to be with you, Daniel." She pushed past him to the bridge. There was a lull in the storm; she strained her ears. "Don't I hear a moan—a whistle?"

"Listen. See if you catch it again." Guerdon's voice was sharp.

But strain her ears as she would, nothing rose out of the silence. She glanced at Guerdon and in the dim light read what was in his face.

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ONE o'clock. Guerdon's hand sought the engine-room signal lever, but he withdrew it. There was nothing to do but steam ahead, trusting each moment for the sound of whistle or bell which would tell of a course safely held. The calls of the lookouts came in regular cadence—voices vague, throaty, borne in upon the wind as though from outer space. Guerdon leaned forward and looked at the chronometer.

"Samuels, you're quick in such things. Look ahead, sharp. Do you see anything? Hear anything? It looks blacker—there's a new sound."

Elsa bent over the rail, and into her ears came a peculiar vibration, not the voice of the tempest, nor the waters—it was something she had not hitherto heard. But what? Her face, drawn and white now turned to Guerdon.

"I hear it, Daniel. It's—it's like some elemental overtone."

He nodded. One of his hands sought her shoulder.

"Elsa."

She gazed upon him, waiting. His figure, dimly discerned, seemed poised. The next instant he sprang from her to the side of the mate at the wheel. From beneath, a sound rolled upward, a hollow, reverberating sound. There was the impression of momentum checked. The *Avalon* reared high, then settled with a crash as though the entire fabric of the hull were in a giant's grasp. Again she rose, again descended with splintering abandon.

As the three on the bridge struggled for footing, the lifting and quivering began again. There was a forward impulse, telling all that a swell had lifted the *Avalon* clear of the hidden reef and was hurrying her onward.

"All hands on deck!" Guerdon's voice was lost in a chorus of calls and cries.

Elsa's lips parted, but no sound came. She seized Guerdon's shoulder, but he paid no attention as he spun the wheel, heading the yacht dead at the viewless shore. There came another crash; the yacht bumped and pounded ahead. Another crash—still another! The two masts were hanging over her side, broken near the deck. An enormous wave lifted the *Avalon* again, and when she fell, jagged crags bit into her side and held her so that she lay partly on her starboard beam, quivering like a stranded whale.

"Come, Elsa, girl!" Guerdon, dropping the wheel, seized her about the waist and made for the deck below. There was no excitement. She could see the dark forms of the crew clinging to whatever was handy, waiting for orders. But what orders? The boats were gone—smashed to pieces by the falling masts. The darkness was so thick that it seemed to suffocate. To the girl it was as though the tragedy were being enacted in a narrow vacuum.

Clinging to a stanchion, Guerdon supported her with his free arm. He was glancing toward the vague shape of the cliffs. There was the impression of figures drawing ever closer. But there were no outcries. Strong men as they were, they waited like little children upon Guerdon's word.

The wind fell away, and a flash of

lightning speared the dark, filling the world for an instant with greenish light, outlining the sea and the cliffs and the crags. Her fingers tightened upon Guerdon's arm. He nodded, waiting. Again the heavens were seared. He threw back his head.

"It's the Black Head cliff! We're within twenty feet of it." There was a thrill in his voice. "There ought to be a ledge at the foot."

Still holding the girl, he made his way from the bow down the sharply inclined deck, calling to the men as he went among them:

"Get axes. Where's Samuels? All right, Samuels! We want a bridge, quick. A bridge! Lash spars, wreckage, everything together."

THE men understood the object not at all, but they did not question. They fell to work, swiftly, deftly. Guerdon took Elsa to the stump of the foremast, bidding her stay there until he came, and hurried to join the men. She heard the crashing of the axes, the voices which came from the vague figures plying them. Dull blows astern, the rending of timbers, the complaints of the hull, told of the venom of the quartering breakers. But above all rose Guerdon's voice, cheering on the workers.

Presently in the light streaming from a cabin she could see a score of men carrying the flimsy, makeshift structure out upon the bow. They passed the light and were in darkness. Behind them trooped the others. Elsa's impulse was to follow them, but she resisted it. Guerdon had told her to remain until he came.

Slowly the quivering structure was pushed out toward the ledge. Ten feet it went, sagging into the waters while no one breathed. Suddenly came the feeling of resistance. A sharp cheer was swept away on the gale as the men bent their backs in a powerful shove. The bridge slid smoothly and firmly, coming to rest against a firm foundation. A sailor darted out upon the trembling fabric. Pausing midway, he turned.

"The woman!"

Guerdon was bringing Elsa to the bow, fairly forcing her out upon the bridge as she cried her wish to stay with him.

"Take her," he said to the sailor, who seized her wrist with his strong fingers. Trembling, swaying, stumbling, they made their way until at length they stepped upon the ledge, a hidden wall towering within reach of their hands.

One by one the crew of thirty men made the journey, Guerdon last of all. Elsa, with the waters lashing about her ankles, caught him in her arms as he plunged from the structure. Then with her form yielding against his, they stood for a few moments watching the vague bulk writhing and falling in spineless abandon against the fangs of the out-jutting crags. Elsa's lips sought the man's cheek. He drew her closer.

At their backs rose the sheer wall of the cliff, merging with the night twenty feet above their heads. Their hands sought the face of the rocks; they were slimy with weed and barnacle, and there were hollow places where the waves of the centuries had bitten in.

In an hour or two they would be at their task again; for the tide was making in. Already long tongues of water licked at the ankles of the huddled group of men. And the stinging spindrift beat against their faces and bodies. When at length the breakers would come,—tons of solid black water launched with all fury,—the curtain would fall upon this drama of the dark. Everyone knew it—everyone but Elsa Channing.

ELSA, not knowing, wondered. Guerdon's arm was about her, rigid like a loop of steel. Her hair had fallen down over it. She tried to read some expression in that dull blur which marked his face.

"Daniel—" The wind swept in and sucked the voice out of her. He put his ear down to her mouth as she fought for breath. "Shall—shall we have to stay here until morning?"

He jerked up quickly, biting his lip. He had faced death before; he knew what it meant. But that it should come on the very threshold of life! He shut his eyes. Well, that was the way of the rockfanged sea he had known from childhood. Those who were least ready—

He struggled for a moment, then bent down to her.

"Elsa, heart—there wont be any tomorrow for us. The surf is making in. It's just a ledge here. You're brave, aren't you, girl?"

Brave! Was it bravery? At all events she knew no fear. Standing with him, with his arm about her, she had no feeling, but the feeling of him. She lifted her face, smiling. Suddenly something seemed to break in her head. She twisted about in his arm.

"Daniel, this is not the end. God doesn't do that even on the sea. He doesn't give us this love to mock us. I don't believe it. I wont believe it. There is a way, somewhere. Come."

Struggling and slipping upon the ledge, she made her way among the huddled group of seamen, her hand upon Guerdon's arm, leading him. Perhaps a hundred yards they went, coming then face to face with a great crag against which the open water was crashing. A little cry escaped her, and in a gesture of despair she thrust out her hand. Something struck her fingers and vanished. She swung about, her arm outstretched; a thick rope lay in the bend of her elbow.

"A rope, Daniel! A rope!"
He sprang at it, touched it; and then he recalled the project of a beneficent government to equip these cliffs with ropes against just such an emergency. Were there any more? In silence they made their way back along the face of the cliff, dragging their hands against it until they came to a wall extending out into the ocean, barring their future progress. That rope was the only one—the only one, at least, within their grasp.

the only one, at least, within their grasp. They returned to the men. Guerdon spoke to them, sending his big voice out through the hollow of his hands. Their heads rose as they caught the import of his words, and then like dumb cattle they slowly followed Guerdon to the rope, grouping themselves about the stretch of hemp which held for them their only hope of life.



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"Who's the handiest man?"

They pushed forward a lithe young fellow who divested himself of coat and shoes.

"You'll have to go up about a hundred and twenty feet," cried Guerdon. "Then you'll get a hundred and eighty feet of sloping ground which you can make afoot. Shake the rope when you're up. When six are up, I'll put the girl in a bight. You pull her up."

"No." Elsa threw herself at him. But he caught her and held her back from him, while the young seaman began the ascent.

Hand over hand he went, his feet digging into obstructions and hollows as they were found. He disappeared. At length came a dull hail; a cap landed at their feet. An answering cheer rose from those grouped below, and then as the hour wore on and the surf advanced in ever gathering fury, man after man made the ascent with strength and agility born of hope where all before had been without hope.

THE hands of the twentieth sailor slipped upon the rope; he missed his foothold and fell some twenty feet, luckily into the arms of those who had heard his cry and seen the falling form. He sank to the ledge, panting, giving way to a comrade, who climbed safely.

"The rope is wearing thin against the rock," he said, rising at length. "I slipped on a thin place."

"Thin!" Guerdon's voice came like a shot, and the girl at his side, realizing his meaning, shrank back.

She had pleaded so desperately that Guerdon had permitted her to remain with him. But now her turn had come.

"Daniel!" He took her into his arms, pressed his lips to hers. So they stood. He tore himself away and with his own hands fashioned the bight at the end of the line.

"Elsa." She came to him automatically, seating herself in the loop, holding to the rope, above her head. On the cliff the men felt the strain upon the line. They hauled, gently at first, then more swiftly.

"Daniel!" As his answering cry of cheer came to her, she arose into the dark, swinging, bruising her body and limbs—hurts which she did not feel, did not know were inflicted.

When they drew her over the edge of the rock, she sank to her knees, not praying, merely gazing down into the void below.

"It's goin' to a thread, the rope." So she heard the voice of the man who came after her. But she did not move. More men arrived, struggling figures, drawn to safety as they came within reach of the waiting hands. Below, the surf was crashing with ever rising sound.

Samuels came. He approached Elsa, placed a hand upon her shoulder. She knew that Guerdon alone remained. She shivered. She marked a forward movement of the men. She crept to the rope. She saw it strain suddenly. Then immediately it loosened. A man bent down and drew up the slack. Broken!

Slowly, man by man, they gathered about Elsa and touched her head as she knelt, motionless. Then one by one they

turned and began the ascent of the remaining slope. Not knowing what she did, she suffered them to lead her. When she reached the top, she shook off their hands.

"Thank you, all. Leave me here, please. I wish to be alone."

They hesitated. She gestured impatiently and turned to watch the men as they left her side and joined the dim line of figures plodding their way over the heights toward Broad Cove. And so they left her.

As though without impulse, Elsa Channing retraced her steps down the steep bank and at length stood on the edge of the cliff. The wind sang past her face. The sea crashed upon the viewless crags below; all about was the pean of a vast unrest.

She stood erect, rigid, facing the blast, while like film pictures thrown upon a restless screen the salient incidents of a careless, happy life drifted across her mind. Happy, careless, yes—then this big thing: a love so great, so elemental that it seemed as though she had lived through a strange dream. A dream! Unreal! Her lips parted. Had he lived? Her head jerked upward, triumphant, as under nature's saving reaction, she felt a sense of release, release from something that she felt had been too big for her. Slowly she turned toward the heights—wondering—toward the life ahead. Then as she moved with ever reluctant feet there came to her, veritably a voice from out the storm, the knowledge that there could be no life ahead, that all life lay behind her, there in the dark among the reeking crags.

She went back to the brow of the cliffs, swaying over the void. She sank to the ground, her face crushed into her hands. As the night went on, her lips moved, while the winds moaned and died away and left a great peace—a peace that was the answer to her prayers.

A gray film spread over the sky, and the shapes of clouds were defined. The tufted grasses on the hills rustled under the dawn's breath. Elsa lay with her face among them, while the morning whitened and the sea turned to steel.

A long shaft of gold from the new sun came across the waters and rested upon the face of Daniel Guerdon. He was lying in the shelter of the after section of the *Avalon*, which had been borne to the face of the cliffs on the rising waters, thus enabling him to reach it as the ocean buried the ledge. He stirred uneasily as the fragment of hull heaved drunkenly on the rocks. The sun filled him with warmth. He rubbed his eyes and was awake.

Arising slowly, clinging to a splintered plank, he turned his face upward, upward to a kneeling figure clear against the morning sky. His voice rose to the cliffs in a great, joyous call.

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THE MEDIUM'S MINIATURE

(Continued from page 57)

are both right and wrong in your estimate of this piece," he said. "The miniature, although it depicts a charming woman, is badly executed; but the setting is rather unique—old parcel-gilt silver. I must confess that it tempts me. I am a collector in a small way, you see, with a fancy for the odd and curious. My scarabs are said to be unmatched, and I also have somewhat of a collection of miniatures. This would supplement it excellently. Since you are tired of it, suppose you sell it to me?"

"Dear man,"—she laid her pudgy, ringed hand upon his arm,—"I would give it to you. But only yesterday I promised to bestow it on Marie here. You will have to bargain with her."

A CHISON beamed at Marie. He was sure of success now; this girl, probably underpaid, would welcome the chance to pick up a little extra money.

"What do you say, mademoiselle?" he asked in his most persuasive voice. "Will you gratify my whim? I shall accept your valuation."

She flushed crimson, her eyelids fluttering nervously. There was a frightened look on her face, but there was also resolution behind her dismayed glance.

"I thank you, monsieur," she said in her slow, imperfect English, "but I cannot part with the miniature. It is the gift of Madame, and as such I prize it."

"Perhaps you will be willing to make an exchange when you see some of the really lovely things I have picked up on my recent journey?" Achison was suavely persistent. "If not, remember that I said I would accept your own price."

"I am sorry, monsieur; I can not give it up."

Madame broke into wheezy laughter. "She is fond of me, you see, m'sieur. She cherishes my gift. Is it not so, little one?"

The girl's head was again bent low over her embroidery frame.

"But certainly, madame," she answered.

Achison was not discomfited by this rebuff. On the succeeding days of the voyage he took occasion more than once to approach Marie on the subject, finally offering her a sum of money which he felt sure she would never find it in her thrifty French soul to refuse. But she was deaf to all negotiations.

This put him in a bad humor which it required all his *savoir faire* to conceal. He was still moody when Danby visited him in his stateroom the last night out.

"I'm afraid I've been of very little help to you," Achison admitted. "If Snaith and Adelbron are working together, I've caught no hint of it, and I've given them every opportunity to show their hand. The girl, though, will bear watching." He spoke with a touch of asperity. "For all her demure manner, she's considerably more canny than you think. I am anxious to learn how they all fare at the hands of the customs officials. Take dinner with me tomorrow night at my club, Danby, and let me know the results."

"Glad to," Danby acquiesced with his usual lack of enthusiasm. "I've already wirelessed the boss to let Snaith and Adelbron have the full program, and on your tip I'll send a further message regarding the girl. Have no fear; old Eagle-eye Cameron will be on hand, and they've got to be wizards if they get anything through under his eye."

"But at that," he added with a cynical twist of the lips, "I'm gambling that it's all lost motion. All the bulls in Paris can't make me believe the Kreminoff jewels were ever on the *Albertic*."

So, when they met as appointed the next evening, Danby's mousy furtiveness was faintly illuminated by that glow which comes to all prophets whose predictions, good or bad, have achieved fulfillment.

"Just as I told you," he said, "nothing doing. You'd have laughed at the seeress, though. That old black bag of hers was choked up with her tin breast-plates and tiaras, but she couldn't have made more fuss about handling them if they'd been the crown jewels. Two of us turned the stuff out in a pile,—I'd been over her junk until I knew it all by heart.—and then we went into the lining of the bag, looking for padded inner compartments. But as I say, it was all time wasted. My theory's the right one. If the Kreminoff jewels are coming over here at all, they'll be brought on some small boat to another port."

"Of course," he added prudently, "that don't let Snaith or Madame Adelbron completely out of it. As I told you before, they may be over here simply to dispose of the stuff after it's been brought through. I've got a hunch that there's some sort of a connection between the pair of 'em; but it might easily be on some other scheme. Anyhow, it'd be a favor to me if you keep in touch with them, Mr. Achison, and let me know of anything that strikes you as suspicious."

"Assuredly," Achison promised. "You've got my curiosity aroused, Danby. I wouldn't dream of dropping out at this stage."

And he spoke in perfect good faith; for although he did not say so to his companion he knew that there was small chance of his losing sight of Madame Adelbron and Marie Trevelle at least, until he had secured that miniature.

Under spell of this incentive, he called a day or two later at the hotel where the two were staying, but without finding either of them in. His disappointment over this mischance was palliated, however, by learning on his return to his office that a man named Snaith had been in, and evidently very anxious to consult him, had said he would be back within an hour.

"Show him in as soon as he comes," directed Achison.

A GRATIFIED smile was on his lips as he passed on into his inner sanctum. He had been a little puzzled at Snaith's previous failure to appear, in view of the seed of encouragement he had so sedulously sown during the voyage.

He was beginning to wonder if possibly his calculations were awry. But now he was fully reassured. Perhaps, he reflected, it was just as well that he had missed Madame Adelbron and her companion. There is a distinct advantage in being the mountain rather than Mahomet, the person sought rather than the seeker.

His meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a clerk.

"Mr. Snaith, sir." And almost upon the heels of the announcement, Snaith himself appeared. His smile and expressions of pleasure at seeing Achison again were properly cordial; but his mask of assurance, although nicely adjusted, could not wholly conceal an underlying disquietude. In his manner, too, was something dogged and reluctant, and Achison recognized at once the man who, against his will and judgment, is forced by circumstances to take counsel, the unwilling and unrepentant penitent at a confessional he dares not evade.

For a few moments the conversation ran to commonplaces, and then Snaith broke off abruptly in the middle of a sentence.

"But I am wasting your time, Mr. Achison. I came here today to consult you on a matter of great importance, and one which will require the utmost secrecy. I know, of course, that the fees a man of your standing receives are very large, but if you can give us any idea or assistance that will aid us in the present difficulty, I assure you that you can ask double, treble the ordinary amount, and it will be gladly paid. When I say, 'us,'" he added, "I am speaking also for Madame Adelbron."

"It sounds interesting," Achison leaned back in his chair and joined his fingertips together. He became at once the bland, inviolable repository of secrets, lending a listening and sympathetic ear as he pushed a box of cigarettes toward his new client.

Snaith lighted one, and for a moment or two smoked in silence.

"I may as well tell you," he said at last, "that a year or so ago I was unfortunate enough to incur the suspicion of the London and Continental police. No grounds for it, of course,—a case of mistaken identity, I fancy,—and nothing ever came of it except a bit of personal annoyance at the time. This was all months ago, you understand, and I supposed that they had fully realized the absurdity of shadowing me around and had dropped it; but evidently I was mistaken." He frowned darkly.

"Yesterday," he went on to air his grievance, "I called on Madame Adelbron, surely only a natural courtesy to show a shipboard acquaintance; but will you believe me, I found that I was being shadowed to her hotel, and not only that but actually to her apartment. While there, I don't know how many ears were glued to the keyhole. And the poor woman tells me that she too has been having a similar experience. When I reached home, I changed and went to dinner at the Ritz. Again I was followed; and on my return I discovered that my room and all my belongings had been thoroughly gone over."

Achison murmured an expression of

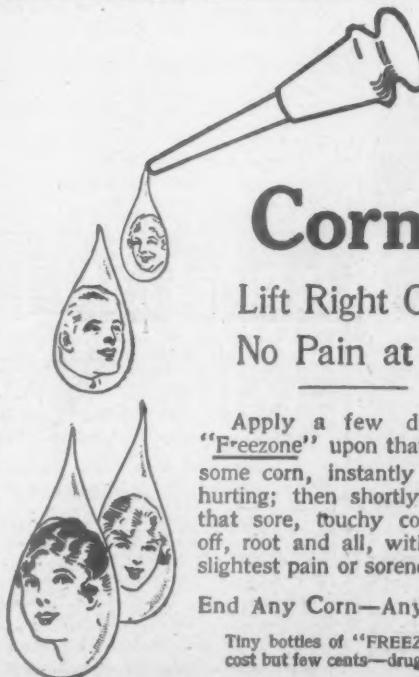
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surprise and appropriate commiseration.

"Now, it happens, Mr. Achison, that I am in this country to arrange some business matters which require delicate handling. Madame Adelbron is interested in the transaction. She has in her possession some valuable documents which I have agreed to convey to the right parties."

HE paused, and fixed Achison with his hard, blank eyes. They were icily sinister that they might have chilled the blood of the hardiest.

"If a whisper of this should leak out, the life of the whisperer wouldn't be worth a tinker's dam," he muttered significantly.

Steel-colored eyes as cold as his own looked back at him, an amused smile curling the corners of the lawyer's wide mouth.

"Pray proceed with the details," he murmured politely. "I read myself to sleep every night with detective novels, so you see I don't object to melodrama. But let us refrain from it in a business discussion, my dear fellow. It's out of place."

Snaith reddened at the unmistakable mockery of the admonition; but unable to think of any satisfactory retort, complied.

"Under the existing circumstances," he went on gruffly, "it is impossible for Madame to turn documents over to me. A change of plans is necessary. Some one must act as an intermediary."

"Ah, Snaith, Snaith!" Achison shook a playful finger at him. "You are willfully playing on my weakness." He raised his eyes accusingly heavenward. "One would think at my age that I would be immune. But trail even the anise-seed bag of an adventure across my path, and I'm off on the scent of it. You remember that phrase we both decided was the one best calculated to stir a man's blood. 'How would you like an adventure with a bit of money on the side?' Here am I, my holiday over, a staid lawyer back at his desk; but,"—he shook his head, humorously deprecating his failing,—"the lure still holds."

Snaith's stolid face lighted up with relief. He drew a long breath and relaxed in his chair.

"We're all aboard the lugger, then, and the girl is ours!" He laughed a little surprisedly at his own wit. "Not that there's any real girl, you understand." He checked his mirth. "That's only by way of speaking."

"Snaith, you delight my soul. You not only offer me an adventure, but you explain a joke. You really must try some of my old Scotch on the strength of it." He unlocked a little cabinet, and produced a squat bottle and glasses. "Now, what's the plan?"

"The intermediary," said Snaith, "must be some one above suspicion."

"Alas!" cried Achison, still chuckling. "The lot falls to Caesar's wife, and not to me."

Whether Snaith failed to hear correctly, or really misunderstood the allusion, he entered an emphatic protest.

"Not at all," he said earnestly. "No women in this, but Madame. The person I meant is you."

"Another drink!" Achison beamed. "You warm the cockles of my heart. And have no fear; I would not resign even for the lady I mentioned. Now, the plan?"

"Professor Hammersley," said Snaith slowly, leaning closer and involuntarily dropping his voice, "is giving another séance tomorrow night to which he has invited a number of his scientific friends. Madame is prepared to show the full extent of her great psychic powers, and in order to create a sympathetic atmosphere, she has asked permission to include one or two believers. Sometime during the séance, when the room is dark, a small package will be handed to the intermediary."

"Excellent!" Achison nodded approval. Then he leaned his arms on the table, and regarded Snaith unwaveringly.

"You spoke of my fee a few moments ago. I prefer to waive the question of money in dealing with friends. My fee for this service will be Madame Adelbron's old miniature. I have been unable to secure it from Miss Trevelle."

"Madame will get it from the girl," Snaith drained his glass with great good humor. "You collectors!" He shook his head as if their ways were past understanding.

"I haven't finished," Achison announced. "My fee, I say, will be the miniature and—a third of the unset Kreminoff jewels which the package contains."

Snaith's face was purple, his eyes bulging. He rapped his hand smartly on the table.

"God! What a holdup! You can't do it, Achison!"

"I can and I will. One third of the jewels—an equal division between the three of us—and the miniature, or I lay the whole matter before the authorities."

SNAITH glared murderously across the narrow space between them, but in the unruffled gaze which met his own he saw no shadow of fear or weakening. After a few seconds his eyes dropped.

"You win," he said sullenly. "There's no other way out. But—" He broke off as if he were choking.

"I won't see you at the séance of course?" Achison inquired placidly.

"No; we'll have to arrange a meeting later. Maybe, though, it would look better if you took some one to Professor Hammersley's with you, some one that couldn't even be questioned." Snaith was still resentful, furious, but he had his wits about him.

"A good suggestion." A quizzical twinkle slid into Achison's eye. "I'll take Danby."

"That revenue agent!" Snaith's face was black with suspicion; he looked ready to spring.

"It's an inspiration," chuckled Achison. "Nothing could be more disarming. Who would expect the loot to be carried off right under the watchdog's nose? Besides, it may relieve you from the too-solicitous attentions you complain of. I'll tell Danby you have consulted me about being shadowed, and that after sounding you thoroughly, I am persuaded neither you nor Madame Adelbron are engaged in any nefarious undertakings at the

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present time. The reason you hang around her, I'll explain, is that you really have become a convert to spiritism."

As he listened, Snaith assumed a somewhat mollified attitude; there was even a hint of admiration in his glance.

"I dare say, you are right," he admitted, "now that you explain it. But, my word, man," he reverted sulkily, "those terms of yours are steep!"

Achison merely shrugged his shoulders as if to indicate that that was a settled matter, and turned to a discussion of minor details, such as the appointment of a safe meeting-place after the séance for a division of the spoils; a method of communicating with Snaith during the interim if necessity should arise, and provision for various other contingencies.

When these were all satisfactorily arranged, Achison once more pushed forward the bottle of Scotch.

"Take a stirrup-cup before you go," he urged, "to the success of the enterprise."

"Might as well," growled Snaith. "It's costing me just about a thousand dollars a drop." He filled his glass and held it up to the light, gazing ruefully at its amber contents. "You collectors!" he sighed, and his tone was one of deep respect.

THE next afternoon, Marie Trevelle, who was out attending to some shopping for Madame, was strolling slowly up Fifth Avenue in the direction of her hotel, when glancing up from her mournful meditations, she saw a dark, good-looking young man walking toward her. Involuntarily she stopped, and then ran to him, her pale little face irradiated with joy.

"Monsieur Ramsey!" she gasped. "Oh, Monsieur Ramsey!"

"Marie Trevelle!" he exclaimed, taking both her hands. "Why, what are you doing in this part of the world?"

"Oh, Monsieur Ramsey!" She was looking at him as Andromeda, chained to the rock, must have looked at the shining Perseus. "The good God has sent you. To think, when I was so lonely and at my wits' end, I should have met you!" She smiled up at him, her lips trembling, her eyes full of tears.

"Come, Marie," he said kindly; "you are all upset! We will go into the hotel over there, and have a cup of tea."

She was like a child, as they turned into the hotel restaurant and he found a remote little table. A burden seemed to have dropped from her shoulders.

"Now," he said, when he had ordered, "tell me all about it."

"You remember my father," she began, "when you were billeted in our house at Tours, how broken down he was, his business gone? He died." She wiped the tears from her eyes. "I went to Paris with my mother, thinking I could get work. There was no finer goldsmith in the world than my father, and he had trained me well; but I could find nothing to do, and my mother was taken ill. Ah, it was despair then, monsieur, when one day a jeweler to whom I had applied—a mean little man in a mean little place—gave me the address of a lady who wished some stones reset.

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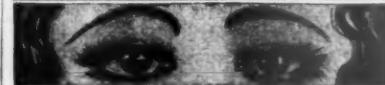
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bron, the famous medium. I put some bits of glass back in their washed gold settings,—she made a gesture of supreme contempt,—“and the lady examined them with great care and asked me many questions about myself. Then she praised me for my work, and said that she wished to engage me as a companion on her professional tour to the United States. She dreaded being alone, she said, in a strange country, and she offered me a fine salary. It was a great temptation; it meant that my mother could have the best of care and medical attention for several months, anyway, and at the end of that time things might be better and I could find work.

“Monsieur, I accepted, as you see; and now,—her face paled; her eyes dilated with horror,—“I do not know if I can ever go back again.”

“Of course, you shall go back.” Ramsey leaned over and patted her hand reassuringly. “I’ll see to that. Don’t hold anything back, Marie. Tell me everything.”

She shivered, and looked nervously about her.

“I trust you, monsieur. Three days before we landed, Madame came to me and said: ‘Marie, I have some work for you to do, and it must be done at night only.’ Of course I was surprised, but she explained that she had many handsome jewels on which she did not want to pay the duty, and that I must reset these in her washed gold ornaments in place of those colored bits of glass. Then she showed the jewels to me. Oh!” Her face glowed. “I know stones, monsieur, but I had never seen any so gorgeous, so beautiful as those. Well, I did as I was bid; and although I should not say it, it was well done; and then I covered them with a preparation which made them look dull and lusterless. They were not detected by the customs officers, and here in America I began to get my spirits back, when this morning—this morning—” The girl’s voice broke, she trembled violently.

“Don’t be frightened. It’s all right; go on,” urged Ramsey soothingly.

“On the boat.”—Marie’s voice still quavered,—“Madame had given me a miniature she sometimes wore, and which she had picked up in a pawnshop for nothing at all. She said she was tired of it; so I asked for it, and I got her to give me a slip in writing saying that it was mine. She had been drinking champagne for dinner and was in a good humor. But the next day she was angry about it because Monsieur Achison wanted to buy it, and she said that she could get real money for it.”

“What is that?” cried Ramsey sharply. “Achison, did you say? What was he like?”

“A tall man, monsieur, with gray hair back off his brow, and a grand manner. I understand that he is a great lawyer here in New York. But, oh,—with a wail,—“I saw him when he examined the miniature and he knew, he knew. . . . Why, though, do you look so strangely?”

RAMSEY ignored the question. “He knew? Knew what?”

“About the miniature. Oh, monsieur, I am trusting you as I would the priest.

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"Marie! How could a mere old miniature mean all that to you? What is behind this?"

"That," she sighed, "is the greatest secret of all. But I will tell you. One day when I was putting Madame's things away, I looked at that miniature closely. I had suspected that it was of more value than she thought, but I had never had the chance really to examine it. But," she broke off, "to tell you what I discovered and what that discovery meant to me, I must go back a little."

"Yes; tell me the whole story," he urged.

"Before the war, then, my father had assisted a wealthy South American, Señor Sevrilla, in adding to his already large collections, and seeing my enthusiasm he had allowed me to work with him. Señor Sevrilla was and is still, for I heard from him not long ago, especially interested in enamel miniature portraits of the seventeenth century, particularly those painted by the great master of that art, Jean Petitot. He has secured a large number of genuine Petitots, but there are a few which cannot be bought, and also others which the artist is known to have painted, but which have simply disappeared. Among these latter is a miniature of Elizabeth Hamilton, a famous beauty of the court of Charles II of England, who later married the Duc de Grammont, a French noble of the most adventurous and picturesque career."

"Surely," Ramsey interjected; "De Grammont of the classic memoirs!"

"Perhaps?" She arched her brows. "I know more of art than literature. However, on the day that I had a chance to study this miniature of Madame's, I discovered that I was not mistaken in my conjecture. The Petitot signature was there, but hidden under the frame, which had been clumsily repaired.

"But, oh, monsieur!" Her eyes widened and darkened with excitement. "That was not all. The miniature was painted on gold, but it seemed to me its gold back was not merely the reverse of the portrait. I pried aside the frame a little and ran my fingernail under it; and so I found a tiny spring. Pressing this, the case opened, and inside was engraved in old script the letters, 'E. H. to P. de G.' Of course that could only mean, Elizabeth Hamilton to Philibert de Grammont."

"Seems conclusive," Ramsey agreed. "But even so,"—with a puzzled expression,—"I don't quite see why you wouldn't sell to Achison when you had the chance. He offered to take the thing at your own valuation, you say."

"Ah! But that was when he thought I knew nothing of its value," she returned shrewdly. "And even suppose he would have paid as much as Señor Sevrilla, monsieur, there is still the matter of sentiment. My father and I had supplied the Señor with other Petitot portraits, and I wished to have the pleasure of adding this great prize to them. Besides," she added naively, "Sevrilla would be so pleased with me for finding it, that he would almost certainly commission me to buy for him."

"And the miniature was mine, mine!" she cried despairingly.

"It is still yours, with that paper you hold."

"No," she returned hopelessly. "It is this way. I have had to take all of those beautiful jewels out of their cheap settings again. Tonight, while the room is dark at Professor Hammersley's séance, I am to give them to Monsieur Achison. For some service he is doing Madame, he has demanded the Petitot miniature. Madame told me this morning that I would have to give it back, and when I refused, she became terribly angry. She struck me, and worse still,"—her voice broke in sobs,—"she got the paper from me and tore it up. Then she threatened that if I ever told anyone about the jewels I had reset, she would have me arrested as a thief. So there was nothing else to do; I gave her back the miniature.

"Monsieur,"—she stretched out her hands to him imploringly,—"I have lost my fortune. I am here in a strange country among thieves; for,"—her voice dropped to a frightened whisper,—"it is the Kreminoff jewels they have. I overheard a conversation between Madame and Monsieur Snaith, and I know, it is so. Now I am even afraid of my life."

THREE was a white excitement on Wallace Ramsey's face as he stared back at her. He looked cautiously about him. Their table was against a wall, and there was no one near them.

"Marie! Marie!" he said in a low, exultant voice. "You don't realize what you have done. You have given me the opportunity that I have been waiting for, that I've been living for. There's an old score to settle between this man Achison and myself. He's the greatest crook in the world, but I've never been able to prove it; he's always been too clever for me. But tonight!" He stopped in his pean of triumph. "Wait a minute; let me think."

He sat, hand cupping his chin, gazing before him, while she watched him, a new hope struggling with anxiety in her eyes.

"I've got it," he said at last. "Listen, now, and follow my directions exactly. Go home and do not mention that you have seen me. Be very submissive and humble. Tonight at the séance give the jewels to Achison, just as has been arranged. Then leave the rest to me."

"But monsieur," she protested in quick terror, "if their plans are thwarted, they will know that I have done it. They will kill me."

"Don't be afraid," he encouraged her. "I myself will look out for you and guard you. But if by any chance you should miss seeing me, go at once to this house." He penciled an address upon a card and handed it to her. "You will find there a lady who is expecting you, and all arrangements made for your comfort and safety. Now, remember," he enjoined as they rose, "do nothing to arouse their suspicions. Carry on, just as I have told you."

"Yes, monsieur. But how can I thank you? I—" Again her tears started.

"Never mind that now," he said sharply. "You can cry, and thank me after-

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ward, although it is really I who should thank you. Oh, Marie, if I was ever able to do any small services for your family when I was at your house in the old war days, you have paid them back ten times over."

THE group assembled in Professor Hammersley's home that evening was small but carefully selected. It was composed of men of more or less scientific attainment, whose attitude toward the whole affair was speculative, open-minded and yet, either passively or actively critical. The only "outsiders," as they might be called, were Achison and Danby, who came in rather late and together.

The room into which they were all ushered was large and denuded of most of its furnishings and ornaments. It had been subjected, Professor Hammersley explained, to the most rigorous test conditions. The only feature which offered the slightest chance for trickery or concealment was the curtaining off of one corner with dark, heavy velvet draperies, and before the séance commenced this was thoroughly inspected and examined.

Madame Adelbron, whom the Professor introduced, was completely at her ease. She was used to such gatherings, and for the first half-hour or so she kept the little company baffled and amazed by the display of her unusual powers.

She submitted without question to every test. Clean slates were tied together with cords and placed at a distance from her. When opened, these were covered with written messages to persons in the room in the handwriting of departed friends. She wrote automatically with both hands at the same time, carrying on a conversation with one or two persons the while. She permitted herself to be bound hand and foot and tied to her chair, and then at her word of command, a table rose apparently of its own volition and remained suspended a few moments in the air. A vase of flowers on the mantelpiece was removed by some force other than recognized human agency and carefully deposited on a cabinet at the other side of the room. All this was accomplished in a flood of electric light.

Then the room was darkened, and Madame, bound as before, passed into a trance. For a few seconds all was silence, but presently there became audible the strains of faint music, succeeded by a distant chiming as of fairy bells.

Again in the darkness Madame began to speak. The voice which issued from her lips was supposed to be that of her favorite "control," and was a shrill, childish treble. Then out from the curtained alcove there floated frail, ethereal forms. The cheeks of those watching were touched lightly by soft, cold hands.

SUDDENLY, however, the atmosphere of twilight and mystery was invaded by sounds of too material and violent a nature to be attributed to the denizens of another plane.

There was the noise of a brief altercation in the hall without; then a door was hastily burst open, and the lights were flashed on full, revealing two men standing side by side. One was a police in-

spector in plain clothes; the other was Wallace Ramsey.

While the group within the circle gasped and stared in surprise at this unexpected intrusion, Professor Hammersley came forward and indignantly demanded the reason for it.

The inspector cut him short. "Sorry to break up your party, Professor," he said, "but we have reason to suspect that something is being pulled off here that you don't know about."

He turned to the startled and somewhat alarmed members of the circle.

"Gentlemen, we understand that a valuable package has been passed under cover of the darkness to some person in this room tonight. No one"—he turned back his coat and showed his badge—"will be permitted to leave, and I will ask all of you to stand up. Whoever has that package will hand it over at once. Otherwise it will be necessary to search every one of you."

They rose at his demand, and involuntarily each man looked down at the chair in which he had been sitting and on the floor at his feet. Then with a common impulse each thrust his hands into his pockets.

With a startled exclamation Danby drew forth a carefully wrapped parcel, and stood staring at it, his mouth dropping open.

"I've got it, Inspector!" His dry voice was cracked with excitement. "There was nothing in this pocket when I came here. I don't understand. I'm pretty quick, but I haven't an idea when it was put there."

A focus for the astonished glances of the others, he came forward and laid the package on the table.

The inspector ripped it open, and a glory of jewels poured out, rubies, diamonds, emeralds; and among them, incongruously out of place, was the miniature in its dingy frame.

"The Kreminoff jewels!" Danby shouted. "I've got a description of each one of them in my pocket. Wait a minute." With trembling fingers he drew a slip of paper from his bill-fold, and he and the inspector began to check off from it the stones in the collection.

"Beat me to it, didn't you?" muttered the inspector ruefully as they bent over their task. "You old fox, pretending you didn't know how it got into your pocket. You've made a deal with the gang, and you know it. Suppose there's no use trying to round up any of them now? You've let 'em make a clean get-away, of course?"

Danby gave no hint of his abysmal ignorance as to whom the "gang" might comprise. He assumed immediately the omniscience he was credited with possessing.

"I guess I can lay my hands on them, if either Kreminoff or the Government wants to prosecute," he said with all of his old confidence-inspiring assurance. "But it's my own idea that nobody wants to stir up much of a muss. You understand, of course?"

The inspector didn't, but he likewise veiled his true state of mind, and nodded with an air of profound comprehension. He was the more content to do so because Danby craftily added:

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Meanwhile, as they talked, they had completed going over the list.

"How about this picture?" asked the inspector, holding up the miniature. "It don't seem to be down on the list."

"Why, that," drawled Danby, "if I am not mistaken, belongs to Madame Adelbron."

"No—no!" protested the seeress, apparently on the verge of asthmatic hysterics. "I gave it to my companion Marie Trevelle over a fortnight ago. She told me that it had been stolen from our rooms in the hotel the first day we were in New York. It is of no value, and so I did not report it to the police."

"Hold it, Inspector, until Miss Trevelle calls for it," spoke up Ramsey authoritatively. "By the way, where is she?" He looked about him with a touch of anxiety.

But at his question she came forward tremblingly, and pressed close to his side.

"How did you come to make such a mistake?" he whispered, frowning. "I thought you told me it was into Achison's pocket you were to slip the package."

"It was, monsieur; but at the last moment my heart failed me. He is so clever that I was afraid I would never see my miniature again. So I gave it to the other man."

DANBY and the inspector were carefully closing up the box of jewels and making such explanations as they thought wise to the excited guests. Professor Hammersley was escorting the agitated seeress from the room. Ramsey, on an impulse, left his companion and stepped across to where Achison stood leaning against the mantelpiece.

"Well, once more you play in luck," he said with bitter significance.

"In luck?" Achison lifted his eyebrows. "I'm afraid I don't know just what you mean. It strikes me that you are the one in luck, if it be lucky to perform a very meritorious and praiseworthy action.

"I," he went on courteously, "have been trying to assist my friend Danby in the recovery of these jewels in what small way I could, but my poor services appear trifling beside your dashing coup. I confess with some humiliation that I have hitherto underrated your abilities; but trust me, I shall not make that mistake again. Indeed, I shall devote my time and my energies from now on to seeing that you get your prompt and appropriate reward."

Ramsey's glance swept him carelessly, ironically. He was young enough to be reckless, and his triumph was great.

"I'm sure of it, Mr. Achison," he replied; "and you may be equally sure I'll be waiting for it, hoping and expecting to return your attentions in kind. I know, too, how glad you are that Mademoiselle Trevelle will have her miniature again. It will make her very happy. I must look after her now, though. Good-bye, Mr. Achison."

"Oh, no," murmured Achison with his courtly bow, "let us say rather, 'Au revoir.'"

The next story in this series recording the conflict of wits between the suave Achison and the clever Ramsey will appear in an early number.



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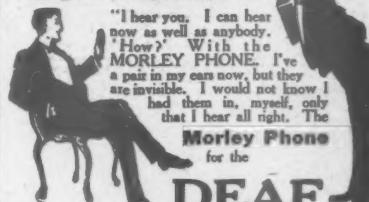
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THE
(Continued)

"This morning, however, I felt better, and my business imperatively claiming my attention after a week of absence, I decided to go to town.

"I LEFT the house with the feeling of a man who goes out to execution. Nevertheless, human nature revolted at the prospect of dying without resistance, and I went armed. In my pocket was a revolver which had belonged to my father. He had fought in the Indian Mutiny. I was born in India myself. Some of his fighting instincts arose in me as I walked down to the station fingering the weapon in my pocket.

"Dread oppressed me as I entered the train and journeyed cityward. I felt that I was going to meet my fate. None the less I went about my business, and all day nothing occurred, save moments of fear, to alarm me. I made up my mind to return by a midday train,—would that I had done so!—though perhaps it would have made no difference. So great a press of work awaited me, however, that it was impossible. One hindrance after another stood in my way and with rapidly rising fears, I was forced to remain and see the time slip away until the only train that remained to me was the seven-thirty.

"My office is a little room at the top of a large building. I keep no clerk. Most or all of the other workers in the building had left while I was still writing letters, and the solitude which broods over the city in the evening weighed more and more oppressively on me every minute. My nerves were already at stretch when I heard something thrust into the letter-box. I jumped to my feet, trembling with premonitions. I heard no footfall along the passage. After a moment when my heart seemed to stop, I went to the box, and to my horror—drew out a piece of paper identical with the one pushed into my hand a week before. It bore the same solemn words: 'Prepare to meet thy Judge,' and nothing more. I believe I reeled and staggered. I know that in a flash of frenzy I flung the door wide and rushed into the passage. I could have sworn—I could swear it now—that I saw the white dog slink round the corner a few yards along the corridor.

"Trembling in every limb, my head on fire, I hastily locked up the office and made my way to the station. The building seemed quite deserted as I left it. I saw no sign of the white dog. Choosing the most frequented thoroughfares I soon reached the terminus without any cause for alarm. I remember that my heart beat so violently as to make me feel faint as I passed the barrier. I scarcely dared look for the dog, but with an effort of will I did so and assured myself it was not there.

"I chose an unoccupied carriage and settled myself in it—waiting, with throbbing anxiety, for the few remaining minutes to slip away before the train was due to start. Those minutes seemed vast spaces of time in which the move-

WHITE DOG

from page 47)

ment of the world had stopped, waiting for some catastrophe. At last I heard the bell ring. For one wild, exultant moment I thought that I was safe.

"Then, just as the train commenced to move, I saw a man running along the platform, holding a dog in leash. The animal strained powerfully at the lead, his nose to the ground. On the instant, I recognized it—the white dog! The door of my compartment was thrown open, and man and dog leaped in. A porter slammed the door after them, and we were moving fast out of the station. Short of throwing myself on the rails there was no escape possible.

"The man was dressed in the garb of a clergyman. He was a large, powerfully built fellow, strength of mind and body marked all over him. He nodded and smiled at me as he drew a long breath to recover his wind and sat down. The dog slunk under the seat, where it lay watching me with steady eyes.

"I cowered in my corner in terror. Had I wished to speak, I could not have done so. The sight of one of my all-powerful foes, visible for the first time, fascinated me. I could not take my eyes from him. Occasionally he looked up at me from his newspaper with a slow, quiet smile which seemed to say: 'All right, my friend. I'll deal with you presently.'

THE train clanged and banged over the switches and gathered speed for its rush into the dark night and the loneliness of the country-side. Minute after minute I sat there in panic, watching him, agonized every now and then by that terrible sure smile with which he glanced at me. The silence in the carriage was the oppressive silence which awaits a tragedy to break it with a lightning-flash.

"Mile after mile the train raced on, and nothing happened. The suspense was maddening me. My lips were dry. My tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth. I could feel a cold sweat beading my forehead. I took out my handkerchief to wipe it, and a piece of paper fluttered to the ground, close to his feet. I recognized it. It was the second warning. Before I could move, the man bent to pick it up. He handed it to me with that meaning smile and said, with awful quietness: 'Are you prepared?'

"I started with terror and felt something hurt the hand which all the time had been gripping the revolver in my pocket. It was the tense pressure of my finger on the weapon.

"The man nodded and smiled at me again. I gasped, feeling certain that my hour had come. With the fascination of a man trapped and bound, I saw him bend sideways and put his hand into his hip pocket. Instantly—I know not how—there was a deafening report in the carriage, and a film of smoke floated between me and him. He sank to the floor. He rolled slightly with his last gasp, his arm outflung. I had killed him! I stood fixed with horror. In his hand was—not a revolver, but a tobacco-pipe.



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"For a moment my senses left me. I knew nothing. I was brought to consciousness by a sharp pain in my leg. The white dog held me in a savage grip, growling in a manner frightful to hear. Frenzy overcame me; I kicked and fought in vain. Then, suddenly recollecting the revolver in my hand, I pressed it to his head and fired. I was free. Free? No, trapped in the swaying carriage splashed with blood, its floor heaped with the large body of the man I had killed. The train was racing along at top speed. In five or ten minutes more we should stop and the crime would be discovered. Mad with horror, I rushed to the door, opened it, flung myself into the black night. I remember the roar of the train passing me as I rolled down the embankment, have an impression of a bright light whisked away, and then I lost consciousness.

"When my senses returned, I saw the light in your house. Clambering over a wall, I made my way to it, fainting, scarce able to walk, but frantic, it seems to me, for help. You kindly took me in. For the moment I have respite, but 'they' have triumphed. By their cunning manipulation of the forces behind Life, I have been tricked into murdering one who to all outward semblance was an innocent man. In a day or two I shall be standing in the dock, and finally my life will be violently cut short by my fellow-men, accompanied by every circumstance of ignominy. Fully, indeed, are they revenged!

"Now, sir, you know my story; and if, after hearing it, you care to call in the local police—"

AT that moment there was a sound of carriage-wheels on the road. They stopped just in front of the house. The stranger sprang to his feet. His eyes swept round the room in a swift, panic-stricken quest for concealment. Then, crying: "No! They shall not take me! They shall not take me!" he rushed from the room.

Mr. Gilchrist, still spellbound by the story to which he had been so intently listening, stood for a moment as though paralyzed, staring at the open door. A familiar whistle from outside, a cheery call—"Gilchrist! Gilchrist!"—gave him back his faculties. It was Williamson—thank God!

Mr. Gilchrist ran out into the hall, found the front door still open from the stranger's abrupt departure, peered out into the dark night intensified by the two staring eyes of Williamson's gig-lamps.

"Come in, Williamson!" he called. His voice was joyous with relief. As he spoke, he heard swift feet upon the gravel. The words had barely left his mouth when a violent collision knocked him breathless against the doorknob. It was the stranger, back again!

"The white dog! The white dog!" he gasped in terror.

Mr. Gilchrist clutched at him and fought for breath to speak.

"But my dear sir—" he began irritably. This was absurd! Of course there was a dog—the harmless old white bull which was Williamson's invariable companion. He tried to explain, but the stranger, tugging frantically to get free, would

listen to nothing. With the strength of a madman he wrenched himself from Gilchrist's detaining grasp and fled into the house.

Williamson, preceded by his old dog, came up the gravel-path.

"All alone?" he asked cheerily.

Mr. Gilchrist hesitated—and then, obeying an obscure impulse, lied.

"Er—yes," he replied. "Come in."

The absurdity of the falsehood occurred to him at once. Cursing his folly, he tried to think of some plausible explanation as he led his friend to the dining-room, where, of course, the stranger's presence would stultify his ridiculous statement. He glanced round the room as he entered. It was empty! Where, then? His eyes rested on a suspicious bulging of the window-curtain.

He waved his friend to a chair.

"Sit down," he said with an assumption of normality. "What's the news?"

"There's news right enough," said Williamson, dropping into the proffered seat. "Terrible business on the seven-thirty tonight. Poor old Hepplewhite—shot dead—he and his dog. Ghastly struggle, evidently—blood over everything!"

"Good God!" ejaculated Gilchrist, chilled with a sudden horror. He had given no real credence to his visitor's fantastic story. This brutal contact with the reality paralyzed him in an awful terror at his own false position. What was to be done? He strove to think—played for time. "And the murderer?" he asked, thickly.

"Escaped—for the moment," replied Williamson in a tone that suggested confidence in the police. "Here, Tiger! Come here!" He addressed the dog, which was sniffing uneasily about the room.

The dog came up to him obediently, wagging his stump of tail. He carried in his mouth a piece of folded paper which he had picked up and now presented to his master. Gilchrist recognized it with a little shock as his friend opened it.

"Prepare to meet thy Judge!" Williamson read out with mock solemnity, and smiled in superior tolerance of the evangelist enthusiasm which had printed the leaflet.

Gilchrist shuddered and thought suddenly of the terrified man behind the curtain, dimly realizing the significance to that overwrought brain of these fatal words. He glanced at the betraying bulge, saw it move slightly.

Williamson smiled down into the intelligent eyes of his old dog.

"Tiger, old fellow," he said jocularly, "you've made a mistake—you've brought this message to the wrong man. It is evidently meant for the person who shot poor old Hepplewhite. Here,"—he held it out to the dog,—"take it to him. Find him!"

The dog took the paper in his jaws, wagged his tail with a comprehending look up at his master, and ran, following the scent which was on the paper, across the room. He stopped, pawing at the bulged curtain.

Williamson stared after him in amusement.

"Is he there, Tiger?" he said, humor-

ing the intelligent animal. "Have you found him?"

Gilchrist stood speechless. What was coming next?

The curtain was flung suddenly aside. The old gentleman stood revealed, stepped forward into the room. His bulging eyes were unwholesomely bright.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I surrender. You have won. I might, of course, shoot you"—he took a revolver from his pocket—"as I shot your confederate in the train tonight. But I recognize that it would be useless. Your Society would raise up yet other avengers—"

Both Gilchrist and Williamson had shrunk back in alarm from that brandished revolver—were unable, in their astonishment, to utter a word. They could only stare, bewildered.

The old gentleman looked down at the dog which still offered him the paper.

"I understand—perfectly," he said with a grim appreciation of some subtlety which eluded them. "In a better cause, I should admire the ingenuity with which you have utilized means which are apparently of the simplest. I do homage to your powers, gentlemen. Or perhaps you yourselves are only half-conscious tools of that occult force you think you control—that occult force which has, with such singular completeness, worked my ruin." There was a sneer in his voice. He turned to Gilchrist. "As for you, sir, I congratulate you on your faculty of dissimulation. You gulled me excellently well. I can only bow in acknowledgment of the supreme irony with which you beguiled me into telling you the miserable story which, of course, you already knew far better than I. I do not grudge you your triumph. It was superbly well-planned. You held me without suspicion whilst you awaited the arrival—for the last time—of the symbol of my doom—the white dog!" His smile was an illumination of savage sarcasm.

THERE was a pause of silence in which Williamson glanced inquiringly at his friend.

The old gentleman laughed in a mirthless mockery which was hideous to hear.

"But now, face to face at last with you whose monstrous plot I was at least able to detect, if I could not baffle it—I yet cheat you!" he cried. "I cheat you of your complete vengeance! You thought to condemn me to the ignominy of a murderer's trial!" He laughed again. "I elude you—thus!"

With a quick movement he raised the revolver and fired.

The two friends, after the moment in which they recovered from the shock, bent over his body.

"I don't understand!" said Williamson, horror-stricken and mystified. "Who and what was he?"

Gilchrist answered him in one terse word.

"Mad," he replied, pushing away the white dog, which sniffed innocently at the body.

There will be another unusual story by F. Britten Austin in an early issue of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE.

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THE BLUE MOON

(Continued from page 66)

Where did she get the phrase? She had probably read it years before and it had lain dormant in her mind, waiting for the time and place that had now arrived to bring it to life again.

"Born to command," she repeated, her chin cradled on her knuckles, as she appeared to be listening to the orchestra. Born to command—what? A country, an army, a pirate ship—anything! Even an Emily Faber? She felt a warmth of color arise to her cheeks, not anger, something pleasanter than anger; and though she didn't know it, her eyes reflected a depth of tenderness which made Master Perry more attentive than ever.

Emily felt his gaze, and although, of course, she couldn't be excused for this, she did a trick that every woman understands: she talked and laughed and showed her charming graces, ostensibly to the man who was with her, but really to quite another mortal!

You mustn't think that she did this boisterously. To use a racy old expression, slightly modified, there was no waving of limbs, no bell-like laughter, no studied holding of the head so that a stranger might admire a clear-cut profile. No; it was done quietly and subtly, but it was done, nevertheless; and in the end the stranger could no more help being attracted by it than the needle can help being attracted to the pole. He had been looking around him with a slightly quizzical—it might be said a slightly contemptuous—look until his eyes caught sight of Emily; and then he looked around no more.

"He—he's noticing me," was the half-formed thought in her mind, and she felt her heart beating faster for the knowledge.

Again she became conscious of Perry's glance—and this time aggression was mixed with his admiration.

"That man at the next table," he whispered. "He keeps looking at you as though he knows you."

"Does he?" she murmured.

"Yes; I don't suppose you do know him, do you?"

She felt a terrible temptation to answer, "Not yet," smilingly. This she throttled, and she looked at the stranger instead, as though to make sure whether or not she knew him.

Their glances met.

"No," said Emily in a low voice. "I—I don't know him."

"I shall certainly speak to him in a minute," said the aggressive Perry.

Emily calmed him with a smile.

"Don't notice," she whispered, and hummed the melody which the orchestra was playing—outwardly at peace, but inwardly alive to an atmosphere that had something electric in it. Out of her dreams appeared dramatic tableaux, lines of songs that she had heard, memories of pictures long since seen. There was one in particular, "The Duel," in which two men had evidently stepped out of a masquerade ball to settle a question as old as Beauty's smiles. One, dressed as

a harlequin, was lying crumpled in the snow, while the other, in the costume of a cavalier, was departing from the scene surrounded by a circle of somber-looking friends.

"Do you dance?" Perry asked her.

"I can waltz."

They danced; and every time they came around, she stole a glance at the stranger at the next table. He was always watching for her, and in the fleeting moments when their eyes met over Perry's shoulder, the scene took upon itself something of an epic quality in Emily's consciousness—something mysteriously deep, and beautifully sad as well—something which she couldn't have defined, not if you could have offered her the whole wide world to do so.

When they returned to their table, two business-looking men of rough manners were speaking to him who was "born to command."

"The inspector wants to see you," said one of them.

"What for?" asked the young man.

"You know what for."

The young man shrugged his shoulders, and after a moment's hesitation he arose and went with them—one just ahead of him and the other just behind.

"There!" said Perry with obvious satisfaction as he watched them disappearing through the door. "Did you hear that?"

"No," said Emily, although her voice trembled a little. "What was it?"

"That man at the next table—I knew he was a crook the moment I saw him—the police just took him away!"

YOU may recall that in some of the most famous parties of history a moment arrived when joy was turned to consternation and those who had laughed a minute before suddenly felt their features hardening into so many masks of tragedy. Belshazzar's feast was such an affair—all joy before the writing appeared, and then nothing but gloom. Cinderella's Ball was such—with the stroke of twelve to mark the zero hour. And so in Emily Faber's one wonderful night—blessed though it may have been with the blueness of the moon—the arrest of the young man at the next table suddenly caused all happiness to flee in such unmistakable fashion that Perry wasn't altogether sorry to take her home as soon as the dinner was over.

"It was seeing that crook arrested," he said, trying to console her. "They had no right to do it—in the presence of ladies—"

"No; I hardly think it was that," said Emily, sighing a little. "I think I'm tired after my journey. I'll be all right again, thank you, after a good night's rest."

But she didn't sleep much. When a girl finds her hero, feels his admiration and sees him arrested, all within ten minutes by the clock, it isn't exactly conducive to slumber. Toward morning, though, tired out, she fell asleep; and it was after nine when she awoke again.

"I've overslept," she thought with a guilty start. Evidently the maid had been in the room, for over a chair by the side of the bed was a pretty morning negligée from the wonderful suitcase.

Perry had already gone downtown.

"But he left these for you," smiled Mrs. Bryce when Emily finally made her appearance. "These" proved to be a vase full of roses on one side of her plate, and a marked copy of the morning paper on the other.

Almost before she looked at the paper, she knew what she was going to read. Yes, her hero of the night before was in it.

"Murderous Assault on Importing Jeweler." That was how the story started. It was one of those columns over which reporters smack their lips in advance—filled as it was with jewels, millions and mystery.

Mr. Ogden Van Arsdale, a millionaire importing jeweler, had landed that evening from the *Olympic* with a well-nigh priceless ruby in his possession, a ruby known to connoisseurs as "The Queen of Sheba"—a pure, pigeon-blood gem worth anything that an owner wished to ask for it—at the very lowest estimate, half a million dollars. While passing the Cabaret Disraeli, where Emily had dined the night before, Mr. Van Arsdale had been assaulted and robbed of his jewel. "Arrests have already been made," the story concluded, "and the police are confident of recovering the missing gem before morning."

"No!" exclaimed Emily to herself, her eyes wide with horror. "It couldn't have been he! He'd never do anything like that!"

Just the same, she ate her breakfast very quietly, and when she went back to her room, there were tears in her eyes.

"What a silly little fool I am!" she sobbed, unconsciously mourning because the dream of her life was threatened with disillusion; and groping in her hand-bag for a handkerchief, that wonderful beaded bag which she had carried the night before,—she brought out instead a small chamois purse—about as large as those purses in which our grandfathers carried their change, in an age when the care of money had not yet become a lost art.

"Why, what's this?" thought Emily, curiosity for a moment proving stronger than grief. "I don't remember seeing this before."

Her eyes still bright with tears and round with wonder, she untied the string and turned the purse upside down. Simultaneously her eyes grew brighter and rounder yet; for out of the chamois bag rolled a magnificent ruby that glowed at Emily with a sort of magnificent passion.

"Oh!" she gasped. "It—it can't be that!"

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She remembered then that at the cabaret her beaded bag had hung over the back of her chair; and he who was "born to command" might have hidden the jewel there, unobserved, when he saw the detectives approaching.

"Yes!" she gasped again. "It's the ruby!"

It was indeed "The Queen of Sheba," and if you were that way inclined and liked to believe in those delicate fancies which have survived walled cities and the power of imperial Rome, you might have thought that the Blue Moon had been at its work again and had found this priceless bauble—as the moonlight finds rippling waters—and had rippled it slowly but surely to the shores of Emily's dreams.

"And here's something else in the bag," she thought, taking another excited peep.

It was a folded business card. "Vincent J. Harden," she read, "52 Broadway. Telephone 6225 Broad."

The telephone number had been underlined with a pencil, and on the back of the card was the hurriedly scribbled message: "Keep it for me. I know I can trust you. V. J. H."

EMILY'S first impulse was to tell Mrs. Bryce, but she shrank from that when she foresaw the advice which Mrs. Bryce would be almost sure to give her.

She'd only tell her to turn it over to the police, thought Emily.

And if she did that, she would certainly have to explain how the ruby came into her possession—the most incriminating piece of evidence that could well be conceived against her hero of the night before.

"And I don't believe he did it!" she fiercely told herself again, "and I never, never shall!" In this she was now reinforced by a piece of feminine logic—think of it—to wit: "Besides, he trusted me; why shouldn't I trust him?" All of which finally reached the sure conclusion: "Anyhow, it will do no harm to hear what he has to say."

As a matter of fact, it might be said that it did much good.

You have probably guessed that it didn't take Vincent J. Harden long to get up to see Emily after she had telephoned his office. Indeed, he came so soon that she had hardly finished making her last raid upon the wonderful suitcase when the maid announced: "Mr. Harden is calling to see Miss Faber." She met him in a reception-room at the end of the hall, and the moment she looked at him, she felt more than ever that he was born to command.

"I knew you'd call me up," he brusquely began. "You saw the paper this morning? I'll tell you how it happened."

"Isn't that just like him!" breathed Emily to herself. "The way he begins things!"

"Last night," began Vincent, "I was passing in front of Disraeli's restaurant when I saw two tough-looking men jump on an old gentleman. There were three shots, and the old gentleman went down. It happened quicker than I have told it to you. I grabbed one of the gunmen, ran him into the coat-room of the restaurant, and held him there till the police came. Fortunately they didn't take my

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, published monthly, at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1920.

State of Illinois, County of Cook, § 28.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles M. Richter, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The Red Book Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the column required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 44, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Red Book Corporation.....

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.....North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill., Managing Editor, None.

Business Manager, Charles M. Richter.....

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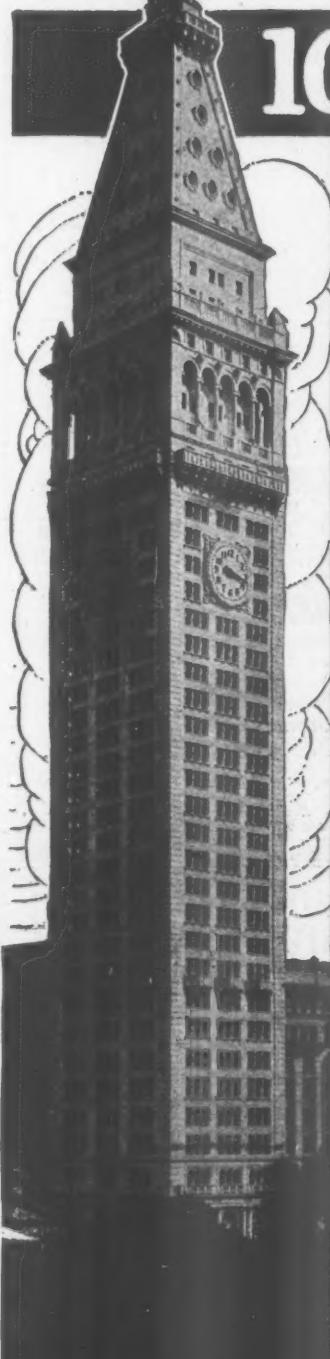
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name and address; and as soon as I could, I dodged into the restaurant, to avoid being taken as a witness, and later spending a week or two in court if it turned out to be a murder-case."

Emily breathlessly nodded—a nod with a double meaning: "I believe you!" and "Yes, yes! Go on!"

"It was there," continued Vincent more slowly, "that I saw you."

He said this almost solemnly, as though it were one of the red-letter events of his life—and again Emily breathlessly nodded, and wouldn't have interrupted him for the world.

"I hadn't been in the restaurant long," he continued, "when I saw a suspicious-looking character staring at me from the doorway. 'Oh-ho!' I thought to myself, 'this is one of the gunmen's friends; he's looking for trouble because I had his pal arrested.' But half a minute later, when I felt in my pocket for a match and came across the ruby, I had another guess coming at why I was being watched. It was clear enough, of course. While I was holding the gunman, he had slipped the ruby into my pocket, and when he was finally arrested, he had managed to tell his confederates where the thing was."

"Oh, I knew it wasn't you!" whispered Emily to herself.

"Well," continued Vincent, "I was sure they would soon be after me—so I borrowed a trick from them. I knew of course that I could trust you—I had been watching you for quite a few minutes; and there was your bag, over the back of your chair. So I scribbled a note on one of my cards, slipped it in with the ruby, and when you got up to dance with your friend and stood for a moment in such a way that no one could see me, I simply dropped the whole thing into your bag; and that's how it happened to be there."

WHEREUPON they exchanged a look which, everything else aside, was not without significance—the look of those who have shared, and are still to share, a great adventure.

"I acted none too soon," he earnestly continued. "The dance was hardly over when two huskies came marching over to my table. One of them showed me a badge, but it didn't fool me a great deal. They said the inspector wanted to see me, and took me to the manager's office and searched me—ostensibly, of course, for a weapon, but really for the ruby; and when they were through, you had gone."

Again they exchanged a glance—one that had passed a higher grade than the one before; and although it doesn't sound exciting, Emily began to get so much muted turmoil out of it, that it was something near to self-defense that made her break her silence.

"What—what do you think we had better do now?" she asked, altogether unconscious of the plural pronoun.

"Do now? Oh, yes! I've been to the hospital. The old gentleman is going to recover, but I'm sure he'll mend a whole lot quicker when he knows his ruby's safe. So I thought—if you like—that we'd both go over and see him, and give it back to him. What do you think?"

You can probably guess what Emily thought. But when she started up the

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The Most Popular Man I Ever Met

Vincent A. Meredith, Who Earns \$25,000 a Year Because of His Magnetic Personality

By ROBERT McKENNA

"Who is that fellow, Bob? He seems to know everyone on the ship, from captain to stoker!"

I followed Billy Whitson's curious gaze down the broad sweep of the promenade deck. Not far from us, in the center of a little group of men and women, stood the young fellow whose contagious laugh had attracted his attention.

"His name is Meredith," I said, "talked to him for a little while in the smoking room last evening. He is one of the most interesting chaps I ever met,—seems to have a perfect genius for making friends."

"Meredith—you say.—I wonder if it is Vincent Meredith of the Tricoline Company—if it is I should like to meet him—quite a noted character. Whirlwind success and all that. Help me corner him sometime, Bob, will you?"

I assented, but cornering Mr. Meredith was not as easy as it looked. He was seldom to be seen alone.

That evening I found him sitting on the extreme end of the promenade deck, surrounded by twenty or thirty young people, all singing songs under his leadership. And the next morning I saw him up on the bridge talking with the captain. That afternoon I learned that he was organizing amateur theatricals, and later I saw him swapping stories with some Portuguese steerage passengers.

I Meet Vincent Meredith

However, about four-thirty the following afternoon we found him unoccupied for the moment, leaning against the rail looking out to sea. He was far from good looking, and his clothes seemed to have been thrown on him, but there was something in his manner, some intangible charm in his frank way of speaking, that was really fascinating. A person just couldn't help liking him at first sight.

We chatted for a few moments, and then passed on. "Isn't he a corker," exclaimed Billy the moment we were out of hearing. "It is Vincent Meredith.—I thought it must be from what I have heard before. They say that he is the only man in New York without an enemy. He has brought off some of the biggest deals in the cotton game,—and the wonderful part of it is, that he can't be more than twenty-eight, and three years ago nobody had ever heard of him!"

"How did he do it, luck, 'pull' or money?"

"I don't know, Bob,—but if it is possible, I am going to find out before this trip is over."

From that day on I cultivated Meredith,—and I must say I had very few dull moments during the rest of the trip. Since to be with

Meredith was to be with a crowd, I did not get a chance to ask him about his amazing power until one evening, toward the end of our trip.

We were sitting up on deck smoking a last cigar before turning in. Our friendship had become intimate during the voyage and I felt that I could learn without giving offense what I was aching to know.

"Meredith, I hope you will pardon me, if I seem to be over-curious, but, well, how do you do it? You have every man, woman and child on this ship at your feet—I really believe the captain would turn around and go back to New York if you asked him to,—what is the secret? Won't you let me in on it? I don't want to appear,—er?"

Meredith's Great Secret

Meredith turned to me, a frank smile on his face.—"Not a bit odd man,—I don't at all mind telling you, although I think you are rather exaggerating my power. And as for a secret,—there is no secret to it!"

He paused and I saw his cigar glow as he puffed at it.

"It is simply a question of using what you've got—the ability to employ 'natural resources' on your side. Personality developed to the utmost along its natural lines—that is all, anyone can do it."

"Oh no, anyone can't, if they could there wouldn't be any failures. Why most men do not even know what personality means, and—"

"That is true, they don't, but they can learn. They can develop it just as quickly and easily as I did. Listen—"

"Three years ago I was quite a different person from what I am now. I had no friends, not much ambition, and almost no hope for the future. In fact, it got so bad, I was so completely out of everything, I decided to do something must be done. My great failing seemed to be in my inability to get on with other people. In my social and business life it was the same—I was a nonentity, always the 'fifth wheel to the coach'."

Meredith smiled reminiscently.

"Well, I tried for a long time to learn from others. I would approach men and tried to be like them but without much success. A person can't be anybody but himself, no matter how hard he tries. That is a law, I know because that is just what I attempted, but, as I say, with small success."

Meredith's Discovery

"One day, however, I overheard a man talking of the very thing I was after. It seemed that a certain Mr. Bean had done a wonderful thing. He had put the secret of a winning personality down in black and white, and given it to the world in the form of simple little lessons."

"I was skeptical, but I was also desperate. I introduced myself, got Mr. Bean's address and sent for his work that evening. It came three days later and I eagerly started to try it out."

"The very day after I had read the first twenty pages, I felt myself to be a different man. Two weeks later, I asked for a raise, a thing I had never had the cour-

age to do before, and got it. And after that it was just one boost after another. I found friends by the score, people went out of their way to do things for me. I was jumped from promotion to promotion, until now, making money seems as easy as eating to me."

"Do you mean to say that you found a personality school?"

"Yes, I do mean it, old man,—and there is such a system. The power of personality and how to develop it reduced to a science, written so every man can understand it, and arranged so that he can use it. It is quite the most wonderful thing I have ever seen. I wouldn't part with it for anything. In fact, I hold that it is valuable 'Power of Personality' responsible for every single bit of my success."

"However, don't believe it if you do not wish to.—I will admit it sounds a little airy, but it is the truth, and you can prove it to yourself. If you will write to the Pelton Publishing Co. of Meriden, Conn., Mr. Bean's publisher, he will send it to you absolutely free for a five day trial."

"Well, I don't know whether I really believed it or not. It sounded like a fairy story. But I was so interested that I decided to secure the course the minute I got home."

Two months later we were back in New York—and almost the first thing Billy Whitson and I did was to send for Meredith's system.

I was still an unbeliever when it came. I thought Meredith had claimed too much for it. As I opened the first of the little booklets I was decidedly skeptical, but before I had read six pages, I realized its true value.

I started putting into practice at once what I learned in the first three hours, and I found that I could get practically anything I wanted. And all because I had learned to put my personality across,—make it work for me.

Send No Money

To everybody I meet I recommend "Power of Personality." For young fellows starting out in life, I can imagine no surer way to success and to older men who have all their lives felt the lack of a winning, self-confident character I say the same.

But you are probably as skeptical as I was. You too, no doubt, think it sounds too good to be true. Well, the best way to find out is to try it, and this you can do with absolutely no risk, and no expense.

Send for the course on five days' free trial. Test the lessons, try the system, put it thru the stiffest trial you can think of. Then,—if you do not agree with me, if you think that you can do without them,—send the course back and it will not cost you a single cent.

Fill in the coupon below and mail it today. This free trial offer may be withdrawn at any time. Remember, personality is the key to everything you want out of life,—friendship, position, wealth. Don't delay, send in the coupon now.

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hall, she had another reflection coming, and it didn't please her any too well.

"Oh, dear!" she thought. "All those things in the suitcase are either for evening or negligée." And drawing a sigh she uneasily added: "It's the old Burnt Onion again; I've nothing else!"

IT seemed to Emily that Vincent was very quiet on his way to the hospital.

"It's my dress," she murmured, and a mean little ache dived down her throat, feet first. Like divers in deeper seas, it wore leaden soles, and when it reached its destination, it planted these leaden soles on Emily's heart and stayed there. "It wasn't me he was interested in," she sighed to herself. "It was that other woman's clothes."

Even at the hospital the injured man's gratitude at seeing "The Queen of Sheba" again, only lifted the weight from Emily's heart for a few moments. Mr. Van Arsdale proved to be a grizzled old gentleman with eyes like a wounded hawk's, but for all his pain, he didn't let Vincent and Emily go until a nurse had written down their names and addresses.

"You'll hear from me soon," he said, and they had to leave him then, his injuries getting the upper hand of his thankfulness.

"He's thinking of sending us a reward, I guess," said Vincent, breaking a long silence.

"I'm sure I hope he doesn't!" said Emily, upon whose heart another leaden-soled one had just descended.

"That's the way I always used to feel," said Vincent; "but this last week I have reached a point in my business where a very little money would make all the difference in the world. 'A fortune in it,' he grimly quoted, 'if I can only pay the rent.' Shall I take you back to Mrs. Bryce's?"

A third little diver joined the other two, and his feet had more lead on them than both the others put together.

"If you wish," she said; though what she really had in her mind was: "If you wish to get rid of me so soon—" Mournfully to herself she added then: "Yes, it's my dress; he's ashamed to be seen with me."

It had been in her mind that if Vincent wished it, she would postpone her return to Pudden Hill; but when he left her at Mrs. Bryce's with a vague, "I'll see you again soon," pride came to her rescue. The city suddenly seemed hateful to her, and she longed for a certain old-fashioned cottage on Pudden Hill, with its friendly lanes and brooks, where a girl could sit and weep a little if she wished, and dream new dreams and no one any the wiser.

"I'll go on the afternoon train," she promised herself, "and then I'll be home first thing Friday morning."

Before she went, she told Mrs. Bryce about the exchange of hand-baggage, and the gentle old lady agreed to hold the substituted suitcase and to put an advertisement in the morning papers.

"I never thought I'd feel like this," thought poor Emily as the train rolled over the Jersey meadows in pursuit of the setting sun. "One thing, though," she added: "I can never feel any worse. No matter what happens in the future, I can never feel as badly as I feel right now."



“Good Bye, Boys!”

“Today I dropped in for a last word with the boys at the office. And as I saw Tom and Dave there at the same old desk it came to me suddenly that they had been there just so the day I came with the firm four years ago.

“When I started here I was put at a desk and given certain routine things to do. It was my first job and I took it as a matter of course. But after a few months I began to realize that I was nothing but a human machine, doing things that anyone could do, and that I couldn’t expect to advance that way.

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“Tom and Dave could never see any sense in my studying nights—they said eight hours a day was enough for any man to be bothered with business. They had the same chance I had—they could have been big men in the firm today. But they stood still while I went up to one of the best jobs in our business. It just shows what spare time training will do.”

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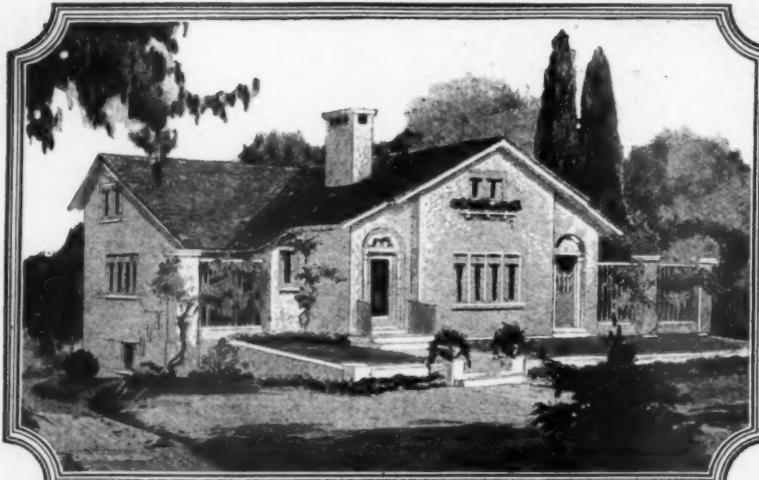
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6200 Warner Building, Minneapolis, Minn. [From McCutcheon Cartoon in Chicago Tribune]



In this, however, she reckoned without the following morning papers. She was nearly halfway home when a trainboy jumped on at one of the stations.

"All the N'Yawk mawnin' papers!"

"I'll see if the advertisement's in," she thought.

Yes; there it was—under "Lost and Found." "Will the lady who picked up wrong suitcase—" She read it over a time or two and then she turned to the front page to see if there were any more news of the ruby robbery.

"Oh!" she suddenly cried to herself—for there, as part of the headlines, were the glaring capitals: "Jewel Not Yet Recovered."

She read the account carefully. It was a circumstantial story and left no room for doubt. "Up till a late hour last night neither Mr. Van Arsdale nor the police had received any news of the missing gem."

"Oh!" cried Emily to herself again. "Then who was the old gentleman at the hospital?"

Suspicion raised its ready head and promptly answered her: "He was a confederate of the man who stole the ruby!"

"Then—then—who was Vincent?" she faltered.

"He?" said Old Suspicion. "My dear young lady! Can't you see? Why, he was the man who stole it!"

BUT even then Emily couldn't believe it—Instinct curled its nose at Reason, quite in the immemorial manner. It was, in short, a mystery—one of those affairs in which romantic youth is said to take such deep delight; and a few days later when a breath-taking check arrived at Pudden Hill for Emily, accompanied by the line, "From a grateful old man," Instinct curled its nose higher than ever.

"I knew that Vincent could never do a thing like that!" Emily proudly told herself. "It was my dress that frightened him off so—and the reporters simply didn't know that the ruby had been returned."

She kept the check intact, but from her small store of savings she proceeded to do a very human thing which is sometimes described as locking the stable after the horse is stolen. She sent away for two striking costumes—one for evening wear and the other for afternoon.

"There!" she thought when they arrived. "They've come too late, of course—but at least I have them."

Meanwhile the old routine of Pudden Hill had claimed her for its own again. Pending the opening of school in the fall, there was the same endless chain of dishes, the same monotonous procession of washing and ironing, the same everlasting standing over a hot stove.

"Oh-hum!" sighed Emily one noon after the dishes had been put away. "I don't believe that anything—ever—is going to happen to me any more!"

Snatching a few minutes to cool herself, she went and sat on the steps of the porch—and had hardly taken her place there when she heard a car throbbing its way up the hill from the State road.

"I wonder who that is!" she thought. "Whoever it is, I mustn't let them catch me here!"

She ran inside and began peeking

With acknowledgments to K. C. B.

Every man in the class knew the answer



PROFESSOR HASKINS,
WAS A kindly soul.
BRIGHT ON some subjects.
BUT SO absent-minded.
THAT ONE day at the barber's.
HE TOOK off his collar.
TO GET shaved.
AND FORGOT where he was.
AND KEPT right on.
TILL THE cash-girl screamed.
AND A barber stopped him.
HE WAS a great smoker.
BUT HE'D often put.
THE BURNT match in his mouth.
AND THROW away.
THE CIGARETTE.
HIS STUDENTS loved him.
HE WAS so full.
OF FUNNY surprises.
ONE DAY he had a tube.
OF RADIUM and he told.
THE STUDENTS all about it.
AND FINALLY, by mistake.

INSTEAD OF the tube
HE PULLED out one.
OF HIS cigarettes.
AND ASKED the class.
"WHAT IS the one thing.
WHICH DISTINGUISHES.
THIS MARVELOUS substance.
FROM ALL others on earth?"
AND THE class roared.
"THEY SATISFY."



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baccos. It puts Chesterfields
where no other cigarette can
touch them for quality and
value.

They Satisfy **Chesterfield**
CIGARETTES

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

So Quiet

The name is easy to remember

CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS



The Foster Friction Plug prevents slipping

It makes these heels wear longer than the ordinary kind.

So insist that your repair man gives you Cat's Paws. Black, white or tan—for men, women and children.

FOSTER RUBBER CO.
103 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.

SPENCERIAN PERSONAL Steel Pens

Many people who have difficulty in writing with an ordinary pen, find in Spencerian Pens that responsiveness and pen-ease which is born of true pen steel and perfect writing points.

Spencerian Pens are personal pens. A style for every hand-writing. That's why they write so smoothly and last so long.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway
New York

To enable you to find your style and to test the superiority of Spencerian Pens, we will send 10 different sample pens and a pen holder on receipt of 10 cents.

Fine Medium.
Stub and
Ball pointed

through the window, her heart beating a little faster—although that, perhaps, was because she had hurried so.

"I wonder who it is!" she murmured again.

She caught a glimpse of the car—a new one and nearly as large as the cottage on Pudden Hill; and just for the fiftieth part of a second she thought she caught a glimpse of a masterful young man at the wheel, one who carried himself as though "born to command."

"Oh, it can't be!" she breathed.

It was, though.

"Tell him I'll be down in about five minutes," she requested of her wondering family; and up the stairs she flew to change into one of those striking costumes.

"And if he starts admiring me again, with his eyes, as he did that night," she told herself, her thoughts slightly trembling, "I'll just be cold to him; oh, how cold I'll be!"

IT wasn't a long story that Vincent had to tell her, but it was told bit by bit—one might almost say field by field.

With the check that Mr. Van Arsdale had sent him, he had been able to buy an option that had already put him on the road to certain wealth. He told her that in the pasture. The police had held back the news of the ruby's return in order to trap the thieves. He told her that in the maple grove. Emily had brought good luck to him. He told her that in the meadow by the river.

She was cold to him then—or at least she was very quiet; and, drawing a full breath, Vincent began to tell her a somewhat longer story. It was the first time he had ever told it, but all things considered, he did it very well.

"But tell me," said Emily, just before they parted for the night, "when—when did you first discover that—that you cared for me—so much?"

"It was the second time I saw you—the day we went to the hospital. You were wearing a beautiful brown dress—it somehow reminded me of gold and honey."

"My old Burnt Onion!" Emily muttered.

"And I said to myself right then and there: 'Just as soon as you are in a position to marry anybody, Vincent, this is the girl, and the only girl for you!' Now, wasn't that true love?"

Emily hid her face against his shoulder.

"Oh, Vincent!" she gently cried. "If you only knew!"

It was late when she got to her room but it wasn't too late for her to slip the old Burnt Onion on, and look at herself in the mirror.

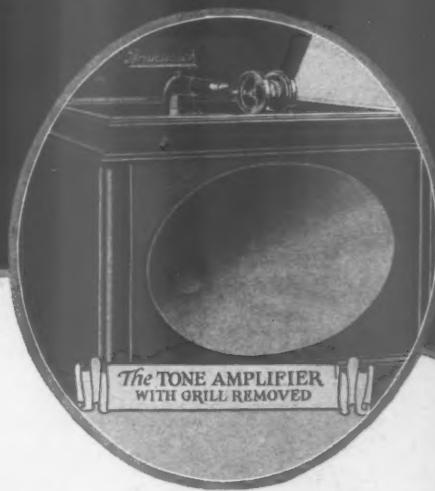
"You poor old thing, I shall keep you always!" she smiled. "And some night, before he goes away—"

Her hand, straying to one of the "traveling pockets," came in contact with the tortoise-shell spectacles; and drawing them out, she spanned them over her nose.

"Once in a blue moon!" she thought. "Pop was right."

Moving to the window, she looked over to the east. The moon was just rising among the sea of clouds—a turquoise disk in a bed of cerulean wool!

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction



Brunswick could do no less than offer a superior phonograph

WHILE the Brunswick Phonograph has won its great prestige because of its many advancements, it has likewise won its place because of the confidence of the people in the House of Brunswick, a concern known for nearly a century in American industry.

For such a concern, with its heritage of experience, to produce an ordinary phonograph was unthinkable!

In the Brunswick Method of Reproduction are included some of the epoch-making improvements that

have won fresh applause for phonographic music. This method has brought an instrument which the most critical prefer.

The Brunswick has taught people that all phonographs are not alike. Tonequality has become a new issue.



To obtain real and lasting satisfaction, make comparisons. Hear this remarkable Brunswick. Become acquainted with its superior tone and its overwhelming advantages. See if you agree that it brings finer tone.

Remember that The Brunswick plays every make of record better. Ask to see how our all-record reproducer, the Ultona, does it. Hear how it brings out every beauty of a record.

Visit a Brunswick dealer, ask for a demonstration. Then judge the tone,

also the finer cabinet work for which Brunswick has long been famous. Ask also to hear Brunswick Records, which can be played on any phonograph with steel or fibre needle.

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Brunswick

PHONOGRAHS AND RECORDS



Corona— and a Sensible Christmas

WHAT makes a sensible Christmas? Perhaps a single gift among many. Why not Corona?

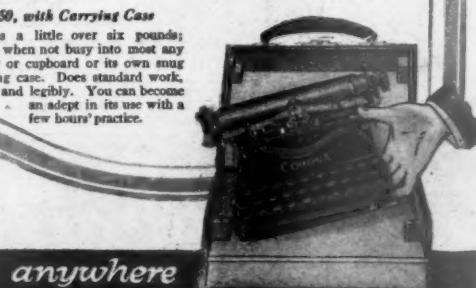
A Christmas one hundred percent sensible would never do, of course, but Corona is so friendly, so logical, so welcome and, withal, so helpful to every member of the family, that it finds a place on many a gift table.

Any day will be a red-letter day that introduces Corona into your home. It soon becomes the staunch friend of everyone, and its convenience grows more marked with closer acquaintance.

Consult your telephone book for nearest Corona Agency

Built by
CORONA TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.
GROTON, NEW YORK

550, with Carrying Case
Weighs a little over six pounds; retires when not busy into most any drawer or cupboard or its own snug traveling case. Does standard work neatly and legibly. You can become an adept in its use with a few hours' practice.



CORONA

The Personal Writing Machine
TRADE MARK.

Fold it up—Take it with you—Typewrite anywhere

MURAD

THE TURKISH CIGARETTE



Jontee

The Most
Delightful Holiday
Gifts Are Listed Here

Odor Jontee, \$1.50
Odor Jontee Concentrate, \$3
Talc Jontee, 25c
Face Powder Jontee, Flesh, White, Brunette, 30c
Face Powder Jontee Compact, Flesh, White,
Brunette, "Outdoor," 50c
Combination Cream Jontee, 50c
Cold Cream Jontee, 50c
Soap Jontee, 25c
Rouge Jontee, Light, Medium, Dark, 50c
Lip-Stick Jontee, 25c
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Vanity Case Jontee, with compact of Powder or
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